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WOODWORTH'S

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

YOUTH'S CABINET.

WOODWORTH'S

YOUTH'S CABINET.

BY

FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "UNCLE FRANK'S HOME STORIES," "THE WORLD AS IT IS," "THEODORE THINKER'S TALES," "INSECT WONDERS," ETC. ETC.

"Amusement our means—instruction our end."

VOL. VIII.

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MACBETH.

THERE is a tragic story connected with the early history of Scotland, which I must tell you. It is about a murder committed by Macbeth upon Duncan, the Scottish king. The deed was committed at Glamis Castle, in the town of St. Glamis. The castle, though in a ruined condition, is still standing, and multitudes of tourists are attracted to it on account of the sad associations connected with it. Shakspeare, as some of my readers are aware, has written a tragedy founded on the murder of Duncan, and it is reckoned among the best

of his plays. I cannot say that the story, as it is usually told, is as well authenticated as some which are related of a later period in Scottish history. I cannot vouch for the absolute correctness of every feature in it. Still, it is presumed that it is accurate in the main, and I will tell it as I glean it from the old Scotch historians.

At a very early period in the history of Scotland, when the Scots and Picts were united under one government, they were governed by a king by the name of Duncan. When this king was very old, the Danes, who were the terror of all the nations of Europe, invaded Scotland. King Duncan was too aged to go to battle against them; but he sent one of his near relatives, called Macbeth. This man was the son of the Thane of Glamis. The governors of the provinces, by the way, were at that time called *thanes.*

Macbeth, accompanied by a relation of his, called Banquo, put himself at the head of an army, and marched against the Danes. A great battle was fought, in which Macbeth and Banquo were victorious. Macbeth and his army then marched back to a town in the north of Scotland, called Forres. There lived at Forres three old women, who were generally supposed to be witches, and to have the power of foretelling future events. These three old women, as the story goes, went out to meet Macbeth, as he marched at the head of his army, and the first woman said: "All hail, Macbeth! hail to the Thane of Glamis." The second saluted him as the "Thane of Cawder;" but the third said, "All hail to thee, Macbeth, that shall be King of Scotland." Before Macbeth could recover from his astonishment, a messenger came to tell him that his father was dead, so that he was Thane of Glamis by inheritance. He was also informed by the same messenger, that the Thane of Cawder had lost his office, and that he was to be thane in his place. It is not unlikely that the witches had heard this news before it reached the ears of Macbeth, and the third declaration was probably thrown in by way of flattery and compliment for the great victory he had obtained. But Macbeth was far enough from entertaining any such views of the subject.

The manner in which the witches addressed him, made a great impression on his mind. A part of their words had proved true, and this led him to cherish the hope that the rest would come to pass; and at last it led him to contrive how he should get possession of the crown of Scotland. He formed a plan to accomplish this; and the first step he took was to invite Duncan to come and see him at his castle. The aged king accepted the invitation without suspecting that Macbeth had any evil design. He was received with much apparent cordiality, and a great feast was made in honor of the king's visit. About the middle of the night, the king retired to rest. Two armed men slept in his chamber to defend him, but Lady Macbeth put some drugs into their wine, to make them sleep soundly. About two in the morning, Macbeth took the daggers from the sentinels, and with them stabbed the king to the heart. He then put the bloody weapons into the hands of the sentinels, and went to bed. The next morning there was great excitement and confusion in the castle. Macbeth, of course, pretended to be ignorant of the murder; but the king's sons did not believe his story, and Malcolm, the eldest son, went over to England to obtain the assistance of the English king. He obtained the aid he sought, and Macbeth, who for a short time was king, was killed in battle.

BEER-DRINKING IN LONDON.

No American can form any correct idea of the extent to which beer-drinking is carried in England and Scotland, unless he visits those countries. Look at the amount of beer consumed in London alone. From the statistics before me, I find that if the barrels of ale and porter which are annually drank in London, were to lie in a straight line, touching each other, the line would reach a little farther than a thousand miles. What a pond this liquor would make, if it were all emptied into one reservoir!

BE KIND TO THE OLD.

BY ANN E. PORTER.

The old man sat by the chimney-side,
  His face was wrinkled and wan;
And he leaned both hands on his stout oak cane,
  As if all his work were done.

His coat was of good old-fashioned gray,
  With pockets both deep and wide,
Where his "specs" and steel tobacco-box
  Lay snugly side by side.

The old man liked to stir the fire,
  So near him the tongs were kept;
Sometimes he mused as he gazed at the coals,
  Sometimes he sat and wept.

What saw he in the embers there?
  Ay! pictures of other years!
And now and then they wakened smiles,
  But oftener started tears.

His good wife sits on the other side,
  In the high back flag-seat chair;
You see beneath the frill of her muslin cap
  The sheen of her silvery hair.

She wears a blue checked apron now,
  And is knitting a sock for him;
Her pale blue eyes have a gentle look,
  And she says "they are growing dim."

Their son comes in to read the news,
  And chat an hour each day,
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart
  To hear of the world away.

'Tis a homely scene, I told you so,
  But pleasant still to view,
At least I thought it so myself,
  And sketched it down for you.

Be kind unto the old, my friends;
  They 're worn with this world's strife,
Though bravely once perchance they fought
  The battle here with life.

They taught our youthful feet to climb
  Upward life's rugged steep,
Then let us lead them gently down
  To where the weary sleep.

FIVE HUNDRED WITNESSES.

A POOR man in Turkey claimed a house which a rich man had usurped; he held his deeds and documents to prove his right, but his more powerful opponent had provided a number of witnesses to invalidate them, and to support their evidence more effectually, he presented the Cadi a bag containing five hundred ducats.

When the cause came to be heard, the poor man told his story and produced his writings, but wanted that most essential and only valid proof, witnesses. The other, provided with witnesses, laid his whole stress on them, and on his adversary's defect in law, who could produce none; he therefore urged the Cadi to give sentence in his favor.

After the most pressing solicitations, the judge calmly drew from under his seat the bag of five hundred ducats, which the rich man had given him as a bribe, saying to him very gravely:

"You have been much mistaken in this suit; for if the poor man could bring no witnesses in confirmation of his right, I myself can produce at least five hundred."

He then threw him the bag, with reproach and indignation, and decreed the house to the poor plaintiff.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE FERRET.

A STRIKING proof of the intelligence, sagacity, and courage of the ferret is given by Mr. Jesse, in his *Gleanings in Natural History.*

It appears that a friend of this distinguished naturalist entertained a great deal of surprise that the ferret, an animal of such slow locomotive powers, should be so destructive and obnoxious to the rat tribe. So he determined to bring both these animals fairly into the arena, in order to judge of their respective powers; and having selected a fine specimen of a large and full-grown male rat, as also an equally strong buck-ferret, which had been accustomed to the haunts of rats, accompanied by his son, he turned these two animals loose in a room void of furniture, in which there was but one window, determined to wait patiently the whole process of their encounter. Immediately upon being liberated, the rat ran round the room as if searching for an exit. Not finding any means of escape, he uttered a piercing shriek; and, with the most prompt decision, took up his station directly

under the light, thus gaining over his adversary the advantage of the sun. The ferret now erected his head, sniffed about, and seemed fearlessly to push his way toward the spot where the scent of his game was strongest, facing the light in full front, and preparing himself with an avidity to seize upon his prey. No sooner, however, had he approached within two feet of his watchful foe, than the rat, again uttering a loud cry, rushed at him; and in a violent attack inflicted a severe wound on the head or neck of the ferret, which soon discovered itself by the blood which flowed from it. The ferret seemed astonished at the charge, and retreated with evident discomfiture; while the rat, instead of following up the advantage he had gained, instantly withdrew to his former station under the window.

The ferret soon recovered from the shock he had sustained, and erecting his head, once more took the field. This second rencounter was in all its progress and results an exact repetition of the former, with this exception, that, on the rush of the rat to the conflict, the ferret appeared more collected, and evidently showed an inclination to get a firm hold of his enemy. The strength of the rat, however, was prodigiously great; and he again succeeded in not only avoiding the deadly embrace of the ferret, but also inflicting another severe wound on his neck and head. The rat again returned to his retreat under the window, and the ferret seemed less anxious to renew the conflict. These attacks were resumed at intervals for nearly two hours, generally ending in the failure of the ferret, who was evidently fighting to a disadvantage from the light falling full on his eyes whenever he approached the rat, who wisely kept his ground, and never for a moment lost sight of the advantage he had gained.

In order to prove whether the choice of this position depended upon accident, the gentleman managed to dislodge the rat, and took his own station under the window; but the moment the ferret attempted to make his approach, the rat, evidently aware of the advantage he had lost, endeavored to creep between the gentleman's legs, thus losing sight of his natural fear of man under the danger which awaited him from his more deadly foe. The ferret by this time had learned a profitable lesson; and

prepared to approach the rat in a more wily manner, by creeping insidiously along the skirting, and thus avoiding the glare of light that heretofore had baffled his attempts. The rat still pursued, with the greatest energy, his original mode of attack, that of inflicting a wound, and avoiding at the same time a close combat, while it was equally certain that his foe was intent upon grasping his intended victim in his murderous embrace.

The character of the fight, which had lasted more than three hours, was now evidently changed; and the rat appeared conscious that he had lost the advantage he originally possessed, and like the Swedish hero, had taught his frequently-beaten foe to beat himself in turn. At last, in a lengthened struggle, the ferret succeeded in accomplishing his originally-intended grapple: the rat, as if conscious of his certain ruin, made little further effort of resistance, but, sending forth a plaintive shriek, surrendered himself quietly to his persevering foe.

A MUSICAL CAT.

A FAMILY resided at South Boston, who had a cat which was exceedingly fond of music, and almost invariably seated herself beside any member of the family, when they commenced playing on the piano. When the family were engaged in another part of the house, they heard sounds proceeding from the piano, and repaired at once to the parlor, where, much to their surprise, Tabby was discovered seated on the piano-stool, with her fore-paws upon the keys, making them fly in double quick time, evidently much delighted with her first effort, and also greatly to the edification of the family. No sooner, however, did the mistress of the house appear, than Puss very politely resigned her seat; but afterward resumed her attempts, seemingly with a determination to acquire a knowledge of so desirable an accomplishment. If she is still engaged in her studies, she has Uncle Frank's best wishes for the success of her enterprise.

OUR COUNTRY VISITORS.

WE had been some days watching for the return of the robins. Last year they came on the thirteenth of March, but this spring they were a little later, and we looked in vain on the naked branches of the old apple-trees and on the rose-bushes by the door, for our expected visitors. At last, on the twenty-fifth, they made their appearance, dressed as usual in their little pale red jackets, and right welcome we made them. We love them very much, and are sorry that they are a little more shy about coming close to the house now that we keep a cat. I do not know that Kitty catches them. If we were sure she did, we should certainly try to teach her better. But cats and birds seem to be mortal enemies, and our robins and sparrows stay upon the trees more and come into the kitchen porch less, now that Kitty lies so much of the time sunning herself by the door.

One summer, we had quite a number of pets around the kitchen-door. Beneath a broad old stone door-step a venerable toad had its home. Every day he would come out to sun himself, and always after a shower he appeared, with his little round eyes bright as gems, looking out for any stray flies that might

perchance come near. We used to leave some food for Toadie, and became quite attached to him, enjoying his calls as well as we did those of certain people who pay only short visits of ceremony. Not far from the door was a chicken-coop, where a good motherly hen watched over her little ones, scratching and clucking, good creature that she was, from morning till night. We fed the little family with meal and water, mixed in a tin pan. Happening, one morning, to set the pan on the post of the old garden fence, we noticed, during the day, a little striped squirrel come out of the wood-pile, jump briskly to the top of the fence, and eat his dinner from the chickens' dish. The next day we were careful to place the dish again on the fence, when, sure enough, the little fellow came again, and from that time seemed to expect that his dinner would be made ready for him. But our earliest visitors, each morning, were the little sparrows. They came to breakfast, and very timidly would they light on the porch floor, looking cautiously round, for fear of an enemy, and taking flight at the least noise. After a while they stopped to pick up the crumbs which we had scattered for them, and at last, when we were very still, they grew more intimate, and came and picked the crumbs from beneath the table at which we were breakfasting. We soon became quite attached to our visitors, enjoying our breakfast all the more for the sparrows, and our dinner none the less when we were sure the squirrel had eaten his, and run back to his hole in the wood-pile. As for Toadie, I don't know but you will laugh at me, when I tell you that I have not ceased to mourn his loss, though it is now two years or more since he left his old home. We had occasion to repair the old door-step, and, in doing so, disturbed the flat stone that formed the roof of his dwelling. But we had no idea that we should drive the poor fellow away. We did not see him for some days, and we thought that, like many other particular old bachelors, he had gone away to avoid the bustle of house-cleaning. But he has never returned, and I seldom look at the new door-step, without a regret for the loss of the old inhabitant. Among our occasional garden visitors were two, which did not win my attachment. They were two mocking-birds, or, as we commonly call them, cat-birds. They

had a nest not more than a rod from the door; and though they staid all summer, I did not once hear a pleasant song from them. But they kept up, most of the time, that unpleasant note, the sound of which has given them the name they bear. They were arrant little thieves, too; and I do not believe they paid for their board by eating the worms and insects as the robins do, for they were almost all the time on the blackberry bushes, picking the choicest fruit. They did not even stop when I went to pick a dish for tea; but without saying as much as "By your leave," the little dark-coated fellows would come, and, filling their bills, look at me sideways, as if they thought I had no business there. They were so bold, that I let them pick the berries, lest I should be like the ancient damsel you have all read about, who

"Was in the kitchen, folding up the clothes,
When in came a black-bird and nipped off her nose."

Such are some of our country visitors, (only a few, however,) who make life so pleasant in the summer season. Every day we learn something of their habits, and through them learn more of the goodness and wisdom of Him who has said, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his notice."

Birds soon learn to know their friends, and show their gratitude and attachment in various ways, as the following incident will prove: Mr. John Bromham, of New Haven, Connecticut, was one day busy in his garden, when a robin flew about him, apparently in great excitement. He took but little notice of it at first; but the bird persevered to attract his attention, and was soon successful. Mr. B. remembered that there was a robin's nest on a tree in the garden, and thought there might be trouble there. He started in that direction, the bird meanwhile keeping close to his side, chattering violently. On approaching the nest, the female bird too seemed to be in great trouble, and Mr. Bromham soon discovered a very young robin sitting on a high fence, while a cat below was intensely watching it, ready to pounce upon the bird on the failure of its attempt to reach the tree. Mr. B. drove away the cat, when the two birds instantly came to the assistance of their young one, encouraged it to try its new-fledged wings for the tree, which it did, and safely reached its

nest, to the apparent delight of the little robin family. Now, I am sure Mr. Bromham loved the birds, and that they knew it, and learned to trust him in return. It is very pleasant to win the love of animals by kindness. Try it, my young reader.

AUNT ANN.

THE LAWYER AND THE TEAMSTER.

THE *Boston Journal* relates the following anecdote of Honorable Jeremiah Mason, the distinguished lawyer: Mr. Mason was something of a giant in physical as well as mental proportions, and in youth must have possessed a powerful frame. In a sitting position he did not, however, appear above ordinary stature, not only from great length of limb, but from a habit of stooping which he had acquired. While in the vigor and strength of early manhood, Mr. Mason happened one very cold day to be driving along a road in the country, half buried up under warm buffalo-robes, and looking rather insignificant to a casual observer; at least, so he appeared to an impudent teamster who approached in an opposite direction, occupying so large a portion of the road with his team, that passing was a difficult matter for another vehicle. As they neared each other, Mr. Mason courteously requested the teamster to turn out and give him room; but the saucy varlet, with an impudent look at the apparently small youth, peremptorily refused, and told him to turn out himself. Mr. Mason, who instantly perceived that there was but one course to pursue, quietly stopped his horse, laid the reins over the dasher, and slowly began to roll down the robes, at the same time drawing up his legs and gradually rising from his seat.

The teamster silently watched these motions; but, as the legs obtained a foundation, and foot after foot of Mr. Mason's mammoth proportions came into view, a look of astonishment, like a circle in the water, spread over his hitherto calm face, and, with a deprecating gesture, he presently exclaimed, "That 'll do, stranger—*don't rise any more*—I 'll turn out!" Mr. Mason soon had the track to himself, and the bewildered teamster drove off at a brisk pace.

OLD WONDER-EYES.

WHEN GRACE GREENWOOD was in England, she visited a family who lived in a large house in the country, around which were beautiful gardens, and green lawns, and a great many pet animals, such as dogs, rare white kittens, gay parrots, canaries, silver pheasants, and many others. One of these pets was an owl, that sat all alone by himself in a large green cage. He was a cross and surly old fellow. Grace Greenwood says, in her *Little Pilgrim*, I tried very hard to make friends with this owl, but it was of no use; he never treated me with decent civility. One day, when I was offering him a bit of cake, he caught my finger and bit it till it bled; and I said to Mrs. M., "Why *do* you keep that cross old creature?" I noticed that my friend looked sad when she answered me, saying, "We only keep him

for our dear little Minnie's sake; he was her pet." I had never heard of little Minnie, so I asked about her, and was told the following story:

Minnie was a sweet, gentle little girl, who loved every body and every creature that God has made; and every body and every creature she met loved her. Rough people were gentle to her, and cross people were kind. She could go up to vicious horses, and fierce dogs, and spiteful cats, and they would become quiet and mild. I don't think any thing could resist her loving ways, unless it were a mad bull or a setting-hen.

One night, as Minnie lay awake in her little bed, in the nursery, listening to a summer rain, she heard a strange fluttering and scratching in the chimney, and she called to her nurse, and said, "Biddy! what is that funny noise up there?"

Biddy listened a moment, and said, "Sure, it 's nothing but a stray rook. Now he 's quite gone away—so go to sleep wid ye, my darling!"

Minnie tried to go to sleep, like a good girl; but after awhile, she heard that sound again, and presently something came fluttering and scratching right down into the grate, and out into the room! Minnie called again to Biddy; but Biddy was tired and sleepy, and *would n't* wake up.

It was so dark that Minnie could see nothing, and she felt a little strange; but she was no coward, and as the bird seemed very quiet, she went to sleep again after awhile, and dreamed that great flocks of rooks were flying over her, slowly, slowly, and making the darkness with their jet black wings.

She woke very early in the morning, and the first thing she saw was a great gray owl, perched on the bed-post at her feet, staring at her with his big, round eyes. He did not fly off when she started up in bed, but only ruffled up his feathers and said, "Who!" Minnie had never seen an owl before; but she was not afraid, and she answered merrily, "You 'd better say 'Who!' why, who are you yourself, you queer, old Wonder-eyes?"

Then she awoke Biddy, who was dreadfully frightened, and called up the butler. He caught the owl, and put him in a cage.

This strange bird was always rather ill-natured and gruff to every body but Minnie; he seemed to take kindly to her from the first. So he was called "Minnie's pet," and nobody disputed her right to him. He would take food from her little hand and never peck her; he would perch on her shoulder, and let her take him on an airing round the garden; and sometimes he would sit and watch her studying her lessons, and look as wise and solemn as a learned professor, till he would fall to winking and blinking, and go off into a sound sleep.

Minnie grew really fond of this pet, grave and unsocial as he was; but she always called him by the funny name she had given him first—*Old Wonder-eyes.*

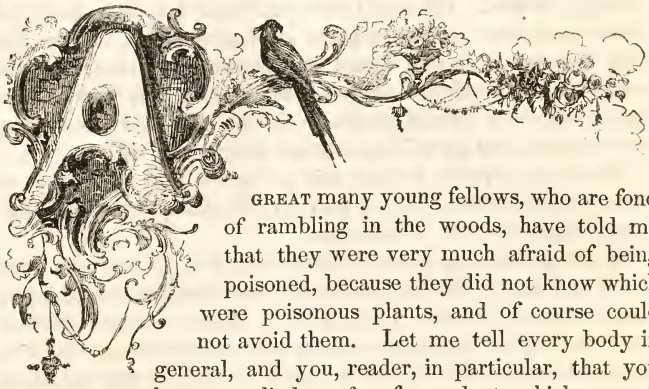
In the winter-time little Minnie was taken ill, and she grew worse and worse, till her friends all knew that she was going to leave them very soon. Darling little Minnie was not sorry to die. As she had loved every body and every creature that God had made, she could not help loving God, and she was not afraid to go to Him when He called her.

The day before she died she gave all her pets to her brothers and sisters, but she said to her mother, "*You* take good care of poor old Wonder-eyes, for he 'll have nobody to love him when I am gone."

The owl missed Minnie very much; whenever he heard any one coming, he would cry "Who!" and when he found it was n't his friend, he would ruffle up his feathers, and look as though he felt himself insulted. He grew crosser and crosser every day, till there would have been no bearing with him, if it had not been for the memory of Minnie.

The next time I saw the old owl, sitting glaring and growling on his perch, I understood why he was so unhappy and sullen. My heart ached for him—but so did the finger he had bitten; and I did not venture very near to tell him how sorry I was for him. When I think of him now, I don't blame him, but pity him for his crossness; and I always say to myself, "*Poor old Wonder-eyes!*"

POISONOUS PLANTS.



A GREAT many young fellows, who are fond of rambling in the woods, have told me that they were very much afraid of being poisoned, because they did not know which were poisonous plants, and of course could not avoid them. Let me tell every body in general, and you, reader, in particular, that you have very little to fear from plants which are poisonous to the touch, or infectious. There are only two species in the Northern and Middle States which are at all formidable, and these both belong to the same genus. One of them is the *Rhus venenata*, according to the modern botanists—the *Rhus vernix*, according to Linnæus; the other is the *Rhus toxicodendron*, or, as some authorities have it, the *Rhus radicans*. The former is a tall shrub, resembling the sumac a little, but with less showy leaves and less compact panicles. It grows in damp localities, and goes by the name of the *poison oak*, or the *poison elder*. This is the most poisonous plant in our latitude. The other poisonous species is a running plant, found climbing trees and fences. It much resembles the *American creeper*, which is perfectly innocent, but may be distinguished from it by its compound leaves, which have uniformly three leaflets, while the creeper has five. This species is called the *poison ivy* or *poison vine*. The young botanist need not be afraid of being poisoned by touching any other plants. He may be poisoned by eating some of them, but not by handling them.

UNCLE TIM'S GHOST STORY.

GHOSTS are queer things, at least if we believe any of the stories that have been told about them. But there are so many different kinds of stories being told in these story-loving times, that I will venture to tell one, even if it should be a little old-fashioned; for I came very near being caught by what appeared a ghost long years ago, while I was a boy like some of you.

To begin, then, I must tell you something about our play ground and my playmates, or you will not understand my story. In a small village in the State of Connecticut, some thirty years ago, there stood on the top of a large round hill two churches.

One was an Episcopal, the other a Presbyterian church; and the good people in that vicinity, being somewhat noted for naming different localities by different names, gave that hill the name of "meeting-house hill." This hill was crossed by two public roads, one running from north to south, in front of these churches, the other from east to west, between the churches, and round the lower side of the village burying-ground, which lay on the western slope of the hill.

On the southern point of the hill, right at the corner of the burying-ground, stood the village school-house, where my young ideas first began to shoot. How long this school-house had stood there no one appeared to know. It was always the same old dilapidated building, with the clapboards hanging at one end by a rusty nail, and drumming and thumping against the sides of the house, with all their might, whenever the wind blew.

Old Aunt Lizzy, a maiden lady about as old as the school-house, and the oracle of Woodchuck Hollow, used to say that the reason why these clapboards kept up such a perpetual thumping, was that the ghosts used to meet there, and beat a tattoo to call their forces together, before starting on an expedition. I used to think so too, until I took my first lesson in ghostology, in which I learned a very different lesson; and I will tell you how it happened pretty soon. On the slope of the hill south of the school-house were some very smooth rocks, which came just out of the ground, and between these rocks were patches of soft, velvety grass, affording the prettiest playground I ever saw; and on the east side of the road, opposite our playground, stood the residence of my uncle.

In my uncle's family lived a black boy, called Charley, and my cousin Luke, both about my own age, and both capital fellows for fun and frolic. It was on one fine summer evening that we were at play on these rocks, in company of an acquaintance of ours, thinking nothing about ghosts, horses running round without heads, or witches riding in the air on broomsticks. Aunt Lizzy's stories were full of such supernatural incidents. In fact I had heard so many witch stories, which the old story-tellers in New England used to retail thirty and forty years ago, that it

made my teeth chatter every time I went past the burying-ground in a dark night; and every time I went to bed without a light, I hurried off my clothes and jumped into bed, often expecting to see some old hag pop out of some old closet, or come down chimney with a witch's bridle, throw it over my head, turn me into a horse, and ride me off on some secret expedition. Well, as I was telling you, we were as busy at play as four wild, roaring boys well could be, until about nine in the evening, when Charley sang out, in a hoarse whisper, "Boys! boys! what is that coming to us?" We gave one stare at Charley's eyes. They were as large as two large-sized peeled onions. Our next glance was up toward the burying-ground; and there we saw a full-grown ghost, dressed in white, coming right down on us. We gave but one glance, and started for my uncle's, on a full run. Down the rocks we scampered, like so many frightened rabbits. My uncle had been digging some earth from the side of the hill the day before, for some purpose—I know not what—and left quite a hole, which I knew nothing about. Into this hole I stepped, and fell my whole length. But I could not stop to get up. So I kept on, on all fours, with all my might, expecting, of course, if the ghost caught any one, it must be myself. When I reached the gate, I gave one glance back. At that moment the ghost stepped into the same hole in which I fell, and down it went. I supposed it sank into the earth through that hole, as I saw it no more. We ran into the house, frightened out of our wits; and as I dared not go home alone, my aunt called up the hired man, and he and Charley went home with me, one on each side, expecting every step to see the ghost pop out of the old school-house, or from behind some tomb-stone, and give chase to us. But we saw it no more, and I reached home in safety.

The next day, the whole neighborhood was in an uproar. Aunt Lizzy, the prophetess of Woodchuck Hollow, was in ecstasies. Her stories were fictions no longer. A little after noon, as I dared not go after night, I went down to my uncle's to inquire if they had seen the ghost. I had no sooner entered the house, than my aunt began to tease me most unmercifully for a courageous boy. It seems, after all our fright, that our ghost was

nothing more or less than my uncle's hired man, Davis. He slept on the lower floor of the house, on that side toward our playground. The window being open, our noisy sport kept him awake, and he determined to break it up, and have some sport of his own into the bargain. He accordingly slipped out of the window, took a sheet with him, ran up back of the school-house, wrapped himself in the sheet, and appeared in our play as some one from the land of shadows. He followed us so closely as not to see the hole into which I stepped; and when he plunged into it, down he fell. He then ran back to his room, jumped into the window, and when my aunt went to call him, was ready to go home with me.

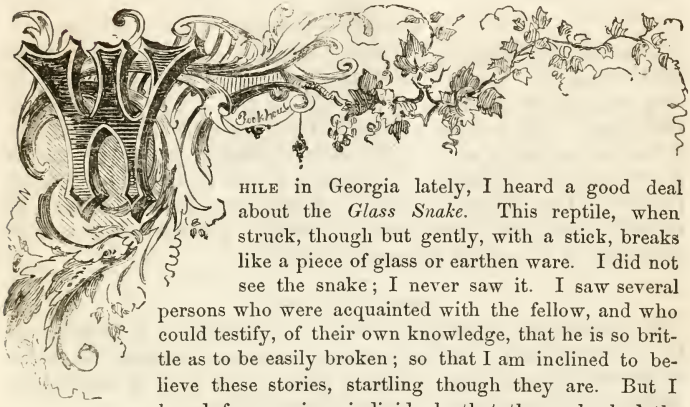
It was really too bad. We received the most jokes, it appeared to me, that any four miserable fellows ever received in their lives. But it had one good effect. No ghost has ever dared to appear to me since that time. UNCLE TIM.

MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.

IT is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment for a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of one third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid outrun her suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him, though at first she runs fast to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atlanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she comes to the mark, or the end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own wills; and that is the cause that in this poor country, the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.

Uncle Frank's Monthly Table Talk.

UNCLE FRANK IN WANT OF LIGHT.



WHILE in Georgia lately, I heard a good deal about the *Glass Snake*. This reptile, when struck, though but gently, with a stick, breaks like a piece of glass or earthen ware. I did not see the snake; I never saw it. I saw several persons who were acquainted with the fellow, and who could testify, of their own knowledge, that he is so brittle as to be easily broken; so that I am inclined to believe these stories, startling though they are. But I heard, from various individuals, that the snake had the power of joining himself together, after he was broken. I could never find a person who had seen the joining process with his own eyes, though; and on this subject I want light. Some of my readers live where the glass snake is sometimes met with. Now, have any of you seen this singular serpent splice himself together after he has been accidentally broken? I don't know that I should have had anything like credulity on this point, if I had not seen some new evidence of the fact in a letter recently received from an intelligent lady residing among the Delawares in the Indian Territory. She is inclined to believe the story, though the evidence, I think, upon which she builds her belief, is rather sandy than otherwise.

UNCLE FRANK IN A QUANDARY.

I find that my friend S. N. has crept into the hearts of a good many of my little nephews and nieces, during my absence from the Editor's table. Well, that I expected, and I don't care a rush about it, provided you all keep a tolerably good place for me. Don't crowd me out, that's all I ask. If you'd only love me just the same as ever, I'd be reasonable with you, and let you love S. N. as much—as I do, if you like. Among the letters which came while I was absent, and which fell into my assistant's hands,

some were transferred to me, on my return. Well, among these letters there was one beginning thus: "Dear S. N. or Mr. Woodworth." Now what I want to know is—and it is a vastly important question, don't you see it is?—whether the adjective *dear* qualifies the second name, as well as the first, or whether its *qualification* stops at S. N. Can any one of the citizens of Bridgeport give me any light on this point?

A WARM RECEPTION.

It is gratifying to get, now and then, such a compliment as the "Edgefield School-girl" pays to the *Cabinet*. Listen: "You cannot imagine how anxiously we all watch for the *Cabinet*, just as we would for some dear friend. And is it not a friend? Does it not, like a friend, help us to find out our faults, and help us to remove them? Does it not lead us gently along in the paths of knowledge, and give us a taste for literary pursuits? Does it not do all this? I think so. If it was to cease its monthly visits, I don't know what we should do, for every one of us feels an interest in it, from the youngest to the oldest."

ESSIE'S PROTEST.

My excellent correspondent, "Essie," who has done so much to amuse the readers of the *Cabinet*, seems to have a bone to pick with one of the *Cabinet*-makers, she scarcely knows which. The bone is handsomely picked though, and I must let you see how it is done:

Now Uncle Frank, S N., or whosoe'er you be,
Pray what is this you're going to "tell" of me?
Oh! what has Essie said in "black and white?"
Do give her troubled soul a little light.
What you are at she cannot see,
Your words are full of mystery.

And I'm to "catch it"—am I? Pray, for what?
Who, where is she? who laid so foul a plot
On my fair name? What is this "invitation?"
When slandered I the fair, in all creation?
My sluggish pen has long lain still,
Sure I have treated no one ill

And then these hints of "other people's babies,"
By which is raised the indignation of the "ladies,"
What means it all? I'm lost in wonder and surmise—
Ah! now I have it—open wide your eyes:
Somebody, envying Essie's fame,
Has ventured to assume her name.
Now let them "hide" for very shame,
And then she'll say "no one's to blame."

THE ORIGINAL ESSIE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Alvina's Lament" cannot be used. Let the writer try and coax his muse to weave some numbers on a theme which we can all appreciate. Some of us little folks don't know much about "lovers," "battle-fields," "convents," and "masses" for the repose of departed spirits.

Farmer Boy. I am very sorry indeed that we cannot use your labyrinth. It is a good one, and you must have expended ever so much time on it. But it ought not to cover so much space. Can't you draw it over again, on a scale like that of S. N.'s labyrinths?

"The Siege of Sevastopol" is not just the thing. Uncle Frank cannot make up his mind to send it to the printer.

"Please your subscribers for once," writes a boy from Elmira, in this State, and goes on to advise Uncle Frank to publish a sketch of the British Museum. First, my boy, have I never pleased my subscribers yet? Rather poor encouragement for a man who has been working hard for that purpose during ten of the best years of his life; and secondly, I'll think about it.

G. H. must not be discouraged, if he does not see his little piece in print. He'll hit the nail on the head next time, we'll warrant.

"L'Inconnue." Your fable is not fabulous enough to suit me.

One of my nieces—I'm glad she styles herself an "*affectionate* niece," for she scolds her poor uncle so soundly, that I might have doubted about the affection, if she had not alluded to it—raps me on the knuckles at a great rate, for altering her riddle. She does not like this editorial cutting up. Hear her: "Now kill me if you please, or pierce me with full-points, commas, and semicolons, but please don't maim me." Well, I'll compromise the matter with you. Drop that fancy name, and give me a genuine one, like a good honest soul, as I have no doubt you are, and I'll be as civil—as it is possible for a saucy editor to be. I regret that I cannot safely promise, even to a lady, more than this.

THE VALEDICTORY.

S. N. sends her love and a kiss to all the girls who have remembered her kindly in their letters, while she has been playing the part of an editor; and as for the boys, she sends ditto to them, too, that is, of course, if they don't happen to be over fifteen years of age. She hopes her late correspondents will not entirely forget her. She is obliged to confess that she has become quite attached to them; and it would grieve her not a little to learn that Uncle Frank, now that he has come back again, has usurped all the good places in their hearts.

The Premiums Awarded!

Well, patient reader—it is presumed you have the gift of patience, for you have no doubt felt the need of it—I am now able to give you the decision of the judges in respect to the sentences submitted for the premium. I must confess that, when I threw over my hook and line last January, I expected to be able to tell you what I had caught long before this. The fishing season, as I stated would be the case, ended on the first day of March. But before that time, as you are aware, I was off for the South. Now, though I could have had a meeting of the judges during my absence, and very likely the decision that they might have come to without me would have been quite as satisfactory to all parties, Uncle Frank included, as if I had been on the ground, I did feel as if I wanted a finger in the pie. Just think, little boy, how sorely you have been disappointed, if you had caught ever so many fish, and then, before you had had time to count and examine them, some fishermen should get hold of them, coolly canvass their merits and demerits among themselves, and finally have them served up at a great public dinner, without even so much as thinking of the poor angler, who found the "deep hole" where they dwelt, and coaxed them out of it upon dry land. Just so Uncle Frank would have been disappointed if he had not been allowed to assist in passing judgment upon his fish. I arrived from the South on the 14th day of May. But I found I had so many sentences to write myself, before the June number could see the light, that it would be impossible for me to attend to the premium sentences in season for this number. The first thing I did, however, after the *Cabinet* for June was off my hands, was to collect all the sentences which had been submitted for the premium, and to lay them before the judges. There were seven of these judges, besides Uncle Frank. Our task was a difficult one, as you may suppose. If you will take up the January number of the *Cabinet*, in which the premium is offered, you will see that there are four conditions required in the construction of the sentence: it must be "well expressed; as brief as possible; contain all the letters of the alphabet; and embrace all the English parts of speech." Now it was easy enough to tell which was the shortest sentence. Counting the letters decided that point. It was tolerably easy, too, to determine which sentence was expressed in the best language. But the difficulty consisted in deciding, after having selected those sentences which embraced all the letters of the alphabet and all the parts of speech, exactly how much relative importance ought to be given to the two elements of *brevity* and *sensible, tasteful expression.* However, we came to a decision at last. There was no doubt in our minds as to whom belonged the award of the first and second premiums, though it

was not quite so clear who had won the third. Several candidates seemed about equally entitled to it. What then could we do? Uncle Frank, who has no knack whatever of untying knots, is a capital hand at cutting them, and he had resort to the knife on this occasion. He cut the knot by extending the list of premiums from three to five, and by awarding to each of the three persons submitting the third best sentences the same premium which was promised to only one. In other words, I have given in premiums twelve volumes more than I at first offered to give. I have done this, not simply that I might the better satisfy all the candidates, but as a matter of justice to three whose efforts seemed to us so nearly balanced in respect to their merits. I am afraid, after all, not a little afraid, that the entire decision will fail to satisfy all parties. So desirable a result as this, I have not supposed possible. But I trust you will all give the judges the credit of *meaning* to decide impartially and discreetly. We did the very best we could; and here is the result:

FIRST PREMIUM.

The first premium was awarded to Fanny Newton, of Brooklyn, N. Y., for the following sentence:

Oh, just go from me! why vex and quiz a poor black man?

SECOND PREMIUM.

The second premium was awarded to J. R. Sheldon, of Bath, Maine, for the following sentence:

O Jew! if wise, quickly aid me, vexing my brain for the prize.

THIRD PREMIUM.

The third premium was awarded to three individuals, as follows:—

1. To Edward Winslow Paige, of Schenectady, N. Y., for the following sentence:

My kinswoman exhibits a cheerful, joyous spirit; but is, alas! very fond of quizzing.

2. To Kate W. Newhall, of Concord, N. H., for the following sentence:

Blow gently, O zephyr! and fan the anxious, joyless cheek of my loved queen.

3. To Alexander W. Scott, (I have accidentally mislaid his address,) for the following sentence:

O! how keen and exquisite will be the joy of receiving my prize.

A BUDGET OF SENTENCES.

There was a very large number of sentences submitted. Some of them, however, were rather imperfect; though there were a good many very creditable ones, which did not take either of the premiums. I thought you would all like to see for yourselves the entire budget which the judges had to select from; so I am going to print it. This budget, I ought to remark, contains those only which were deemed good enough to come before the judges. Many, which did not embrace either all the parts of speech, or the entire number of letters in the alphabet, did not come into the estimate. In the budget which I print, you will see that there are some specimens that do not combine all the necessary points. Still, these efforts severally come pretty near the mark, if they do not hit it. There are *two hundred and eleven* of them:

1. So rack your brain, O Mary! quite vexed with a new puzzle. EVA.

2. The rejected knight gazed, sorrowing, upon that exquisitely beautiful, yet, alas! mournful view. EDWARD WINSLOW PAIGE.

3. New Haven is justly celebrated for its colleges, schools, public parks, and manufactures, and for the zealous and equal execution of its laws. WILLIAM D. TROWBRIDGE.

4. Oh! how we love the *Cabinet!* with its excellent puzzles, queries, &c., giving us the right kind of enjoyment and instruction. C. S. K.

5. Hail! thou widely-known and exquisite *Cabinet*, a magazine joining novelty with profit. W. L. RANKIN.

6. Come quickly, O excellent *Cabinet!* that I may see to whom the prize will have been adjudged. W. L. R.

7. Oh! who can know everything required of him, except he be judiciously zealous? W. L. R.

8. Oh! that the valuable prize were to be adjudged to him who exceeds in labor, for then I think I might quite reasonably hope to obtain it. W. L. R.

9. Allow me to introduce to my young friends and acquaintances, the example of Benjamin Franklin, as one, indeed! very well worthy our most zealous imitation. SARAH W. GIDDONS.

10. New York is a great commercial city, and has been known for its wealth, enterprize, and beauty, as well as for its just and equitable laws, which exert an influence over the country. WILLIAM D. T.

11. A sentence to arrange, alas! is no easy task. With all the different parts of speech to put in, and all the letters, including j, x, and z, and have it quite right and as neat as may be. GEORGIA BOY.

12. Alas! mankind cannot gain from the harbor of peace, joy, and quiet, except they walk in the path of virtue and brotherly love. H. M. O. P.

13. Oh! why vex and quiz me so for a jet-black pig? GEORGE MOTZ.

14. View justly, I beg, and O! quick fix the prize on me.
GEORGE MOTZ.

15. Oh! may I quietly look forward, and win the exceeding great prize promised by *Jehovah*. G. M.

16. Oh! but Uncle Frank is just the man, quite wise enough to puzzle us with such a very hard tax. K.

17. Earthquakes injure buildings; so, alas! evil examples often hazard the peace of your dwelling. J. B. NEWMAN.

18. Oh! without joking, we explain the puzzle required, and form a very brief sentence. J. B. N.

19. Behold how Zachary Taylor, with great exertion and quiet valor, joyously rescues his army from peril! C. E. PORTER.

20. O Jabez! I struck; but simply with a quivering, flexile rod.
JANE R. MOODY.

21. Quickly, O Jebus! award even to him, if expert, a good prize.
J. R. M.

22. O Job! quick expunge that vile word, if you be zealous of fame.
J. R. M.

23. Uncle Frank is frequently taxing his brain,
His joyous nephews and nieces to please;
And O! the labor is by no means in vain,
For his puzzles instruct them, as well as amuse.
G. A. BLAIR.

24. O Joseph, Exe, or Azov!—find them quickly on a new globe.
C. M. ERNEST.

25. Ah, how unenviable! exclaimed A, musing upon his responsible position as first of twenty-six characters, employed in the instruction of mankind, while the labors of most of my peers are seen in every book, and on every page, j, q, and z are often absent. S. W. G.

26. Up! crazy Job, vieing, struck me with an axe, and quick fled. M.

27. Up quickly! for crazed Job, striving, hit me with an axe. M.

28. Up quickly! for Jabez, striving, hit me with an old axe. M.

29. When Washington and his compatriots conceived the great idea of American independence, and, O patriotism unexampled! proclaimed to the world their irrevocable purpose, to free the colonies from the parent kingdom, Americans with equal joy and zeal approved the act. SARAH.

30. Oh, sir! the warm zeal and judgment ever exercised by you for us require especial thanks! EMILY R. O. PIERCE.

31. Oh, Jane! look how exquisitely neat and elegant are our prize volumes of the *Cabinet!* E. R. O. P.

32. Oh, Uncle Frank! judge favorably of my severe exertions, and requite them with a prize. E. R. O. P.

33. Czar, quit thy fixed grip! yet even justice, dooming thee, ever follow at thy back. MINNA.

34. The man is indeed justly worthy of pity or contempt, who can gaze upon the exquisite beauty of nature's works without even being moved.
A. O.

35. Heaven is indeed an ark of hope for the just, zealous, and excellent of this world, though they may be as unequal as the beggar and the king.

ADELBERT OLDER.

36. Oh! hazard not, proud knight, thy heavenly crown, for a brief moment of exquisite but bewildering joy. EDWARD W. P.

37. My kinswoman exhibits a cheerful, joyous spirit; but is, alas! very fond of quizzing. EDWARD W. P.

38. Alas! that we should lack bread, among a people quiet, just, and zealous of good works, in a land easily furnishing a superflux of Heaven's choicest varieties. W. E. PHELPS.

39. Alas! that any should lack food, the very quintessence and zest of the table, in a country possessing a superflux of grains, meats, jams, etc., knowing that industry is a virtue. A. S. J. PHELPS.

40. When the full moon emerges from the shadowy east, just as the sun has descended below the western horizon, casting back his refracted rays, and forming various images of unequaled beauty in the dense atmosphere, while Venus, excelling all the starry host, in mild radiance, lingers for an hour, and then disappears in the western sky; oh, how beautiful!

SARAH W. G.

41. Oh! how amazingly vexing a querulous man;
But just pity, and keep him from fits, if you can.

OLIVIA B. J. PHELPS.

42. Uncle Frank's premium puzzle is quite difficult, indeed! and I presume he will hardly expect to receive a sentence from a Prairie girl, although she has been trying. W. S. ADAMS.

43. Lo! I justly expect not the amazing wisdom and judgment of Solomon in a knavish burlesque. ALVARO F. GIBBENS.

44. When the spring shall come, wafting its balmy zephyrs from the south. O, it will rejoice, and make glad! it will quicken the pulse, and fill the void in the anxious heart! W. E. PIER.

45. Oh! the exquisite pleasure there is in being conscious of having zealously and joyfully performed our every known duty. L. M. R.

46. Pshaw! Uncle Frank, just think what a queer puzzle you have given us to work out, in composing a sentence to be well expressed, and so written that it will contain every letter in the alphabet, and all the parts of speech. JEAN.

47. Ah! Uncle Frank, I am not quite sure that justice is willing to award me the prize, as you know it is not so very easy for a little boy to compete successfully with your many excellent correspondents.

JOHN J. JONES.

48. Oh! may my best powers be joyfully and zealously devoted to the service of my Saviour; and although like a Xerxes, taking *perseverance* for my motto, may I be quite different from him in spirit.

CHARLES N. BARKER.

49. I esteem the good man highly who zealously loves and serves his God and his country, and liquidates his just debts punctually. Oh! that they were more numerous, for the sake of example to the young.

W. H. COLEMAN.

50. Why art thou thus ingloriously falling from the very zenith of thy prince-like exaltation, O most obsequious and mighty judge! if indeed all the ends thou didst aim at were thy country's, thy God's, and truth's?

LAURA.

51. From the equator to the northern or southern extremity of the frigid zones, indeed! there is not one very enlightened or just man who expects to get to heaven, except by being an humble follower of our Saviour and King. WM. S. WELLS.

52. Hail! thou bright orb of day, whose course is ordered and directed by the hand of Jehovah, whose dazzling rays expels the soft clouds that frequently cross his path. L'INCONNUE.

53. I think, alas! that luxury, vanity, and pride have frequently as much influence in the fall of the great, as jealousy, blind zeal, and ignorance have in the fall of the weak. Z. C. M'CRARY.

54. Exultingly, O Jerusalem! have kings and queens seen thee in the zenith of thy ancient glory, power, and beauty. L'AMIE DES ENFANS.

55. Have *faith*, and Providence, though, alas! so often inexplicable, will quicken thy zeal in promoting a just cause. J. RADEBAUGH.

56. Oh, yes! replied the justice, I have frequently been amazed at his knowledge and extensive information. H. H. BURRALL.

57. Oh, Xanthippe! curb the zeal of thy quick woman's tongue, and drive not forth by thy upbraidings, that just man, thy husband, from the home he dearly loves. H. N. C.

58.
O Uncle Frank! you've laid a ruse
Quite sure to start a prizing cruise;
And now don't blame, but pray excuse
The jumble of our flexile muse.

Ah! if this rhyme provokes a laugh,
At my expense, on your behalf,
I'll just quit rhyming, (or foreclose,)
And seek the prize in humble prose. N. H. B.

59. Alas! we know that pride and extravagance blunt the good qualities of justice and benevolence in many citizens. N. H. BARDWELL.

60. After puzzling and perplexing my brain for a long time, all may be in vain; but, should your committee be pleased to consider this either the first, second, or third best prize sentence, O! how quickly and joyfully would I skip across the way and receive the prize awarded to

BELLA JOHNSON.

61. Every youth in our happy land should enter zealously upon the task given by our justly esteemed Uncle Frank, expecting to secure his liberal premiums; and oh! what exertions should be made to acquire proper words and thoughts. SARAH R. COLE.

62.
Alas! dear Uncle Frank, if you
The feelings in my bosom knew,
While I attempt to gain the prize,
By writing something witty, wise,
Or even foolish, (for a child
Has often expectations wild,)
You'd look with pity upon one
Whom poverty has always known.

Oh! how I've longed, although not able,
To see those volumes on my table;
To read those pages o'er and o'er,
To feast my soul, yet long for more.
So I resolved at least I'd try
To gain the prize; and with a sigh
I sat me down the task to write,
And send to you in black and white;
So uncle, dear, you'll find enclosed
The sentence which I have composed. S. R. COLE.

63. Zobeide gives her judgment with a queenly grace, and fully exacts, alas! not weakly, implicit obedience. SOPHIE E. C.

64. Behold! ye dizzy and reckless actors: among all the dramas ever executed or performed on the stage, what is more beautiful, joyous, or elevated than the chequered and varied drama of life? E. D. S.

65. I have frequently watched a child, with joyful zeal, building block-houses; but, alas! they soon fell—a beautiful example of the varying fortunes of man. JUVENIS.

66. Heigh-ho, John! what a quizzing task it is to write a sentence containing all the parts of speech and every letter of the alphabet, sufficiently short and well expressed to suit Uncle Frank. E.

67. The Gauls having marched by many zig-zag journeys to Rome, quickly prepared to attack the city; but, lo! it was saved by the extraordinary cackling of a goose. S.

68. Oh dear! Uncle James, how you do like to quiz and vex a little girl like me, doing my best, with so many of your queer questions. ELIAS D. SMITH.

69. I think, Uncle Frank, you have given me rather a hard puzzle, and it would be a queer joke if I could not succeed in doing it; but, ah! I expect I have done it. MARY ELIZABETH ROGERS.

70. Oh! I know my zeal quite enables me to compose with very much joy a sentence containing twenty and six different letters. L. L. WILSON.

71. Verily! I think Mr. Editor, it will require more patience, briefly to express your puzzle in good prose, than to weave the subject into rhyme. ESSIE.

72. The bird's joyous carol at spring's early dawn,
Each exquisite dew-drop that sparkled at morn,
Each floweret that waves when soft breezes play,
And all earth's fairest hues—alas! all pass away. ESSIE.

73. The warm sun exhales the bright jewels of earth,
Back to the pure, azure Heaven that gave them birth,
And the chill winds of autumn their requiem play
O'er bird and o'er flower—alas! passing away. ESSIE.

74. So the day-dreams that dazzle youth's joyous spring,
And the bright hopes that gild with their rainbow wing
Our life's summer cloud, quickly vanish, decay—
Alas! nought is exempt—all is passing away. ESSIE.

75. Oh! the pleasure which is to be enjoyed studying the puzzles and queries in Uncle Frank's very excellent magazine. L. S. BALES.

76. Alas! Franklin and his excellent crew were conquered by injudiciously attempting a hazardous voyage. MARCUS PECK.

77. Oh! quick, Eva! look here in the last number!—a whole set of *Cabinets* offered as a prize: Alexis and Jane are going to try for them. S. J. AXTELL, JR.

78. Oh, I love the *Cabinet!* which excels all youth's magazines, and justly deserves the unqualified approbation of every boy, girl, and kind parent. REBECCA L. CARY.

79. All the young folks, especially we boys, are expecting some very rare and queer things for our entertainment and enjoyment during these winter days, which are, (whew!) so freezingly cold. FINLEY M'K SMOCK.

80. Oh! may we never quench the Spirit, that exalteth the benevolence and majesty of Zion's glorious King. M. C.

81. Bravo, Uncle Frank! J——w and M. think your bag of puzzles quite an excellent one. J. E. DIBBLE.

82. I saw a very expert dog chasing a rabbit which squeezed itself into a log, and oh! what a barking old Jowler did make! ADA SMOCK.

83. Oh, Uncle Frank! how the severe requirements of the puzzle just published, tax and try my ingenuity. MARY H. WICKES.

84. Dear me! Julia thinks Mr. Woodworth's puzzle or query for the March number nothing very extraordinary. JULIA.

85. Aha! Uncle Frank, I can solve the quite wordy and ingenious puzzle, published in the Jan. No. of your excellent magazine. J. E. HITCHCOCK.

86. The boy that would be wise, must seize every opportunity to improve the precious moments as they fly, and likewise must judge time quite valuable as a gift of God; but, oh! how many excuse themselves! FREDERICK M. ROBINSON.

87. Alas! Mr. Woodworth, I do think that is a very queer puzzle, but just what I should think you would give us. I do not expect to get the premium, but I do not like to find others doing more than I. K.

88. Ah! that I could with joy compose that sentence, well expressed, which, though being very good and perhaps remarkable, yet would not make me quite dizzy with the thought that it will not win the premium. J. M. G.

89. Oh! how keenly have we examined your bundles of puzzles, unfolded your questions, and joined to these, listened to the many counsels given us. MARY J. COWLES.

90. O Jew! if wise, quickly aid me, vexing my brain for the prize. J. R. SHELDON.

91. Oh! vex not, nor quiz Jack Bayle, who madly seeks to get a fine prize. HENRY N. SHELDON.

92. Alas! I fear Henry Quackenbush, having a better expressed and shorter sentence, will justly deprive me of the prize. WM. W. GREEN.

93. Oh, the jaded editor! by knowing much he is painfully vexed and quizzed. JAMES MUDGE.

94. Alas! a very keen psychologizer enjoyed himself and banqueted on extra wine. HENRY G. DAY.

95. Oh! I might justly reckon up twelve and six to be quite a dozen and a half. BENJAMIN W. BOULDIN.

96. Ah! I don't quite expect to gain the valuable prize you offer to us, yet I will join the crowd and try my luck. E. G. SUMNER.

97. We can be gazing with admiration upon the gaudy jewels of a queen; but, alas! we know not of the very great exertions required to obtain them. SOPHIA E. BOWERS.

98. Napoleon and Washington were very great men; but O! they were quite different. The former was anxious for a kingdom—the latter zealous for justice. ELLEN HANOR.

99. Having received your excellent *Cabinet* for January, I immediately commenced a solution of the premium puzzle; and, lo! in a quarter of an hour the task was done. WM. C. LEVERETT.

100. Oh, the jaded editor! he is much and painfully vexed and quizzed by *Know Nothings*. J. M.

101. Lo! just and prudent Zaccheus, being known as the chief of tax-gatherers, who, stimulated by inquisitiveness, seeks to view his Lord. LINUS P. WOLVERTON.

102. Ezra vii. 21. And I, Artaxerxes, the king, do make a decree unto you, O treasurers! which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra, the priest, the scribe of the law of the great God of Heaven, shall require of you, it shall be done speedily. R. P. BAYLOR.

103. Well! Uncle Frank, you have just given us quite a puzzle, and I gladly embrace the opportunity of striving for such excellent rewards. HOMER NORTHRUP.

104. Ah! I acknowledge the puzzle question very perplexing; yet it shall be answered just for the premium. SARAH C. GUERNSEY.

105. Blow gently, O Zephyr! and fan the anxious, joyless cheek of my loved queen. KATE W. NEWHALL.

106. He that is good, just, and zealous, shall be very happy; but, alas! there are many wicked and iniquitous men whom God will exclude from the happy ones. HATTIE.

107. Oh! that, in the exciting race for wealth, which constitutes a very prominent and dark feature of the times, we might behold Christians, animated with holy zeal, and perfectly joined together in one spirit, marching forward to the spiritual conquest of the world. CORNELIA.

108. O Aunt Eliza! indebted as we are to Uncle Frank for the instruction and amusement which he has so kindly given through his excellent *Cabinet*, does not justice require greater promptness in paying our subscription? CHARLEY.

109. Ho! Jack, give that zinc box and a rule, quickly, to my wife, Mrs. Post. L. D. WHITHAM.

110. The prize that you offer, I think is really worth striving for; but, alas! the question is, what example can I give which contains all the alphabet, and all the English parts of speech, and which Uncle Frank will judge well expressed? M. C. W.

111. Oh, dear Uncle Frank! I know you will cheerfully quit your magazine, and join us in the task of composing this vexatious sentence. DOWN EAST.

112. I have been quietly striving to know the exact truth of this sad affair; and, oh! Eliza must have joined the plot.

GREEN MOUNTAIN GIRL.

113. I know I shall enjoy reading the valuable magazines, and consequently I shall exert myself to obtain the premium; but, O dear! I fear I shall not succeed. RUTH.

114. Is there *really* any justice in the existing war between the famous Czar and Queen Victoria, in which, alas! we know so many must perish?

JOHN.

115. The motto is, "strike while the iron is hot;" so I, on this first day of January, being zealous to strive for the premium, though not quite expecting to get one, send this sentence. Oh! that I might obtain one.

MARIETTE C. WOLCOTT.

116. Oh! what a good *Cabinet* we have for January! If you could once see it, I think you would be extremely zealous to obtain the whole volume —it seems quite perfect. I believe the answer to Charade Number 1st is Chestnut. LUCY M. WOLCOTT.

117. O! just go from me, why quiz and vex a poor black man?

S. N.

118. Ah! how can I expect the prize to be mine, unless I strive for knowledge, with perseverance, joined to quiet study?

HENRY A. DANKER.

119. America, O thou King of nations! long may thy flag, the herald of peace, joy, and quiet, watch zealously over thy exceeding hard-bought liberty. H. M. O. PARKS.

120. Oh, dear Uncle Frank! I am very much interested in your *Cabinet*, for it contains many queer things and puzzles, as well as just maxims.

W. D. T.

121. Behold! a judicious and exquisite servant of mine is zealously seeking power. S. W.

122. Lo! I saw a black ox jump over the fence and quietly graze. L.

123. Oh! how praiseworthy is the exercise of a zealous effort, when joined to knowledge and virtue; but the consequences of blind zeal, who can estimate? PERCIVAL BEADLES.

124. O winter! few realize thy excellent blessings, requiring the persevering and working man quietly to enjoy rest. FARMER BOY.

125. Yes! zeal and knowledge joined, often prove a man's best acquisition in his extremity. LEWIS W. MUDGE.

126. Oh! what can be more exquisitely lovely than the little forget-me-not, of delicate azure hue, peeping from its leafy covert, and making one smile with joy at its beauty? JULIA BULKLEY.

127. Alas! does not prejudice serve to keep back sympathy from the haughty Czar, in his extremity, as he bows to his conquerors?

F. S. GRAVES.

128. Oh! my object is to write a short sentence, and then quietly, though anxiously, wait for Uncle Frank to say who is deserving the great prize. T. P. HUNT

129. The squirrel is such a very frisky animal, that you may put your hand just where he is, expecting to seize him; but, lo! he is not there.
ELLSWORTH DAGGETT.

130. Oh! how excellent a quality in youth, is zeal in the cause of virtue and religion, which, making happy the subject of it, is, judged by its fruits, only good to others. WILLIE TATLOCK.

131. Our own age, and what age but has given to the world men, whose feelings, as, with inquiring eye, they surveyed the splendor of the star-lighted firmament, were not enkindled into joyous and extatic emotion by their upward gaze! E. J.

132. Oh! what a queer and exciting puzzle Uncle Frank has just now given his boys and girls for a premium R. V. W.

133. Ah! Uncle Frank has now given us a puzzle that will require much hard study and anxiety to solve, yet the object is worthy of a trial. IRA L. FOLSOM.

134. *Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet* is a monthly magazine, edited by Francis C. Woodworth, who writes under the title of Uncle Frank, and published by D. A. Woodworth. It is an excellent periodical, very beautifully illustrated, and just adapted to the quick capacity of youth.
SUE CONAWAY.

135. Huzza! for Alexander, that great king and conqueror, who subjugated the very powerful army of Persia. CHARLES H. MUDGE.

136. In thy efforts to destroy the Protestant religion, O Queen Mary! thy wicked zeal far exceeded thy unkind and unjust behavior.
WILLIE A. HEGEMAN.

137. Dear Uncle Frank—quite a hard task that you have given us boys and girls; but I will try, oh, yes! just try it, for by trying, I may get the twelve volumes of the excellent magazine you have been pleased to promise the successful competitors. GEORGE W. DAVIS.

138. By zeal, industry, and kindness, man will gain esteem; but, alas! by indolence and the use of liquor, virtue will depart from him, and he can no longer enjoy praise or be worthy of example.
N. BYRON GRIFFING.

139. Newspapers help to acquire knowledge, and frame the mind to the adversities of life; but, alas! they are not just what one might expect, now that they are in the zenith of their glory. FRANKLIN SMITH.

140. Lo! in Washington we see remarkably combined all the qualities of the exalted patriot, the brave general, and the just and pure-minded citizen. J. P. S.

141. The zealous astronomers, Ptolomy and Pythagorus, who, alas! are now dead, have justly received a fame not equaled by King Xerxes.
PATIENCE.

142. I have just received *Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet*, and oh! I think it is an exceedingly interesting periodical, containing, with puzzles and questions, many anecdotes and much useful information.
ELIZA H. MILLER.

143. I have just been reading the story, and oh! how painful an one it is! of the conquest of Mexico, by the brave but wicked Cortez.
ALLEN CLARK.

144. Oh! just and exquisite virtue, are we evermore to be seeking a prize of felicity? S. W. M.

145. O dear! there is in this sentence no word containing an x, or I would be quite sure of winning the valuable prize offered to little boys and girls by Uncle Frank, in the January number of the *Cabinet*.
ROSWELL MILLER.

146. It is painful to think of the many that here were enjoying homes of quiet comfort, if not of luxury, who, lured by dazzling visions of Californian gold, are now, alas! mouldering beneath Californian soil.
CHLOE FRANCES CLARK.

147. Oh! I hope for good luck with the prizes, and with joy quickly give a brief example. W. COOPER WILLIAMS.

148. A judicious mother is characterized by being kind, sympathizing, and exact toward her children; but, alas! quite often it is very different with many mothers. J. M. DOWNS.

149. Lo! we frequently gaze at the expensive and majestic bark.
L. L. L.

150. Oh! be not vexed at these puzzling questions, but do them justice, knowing they are for the *Cabinet*. C. H. R.

151. Oh! the very queer and jocular enigmas Uncle Frank's Puzzler's Drawer exhibits to us. EDWARD P. COWAN.

152. Oh! my dear sister, come quickly, for Lizzie has cut her foot by jumping over the axe of William. CLINTON L. CONKLING.

153. Would we but look at time in the light of eternity, justly realizing that it is but a period of preparation for another and an endless state of existence, think you we would so recklessly squander its hours—hours which once wasted, can, alas! never be redeemed? SARAH J. CLARK.

154. Oh! may the joyful day soon come, making every zone exempt from liquor and its baneful power. GEORGE W. HOWELL.

155. Visiting a friend not long since, my journey led me through a dark forest untraversed except by wild beasts: being late I quickened my steps, in order to pass through before dark; but, alas! I was soon lost among the zig-zag paths of those mighty monsters, and night found me wandering in the forest. PHILO SLOCOMB.

156. Oh! I saw an exceedingly beautiful and valuable specimen of quartz in Jackson. ABIGAIL GERTRUDE NEVINS.

157. Oh! how I should like to gaze on the tomb of the excellent Washington, who conquered his foes, and so justly deserves our praise.
LUCETTA M. LAWSON.

158. Oh! if I can be smart while young, like Alexander, the conqueror of kings and the whole civilized world, namely, Greece, Egypt and Asia: he died just at thirty-three years of age, when marching against the enemy. ALONZO MOBLEY.

159. Oh! may the good editor of the *Cabinet* have none justly vexed with him, and quickly fill his puzzle and money drawer. H. NORTON.

160. Oh! seek to be zealous, judicious, and persevering; for without these acquirements you cannot expect to accomplish a difficult enterprise.
JOHN C. ROAKE.

161. The question of the fate of Sir John Franklin has, alas! been painfully settled, and we are now becoming very anxious to hear from our own brave mariners still pursuing their unavailing search throughout the frozen seas. JAMES L. CLARK.

162. What! shall we even think of giving up this vexatious question, after all our zeal, when our object is only half accomplished? B. A. BRAINARD.

163. Oh! that we might be stimulated by the example of good men, to more zeal in pursuing that knowledge and virtue which leads to quietness and joy. H. H. SWIFT.

164. Alas! the very quiet and inoffensive Zebra, named "Jackson," which has so long been in our possession, has expired. ALFRED C. EVERETT.

165. The Jesuits being wily as well as zealous for their religion, have, alas! exerted quite an influence upon mankind. EMMA DAUCHY.

166. Ah! this taxing the brain for a premium is quite a puzzling and instructive task which we joyfully attempt. MARY E. BULLOCK.

167. Oh! how keen and exquisite will be the joy of receiving my prize. ALEX. W. SCOTT.

168. Oh! are we not justly exhorted to prize the blessed volume of God's word, and to obey quickly its precepts? SYLVIA A. LEE.

169. Oh! we gaze very quick if a bold ox jumps at men. LUCY L. LEETE.

170. O Artaxerxes! even thou, and Ezra the priest, didst require justice by making a good law for the government of all people. T. FRELINGHUYSEN BLISS.

171. O zealous king! didst thou expect to conquer even mighty and powerful nations by making an unjust law? SARAH H. BLISS.

172. Oh, James! you are coming home early this forenoon, I suppose, since you have determined to try Uncle Frank's hard questions about zinc and Xenophon. F. L. JAMES.

173. Oh! I am expecting, and am quite certain, that Woodworth's excellent magazine for the month of July will surpass any book for children in Vermont. MARY E. LEMMEX.

174. Ah, Uncle Frank! you give very hard puzzles, and expect you will be quite jocund at the solutions. J. W. WHEELOCK.

175. Oh! here we have a chance of possessing quite a splendid volume of Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet, which is well worth working for, and is a magazine just suited to either sex. MARY A. UPHAM.

176. Oh! how happy should I be, could I just gaze on the conquests of Alexander, or visit the kindlier clime of Palestine. FRANCES A. UPHAM.

177. Oh, Uncle Frank! you have given us just the hardest puzzle which you possibly could invent; yet, how much will it do towards deciding fairly the question, Who of all your readers excels in wisdom and learning? GEORGE S. BASCOM.

178. When the summer sun is exactly in the zenith, most boys and girls love to rest. Ah! think how they enjoy the quietness and repose of that hour. JAMES C. HARWOOD.

179. Lo! we with jovial squads unite,
To tax our brains and fancy's might,
Although a prize we may not gain,
We know the labor's not in vain.

HENRY T. FREELAND.

180. Oh! may we never sink or jeopardize a fond hope by exciting liquor! LUCY L. LEETE.

181. A wise child exerts himself to gain some knowledge from everything he sees, and joins his parents in their walks, and often exclaims with wonder and admiration, O how beautiful! and asks so many questions, that he sometimes bears the appellation of quizzer. MARIA A.

182. Oh, Crawford! I do not think that Turkey, France, and England, even with old Austria's aid, can conquer Russia; for just think what a vast army the Czar is raising—almost comparable with that led by Xerxes into Greece. LESLIE WAGGENER.

183. Leslie! do you indeed think it possible that the Czar can raise such a vast army as to conquer the combined forces of the Allies, and succeed in driving them from the position they now occupy on the Crimea? and if they do, just think what an influence it will exert on the destinies of Europe, and, alas! for poor Turkey. CRAWFORD USHER.

184. Alas! it is no very easy task for me, little acquainted with the art of puzzling, to construct a well expressed sentence which shall contain all the letters of the alphabet, and be judged worthy of the premium.

CHARLES C. CAPRON.

185. Zounds! with joy and zeal I quickly give a brief example.

CARRIE L. COOPER.

186. *Woodworth's Cabinet* is the best of my books. It requires the puzzles and verses to be just right. Oh! it is extra.

ARTHUR J. WHEELER.

187. Oh, Mr. Woodworth! we have had a very severe snow storm and gale, quite exceeding anything of the kind ever witnessed here before, and I think but few just like it in the temperate zone. LOUISA M. COLLINS.

188. Behold! joy and peace shall reward the exertions of him who zealously acquires divine knowledge. JAMES P. S.

189. The premium sentence just requested by Uncle Frank, alas for me! is as puzzling an exercise as I have ever met with.

ROSWELL MILLER.

190. Oh! how excellent a quality is zeal springing from love, if it be joined with knowledge. C. L. W.

191. A sentence like this, quite vexatious it is;
O dear! how it puzzles my brains;
And in spite of my zeal, I'm beginning to feel,
Just my labor I'll have for my pains. MARY.

192. Alas! that Alexander, after having conquered the known world, by zealously pursuing his victories, should, being jealous of a rival, fall a victim to his ambition. HELEN M. KING.

193. I've fixed on it now, sir—your puzzle looked hard—
But, by jingo! I've conquer'd, and claim the reward.

194. John G. Saxe, Esq., Vt., elicited laughter and prolonged applause from some of our citizens, as he was recently repeating before them his poem entitled "The Money King!" EUNICE.

195. Exalt the lyre, O joyful choir!
Quickly inspire,
Glad voices raise,
And by thy praise the world amaze. NEMO.

196. By his astronomical knowledge, he could have been qualified to be permanently and extensively useful; but, alas! he was a zealous Jesuit. ELBERT W. NEVINS.

197. Ah, Mr. Woodworth! quite well did you know this difficulty of making a good and just claim to your very excellent prize books.
MARY L. COWGILL.

198. Oh! how amazing must that power be, which we can so plainly discern by comparing the exquisite formation of even a single blade of grass with the finest works and greatest projects of man.
W. P. R. STREET.

199. While the multitude make power, profit, or pleasure the great end of their inquiries and exertions, how few, alas! do justice to the immortal nature given them by their Creator, by a becoming zeal for infinitely higher objects. GEO. HALL.

200. He set out from the junction for Quebec upon this hazardous enterprize, at the head of a small party of Provincials and Canadians, without the knowledge of the commander-in-chief, expecting to be successful. Alas! he was not. MARTIN NORTON.

201. Ho! long life to the quaint editor; good luck attend the *Cabinet;* may the puzzle-drawer always be full and none justly vexed with it.
HELON NORTON.

202. And I, lo! I, Artaxerxes, the king, do make a decree to all the treasurers, that whatsoever Ezra, who is a scribe of the just law of heaven, requires, it be done speedily. H. R. FREELAND.

203. Oh! happy the youth who, zealous to quit every mean thing, reaches after excellence; and giving the first place to the Bible, rejoices also in works which, like the "Youth's Cabinet," are published.
J. P. STEVENSON.

204. Oh! behold the judicious and exquisite man, who is ever zealous by seeking of piety. S. V. MACGOWAN.

205. The aspect of the Jan. No. was the theme of admiring remark among your friends in this vicinity, as it gratified the wish which, in their zeal and loyalty to the *Cabinet*, was frequently expressed, by giving them a "peep at the publisher." EUNICE JOHNSON.

206. O virtue! how excellent art thou, who, being lovely, art prized above fine gold, and knowest the abode of judgment and equity.
FARMER BOY.

207. The battle of Inkerman, at which the English soldiers immortalized their courage, alas! at the sacrifice of many brave officers and men, was fought near Sevastopol, in the Crimea—a peninsula jutting not quite to the middle of the Black or Euxine Sea. R. MILLER.

208. For mine, O judge! quickly box to me the most welcome and valuable prize. JAMES TAYLOR.

209. Oh! why lead a life of hazard, knowing that you must be judged for the vice and frequent intoxication it produces? CHAS. H. ROGERS.

210. Men jeopardize, and frequently, alas! lose their weak lives, by the exciting glass. L. L. LEETE.

211. I must think of a sentence to obtain the prize, for 'twill be a joyful acquisition if I get it, and if not, oh! how vexing. EMILY E. FIELD.

The Puzzler's Drawer.

PUZZLE NO. VII.

What word is that of five letters, (signifying two,) which, if the two first letters are taken away, leaves only one? A. B. KNOWLTON.

BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS NO. VI.

1. Go, NURSE.
2. A FLIRT? NOT I!
3. To SPIT ON.
4. To SIN FAR MORE.
5. MODEST HIT.
6. COVER NOT A SIN.
7. O! A PLAIN SPICE.

GREEN MOUNTAIN GIRL.

CUTTINGS FOR PLANTING.

1. Plant a couple of lovers, and what would grow?
2. Plant a sluggard, and what would grow?
3. Plant a tippler's nose, and what would grow?
4. Plant a scold, and what would grow?
5. Plant a cart-whip, and what would grow?
6. Plant an artery, and what would grow?
7. Plant a mouse, and what would grow?
8. Plant Old Dobbin, and what would grow?
9. Plant a Louis d'or, and what would grow?
10. Plant the Editor, and what will arise? MARY E. LEWIS.

NAMES OF PLACES IN ASIA ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A kind of pouch, and a child's appellation for his father.
2. A horse, and a small hole.
3. A gash, and a small nail.
4. A thick shrub, and a word expressing anger.
5. A metal cup, and a weight.
6. A pronoun, and an animal. HORACE P. ROBBINS, JR.

ANAGRAMS OF THE NAMES OF GREAT MEN.

1. Lame in art.
2. Steak.
3. He yells.
4. Mean truck.
5. Keeps a share.
6. Sore men.
7. Low sin.
8. So good.
9. Throw sword.
10. Yes, thou. KATIE.

ANAGRAMS OF SCRIPTURE PROPER NAMES.

1. O! Sam.
2. Hurt.
3. A mob.
4. An oar.
5. I hem a hen.
6. I am on.

HENRIQUE.

ENIGMA NO. X.

I am composed of four letters.

My 2, 3, 4, 1, is what many do.

My 1, 4, 3, 2, is what all desire to do.

Some persons are 3, 4, 1, 2, so in passing them you should wear my 3, 2, 4, 1.

My whole is an ancient Hebrew name. HENRIQUE.

REBUS NO. XI.

I am a pronominal adjective, behead me and I am a personal pronoun, again behead me and I am a verb. W. H. BELDEN.

CHARADE NO. VII.

Come roam in my *first* with the bird and the breeze,
Where the sun is half hid by the whispering trees,
Where the grass springeth freshest, with moisture bedewed,
And the squirrel leaps blithe in the green solitude.

My *next* consists not in wealth, fashion, or fame,
A cluster of virtues unite in the name;
It expresses good sense, and good temper, and truth,
And a heart overflowing with kindness to youth.

My *whole* is a genius for whom you may claim
That my last is his own, as well as his name.
It is true he'll deny it, and yet it is true
That his word in *this* instance is not worth a *sou*.

Bird, bee, and bright blossom, with emulous art,
Can each tell a tale of his generous heart;
But the one whose clear carol most grateful will be,
Is a dear little bird called the *Chick-a-de-de*. L'AMIE DES ENFANS.

ANSWER TO REBUS NO. VII.

AT. EAT. HEAT. WHEAT.

Answered by A. Case, Ellen and Eugene, Jeanie, W. A. Hegeman, A. J. Wheeler, Lucinda and Mary, O. L. Bradley, W. N. D. Jr., Kate C., L. W. Mudge, "Young America," W. P. R. Street, Marie A. Trask, Lizzie, Harriet N. Robinson, John H. Haynes, Nannie B., J. W. H., Philo Slocomb, Anna Quackenbush, Henry Q., Willie H. S., Spanish Girl, Libby Hall, Abbie and Willie.

ANSWER TO BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS NO. V.

1. TREASON. 3. RETRIBUTION. 5. MAGAZINE.
2. GLADIATOR. 4. CUSTOMARY. 6. CONSIDERATION.

Answered by W. A. Hegeman, (in part,) W. N. D. Jr., Kate C., L. W. Mudge, "Young America," Lizzie, Anna Q.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE NO. VI.

NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW WHAT CAN BE DONE TO-DAY.

Answered by Jeanie, A. J. Wheeler, W. N. D. Jr., Lewis W. Mudge, Lizzie, H. N. Robinson, Abbie and Willie.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. VIII.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE CABINET.

Answered by A. Case, Ellen and Eugene, Jeanie, W. A. Hegeman, A. J. Wheeler, W. N. D. Jr., Kate C., L. W. Mudge, "Young America," Marie A. Trask, Lizzie, H. N. Robinson, black-eyed James, J. H. Haynes, Nannie B., James W. Harted, Maria E. N., Anna Q., Henry Quackenbush, Libby Hall, Abbie and Willie.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. IX.

ALABASTER.

Answered by A. Case, Ellen and Eugene, Jeanie, W. A. H., A. J. Wheeler, O. L. Bradley, W. N. D. Jr., Kate C., L. W. Mudge, "Young America," W. P. R. S., Spencer Trask, Lizzie, H. N. Robinson, black-eyed James, J. H. Haynes, Nannie B., J. W. H., Maria E. N., Philo Slocomb, Anna Q., Willie H. S., Spanish Girl, Libby Hall, Abbie and Willie.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE NO. V.

A HISS. (The "two great powers," fire and water).

ANSWER TO REBUS NO. VIII.

DONE.

Answered by A. Case, Jeanie, W. A. Hegeman, A. J. Wheeler, Lucinda and Mary, O. L. Bradley, W. N. D. Jr., Kate C., L. W. Mudge, "Young America," Marie A. Trask, Lizzie, H. N. Robinson, Nannie B., J. W. H., Philo Slocomb, Anna Q. and Henry Q., Willie H. S., Libby Hall, Abbie and Willie.

ANSWER TO NAMES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

1. BEAUFORT.	4. CHAPEL HILL.	7. SNOW HILL.
2. TREDELL.	5. GERMANTOWN.	8. WARRENTON.
3. MILTON.	6. WASHINGTON.	9. ONSLOW.

Answered by A. Case, Ellen and Eugene, Jeanie, W. A. H., Lucinda and Mary, O. L. Bradley, W. N. D. Jr., Kate C., L. W. Mudge, "Young America," Marie A. Trask, and (in part) by "little brother Spencer," Lizzie, J. H. Haynes, Nannie B., Maria E. N., Philo Slocomb, Anna Q., Willie H. S., Abbie and Willie.

ANSWER TO "PATIENCE PUZZLE."

The word proposed was BLADDER, but Lewis W. Mudge says he has found out eighty-five words in DESPAIR.

ANSWER TO CHARADE NO. VI.

PATAGONIA.

Answered by Jeanie, W. A. Hegeman, A. J. Wheeler, Lucinda and Mary, O. L. Bradley, W. N. D. Jr., L. W. Mudge, "Young America,' W. P. R. S., Lizzie, H. N. Robinson, Maria E. N., Anna Q.

ANSWER TO REBUS NO. IX.

DENNIS.

Answered by A. Case, Ellen and Eugene, Jeanie, W. A. H., A. J. Wheeler, Lucinda and Mary, O. L. Bradley, W. N. D. Jr., Kate C., L. W. Mudge, "Young America," W. P. R. S., Lizzie, H. N. Robinson, J. H. Haynes, Nannie B., Maria E. N., Anna Q., Henry Q., Willie H. S., Spanish Girl, Libby Hall, Abbie and Willie.

ANSWER TO CONUNDRUM.

A HORSE-SHOE NAIL.

ANSWER TO QUERIES.

1. So named by the Captain who first touched upon the Island, in honor of his wife Martha; and because of its fertility.

2. From Vulcanus, the god of fire.

Answered by W. N. D. Jr., Lucinda and Mary, O. L. Bradley, "Young America," W. P. R. Street, Marie A. Trask, W. A. Hegeman, Lizzie, Nannie B., Son of the South, Willie H. S.

ANSWER TO REBUS NO. X.

STRENGTH.

Answered by O. L. Bradley, L. W. Mudge, Marie A. Trask, Lizzie, Cornelia, Philo Slocomb, Anna Quackenbush.

Notices of Recent Publications.

☞ The publisher of the CABINET will send by mail, postage paid, any publication noticed by the editor, on the receipt of the price annexed.

1. *The Old Inn; or, The Traveler's Entertainment.* This is a volume of pleasant experiences and observations from a writer who chooses to be known to us by the *sobriquet* of Josiah Barnes, Sen. It is just such a book as everybody wants to read during his summer excursions. J. C. Derby is the publisher. Price $1.

2. *The Young Man Advised.* This book, a duodecimo of 325 pages, very happily confirms and illustrates some of the principal historical facts of the Bible, such as the Creation, the Deluge, the building of the Tower of Babel, the Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, &c. It is by the Rev. Dr. Haven, of Michigan, and published by Carlton & Phillips. I regard it as a very valuable book. Price 75 cents.

3. *Household Songs, and Other Poems,* by Mrs. H. E. G. Arcy. Published by J. C. Derby. It is an easy thing to criticize a volume of poems fresh from the press—one of the easiest things in the world. I could criticize this little volume, and tear it all in shreds. But I'll not do so, until I can replace it by a better one, and that will not be soon, I fancy. Some of the lyrics are beautiful, and none of them without merit. Don't you remember, reader, "The Wife's Welcome," which has been published in the *Cabinet?* That is one of Mrs. Arcy's productions, and it is a most charming thing. I fell in love with it as soon as I read the first stanza, which runs thus:

"The hearth is swept, the fire is bright,
The kettle sings for tea,
The cloth is spread, the lamps alight,
The hot cakes smoke in napkins white,
And now I wait for thee."

Isn't it pretty? But the last stanza, as every last stanza of a lyric ought, exceeds the first. Price (of the book, not the last stanza) 75 cents.

4. *The Patent Hat.* This is the fanciful title of a small volume published by Carlton & Phillips, "designed," as the title-page informs us, "to promote the growth of certain undeveloped beings, and thereby increase the reasoning, thinking, acting power of the wearer." If it will do this thing, I shall be glad it is published, though I cannot help wishing the author, who I am sure is a well-meaning man, had written the whole of his book, as he has a part of it, in prose. Price 75 cents.

5. *The Mayflower, and Miscellaneous Writings*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co. This volume is made up of short tales and sketches, mostly connected with New England life, many of which are touching in the extreme. It will meet with a warm welcome, among this popular author's admirers, in every part of the Union. Get it, reader, and tell me, after you have read "The Tea Rose," whether you went through it with dry eyes. Price $1.25.

6. *Sanders' Young Ladies Reader.* Published by Ivison & Phinney. Not long since, I took occasion to speak in terms of high commendation of the series of Readers prepared by my friend Charles W. Sanders. This new volume is not a whit behind the previous ones, in all the elements which go to make up excellence. I take pleasure in recommending it to the notice of female seminaries, and other schools for young ladies. It is greatly needed, and will be a valuable auxiliary to the instructor; though it would have been quite as valuable—let me whisper it to Mr. Sanders—if there had been in it a larger proportion of the efforts of our American authors. Pray let us break ourselves of the habit of this over-much going abroad for literature, as we do for silks and linens, when we have now whatever might have been the case twenty years since, a very respectable literature of our own. Price $1.

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THE CACKLING HEROINE.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

I sing the exploits of a doting old hen—
For the fowls have their heroes, as well as the men.
She fancied herself, while her trumpet she blew,
The valiantest biddy the world ever knew,
And she cackled away,
Cut, cut, cut, cut, cudday—
The valiantest biddy the world ever knew.

She noisily vaunted her prowess and might;
She longed for an army of weasels to fight;
She laughed at the hawk, in her valorous pride,
And the cowardly foxes she boldly defied.
Thus she cackled away, etc.

One day, as our heroine chanted her praise—
A punster would say, as she cackled her *lays*—
A neighboring fox clambered over the wall,
A bold desperado, unwelcome to all.
Then she cackled away, etc.

The hoary old sinner, as you may surmise,
Had come to secure a fine hen for his prize;
And the fowls, quite aware of his hostile intent,
Alone on their personal safety were bent.
So they cackled away, etc.

Our valorous friend scampered off with the rest,
Nor stopped till she buried her head in her nest;
Forgetting all else but herself, in her fright,
She left her poor chickens to fare as they might;
And she cackled away, etc.

'Twas well for our terrified minstrels, that day,
That a dog chased the hungry old poacher away.
Not a hen in the yard felt a vestige of harm,
Though they all, to be sure, were half dead with alarm;
And they cackled away, etc.

As soon as the braggart had left her retreat,
A saucy old rooster, who witnessed her feat,
Addressed her, with rather a bantering air,
"Why, Biddy, I thought you a heroine were,
When you cackled away," etc.

"So I was," said the hen, with a shrug and a leer;
"The case you don't quite comprehend, it is clear;
My courage, as this little incident shows,
Is meant for my *friends*, sir, and not for my *foes*."
And she cackled away,
Cut, cut, cut, cut, cudday—
"'Tis meant for my *friends*, sir, and not for my *foes*."

GIPSIES.

THE gipsies are a wild and numerous race, extending all over Europe and into Asia. Although bearing different names, according to the language of the country in which they live, they are essentially the same in language, dress, habits, occupation, and personal appearance. They are an idle, miserable race, a curse to the countries they inhabit, and a terror to the farmers through whose lands they stroll. They seem utterly destitute of conscience, and boast of dishonesty as if it were a heavenly virtue. The men are horse-jockeys and tinkers, and also cheat and steal as branches of business. The women tell fortunes, and in this way get access to houses through ignorant and superstitious domestics. They are so expert at thieving, that they will hide valuable articles about their persons while interesting their dupes with golden promises for the future.

If in their wanderings they are denied a spot whereon to pitch their tents, woe to the offending farmer! for he will find, soon after their departure, that a valuable horse has been poisoned, poultry and sheep stolen, or fire set to his barns. The only education the children receive is in theft and cheating, and they are praised or censured according as they succeed in their unholy business.

In Spain, a few of the gipsies have settled abodes, keeping stables and inns of the lowest class; but by far the greater proportion rove, homeless, from place to place, hiding in caves or in holes dug in the earth, and covered with branches to protect them from winter's cold and summer's heat. They have no possessions save a few cooking utensils and miserable apologies for beds, which are borne round by donkeys in shattered carts. And thus, amid cold, and sometimes hunger and nakedness, feeding upon

the most revolting food, such as we should not offer a cat or dog, are hundreds of poor infants born and reared. They are in many cases brought up in worse than heathen ignorance and immorality, beneath the very spires of churches, and hearing from week to week the bells calling the worshipers of God to his sanctuary.

There are perhaps twenty thousand of these immortal beings roaming in their wild and picturesque garb over Great Britain alone, implanting and nurturing superstition in the hearts of the lower classes. In all Europe, there are not far from one hundred thousand, and their name in every language indicates their character as dishonest and treacherous. Laws have been passed in several countries to banish them, and great cruelties sometimes practiced to enforce these laws; but ere long they would suddenly appear again in red cloaks and blue jerkins, as independent as if the soil were their own by right or purchase. In Austria, years ago, they became very numerous, and had a shadow of government among themselves. This suggested to the sagacious Empress, Maria Theresa, the idea of reforming them, and bringing them into submission as good and loyal subjects. She forbade the use of the old name, which was one of contempt, and called them "New Peasants." She passed laws forbidding many of their disgusting customs, and encouraged them to learn useful trades, to dress their naked children and send them to school, where they would be brought up to lives of honesty and industry. But the attempt utterly failed with the older ones. Then she had the children taken from the parents and trained up among civilized people; but as soon as they could possibly slip off, they were back again to their rude life. So deeply rooted are sin and vagrancy in the hearts of this miserable race, that neither penal laws nor bitter persecution can drive it out. They are not beyond the power of the Gospel, however, nor yet beyond the mercy of the Redeemer. An effort was made years ago by a Bible Society in Great Britain, and a gentleman who had greatly interested himself in this people, and who had some knowledge of their language, was sent to Spain to scatter the Bible among the ignorant Papists, and to ascertain if any thing could be done for the gipsies. His account of their manners, business, and su-

perstitions is amusing, but very sad. He mentions an old gipsy whom he hired as a guide over a road infested by banditti. On asking him if he had no fears, the gipsy laughed scornfully at the thought. "The night and the day are alike to me," he said. "I am now past fifty; I have been a soldier, a smuggler, and have robbed and slain the Busna; the bullets of the French and of the revenue officers have whistled round my ears, but here I am! Nothing can harm me! Were I in the midst of the Gulf of Lyons, without a plank to float on, I should not know fear. I should float to shore. I carry in my bosom the wonderful barlacki, which, as long as I keep it, will protect me from all danger. If in great doubt or danger, I scrape off a little dust from the stone and swallow it. It is wonderful! A needle will follow it round as if it had life!" Now this charm in which the poor gipsy trusted for life, was nothing but a loadstone or magnet! He thought, in his ignorance, that the motion of the needle was miraculous, and that the senseless stone could save him, its possessor, from death.

TEACHING BY ANALOGIES.

AN English village schoolmaster announced one day to his pupils, that the inspector would soon visit the school and examine the pupils. "Now," said the teacher, "if he questions you on geography, he will probably ask, 'What is the shape of the earth?' and if you don't remember, you need only look toward me; I will show you my snuff-box, so as to remind you that it is round." It so happened that the teacher had two snuff-boxes, one round, which he used on Sunday, and the other square, which he used during the week. The day at length arrived; as the master had anticipated, the inspector asked one of the boys, "What is the shape of the earth?" The lad was a little embarrassed at first, but on turning his eyes toward the master, he saw the snuff-box in his hand, and immediately answered: "It is round on Sundays, sir, but square the rest of the week."

DON'T SPILL THE GRAVY.

CATLIN, the famous American traveler and collector of Indian curiosities, has seen some stirring incidents in the course of his adventures. The following is related by a fellow-traveler, who gave Catlin the *sobriquet* of "Governor:"

"One day, when we had landed, and most of our party were lying asleep on the boat, which was drawn under the shade of some large trees, the Governor and I had collected wood and made a large fire on the bank, two or three rods from the boat, over which we were roasting a fat pig, which I had shot from the boat during the morning. I was squat down on one side of the fire, holding a short-handled frying-pan in which we had made some very rich gravy, which the Governor, who was squatted down next to me, was ladling over the pig with an Indian wooden spoon. All of a sudden I observed his eye fixed upon something over my shoulder, when he said to me, in a very low tone, 'Now, I want you to keep perfectly cool, and don't spill your gravy: there is a splendid tiger right behind you!' I held fast to the frying-pan, and, turning my head gradually around, I had

a full view of the fellow, within eight paces of me, lying flat on his side, and with his paws lifting up and playing with the legs of one of our Spaniards, who had laid himself down, and was fast asleep. Our rifles were left in the boat! The Governor drew himself gradually down the bank, on his hands and feet, ordering me not to move. I was in hopes he would have taken the old Minié rifle, but he preferred his own weapon, and getting it to bear upon the beast, he was obliged to wait some minutes for it to raise its head, so as not to endanger the poor Spaniard. At the crack of the rifle, the animal gave a piercing screech, leaped about fifteen feet straight into the air, and fell quite dead. The Spaniard leaped nearly as far in a different direction; and, at the same instant, from behind a little bunch of bushes on the opposite side, and not half the distance from our fire, and right behind the Governor's back, where he had been sitting, sprang the mate, which darted into the thicket and disappeared. We skinned this beautiful animal, which was shot exactly between his eyes, and, after all hands had withdrawn to the boat, waited several hours in hopes that the other one would show itself again; but we waited in vain, and lost our game."

A MODEL JURY.

TWO men were lately indicted at the Stafford sessions, in England, for stealing Port wine. They went to the White Hart cellar, and having got drunk, stole a bottle of Port from the bin, and hid it. It was deemed essential that the jury should decide whether the stolen wine was actually taken from the inn in question, and this could only be done by tasting. Two bottles were accordingly handed up; but so difficult was the point, that the jury were unable to arrive at any satisfactory decision until they had finished both bottles. They then convicted the prisoners—on which the prisoners' counsel remarked, that if they had not done justice to their clients, they had certainly done justice to the wine.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

When the humid shadows gather
  Over all the starry spheres,
And a melancholy darkness
  Gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow
  Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
  Of the soft rain over-head.

Every tingle on the shingle
  Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand lively fancies
  Into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections
  Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter
  Of the soft rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes my mother,
  As she used to years bygone,
To survey the infant sleepers,
  Ere she left them till the dawn.
I can see her bending o'er me,
  As I listen to the strain
Which is play'd upon the shingles
  By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
  With her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother—
  A serene, angelic pair—
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
  With their praise of mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
  Of the soft rain on the roof.

There is nought in art's bravuras,
  That can work with such a spell
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,
  Whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of Nature—
  That subdued and softening strain,
Which is play'd upon the shingles
  By the patter of the rain.

NELLY'S GRAVE.

In a sunny spot by the bubbling brook,
A violet-strewn and sequestered nook
Where the blue-bird sings in the early spring,
And the flowers on the air their odors fling;
  There Nelly lies sleeping,
  And willows hang weeping
    Low o'er her grave.

Like a half-blown rose, in the morn of life,
Was she called away from this world of strife;
All sinless and pure went her soul to its God,
And her body now lies 'neath the flowery sod;
  The vines they are creeping,
  And friends are now weeping
    O'er Nelly's grave.

A holy spot is that grass-covered mound,
With its marble slab by the ivy wound;
While mournfully o'er it the willow bends,
And from its low branches the bird song ascends;
  For there Nelly 's sleeping,
  And angels are keeping
    Watch o'er her grave.

S. M. CHASE.

INSECT FUNERALS.

THE animals below man have their customs and manners as well as we. Some build houses, some spin, others weave, and so on. None of the animal tribes, however, are more remarkable in their customs and manners than the honey bee. Who has not observed its activity, knowledge, skill, and industry? Who, that is wise, has not learned to profit from its example?

I was at work last summer, say in June, in my garden, with my son, when suddenly he turned to me and said, "Father, what insects can these be, up here, near the house? Why, the air is full of them! They look like bees!" And bees, sure enough, they were—a whole swarm of them—evidently looking for a place to alight, where they could take up their residence.

We soon saw they were gathering round the house, and beginning to alight on one of the chimneys. It was a chimney whose fire-places had been for some time unoccupied. They were determined on making it their future home. A doubtful home, indeed, you will say; and so did I. A curious bee-hive, open at the top, and exposed to all the peltings of the storms! But a poor dwelling-house is better than none, we sometimes say; and so, perhaps, the bees may have said to themselves; if, indeed, their reasoning powers ever go so far.

They were soon all quietly settled in the chimney. There had been a little drumming, etc., on tin pans and kettles, to divert them, and draw them away from the chimney, but it had been to no effect. There they were, in the chimney, and now what could be done?

We consulted with a neighbor who had kept bees, who told us to take an empty hive and set it over the chimney, during the night, and the bees would probably come up into it, especially if we made a temporary fire, so as to annoy them a little by the

smoke. But this did not succeed. Either with the smoke or without it, they clung to the chimney. When the smoke troubled them, they would crawl to the outside of the top of the chimney, and when the smoke was gone they would return to the inside again.

Another plan was resorted to the next day, or rather the next evening. Waiting till it was almost dark, we then took a common watering-pot, and after sprinkling water over them till they could not use their wings, a neighbor came, and, with a square pan for a ladle, scraped them all out of the chimney, or nearly all, and put them in the hive. The hive was set in as good a place as we had, and the bees were left to their own reflections.

It was rainy a day or two; but the bees remained in the hive, except a very few who were left behind at the chimney. They neither attempted to gather honey or to escape.

When the storm had passed away, and the weather became fair and pleasant, they issued from the doors of the hive, and collected outside of the hive in great numbers. Before this, however, we noticed many dead bees lying about. The thought had at first struck me that they were preparing to leave the hive; but when I saw that the dead bees were being removed one by one, I concluded that what was going on was an insect funeral. Mary smiled at the expression; but I am not quite sure I was wrong in my conjecture. Certain it is that in a few hours all the dead bees had disappeared, and we never saw them more, and that the living ones returned to the hive at evening, and proceeded to occupy and build in it, according to the usual rules of their art. And what, now, is more natural than the belief that they were summoned together by their queen, on the day above-mentioned, to perform the office of removing and disposing of the bodies of their dead companions?

It is true they did not flourish in their new residence; for before winter they had all disappeared. But we found worms and moths in the hive, and we had no reason for believing that the disappearance of the bees had any thing to do with the events of the day to which, in the above remarks, I have alluded.

W. A. ALCOTT.

EDWARD THE SIXTH.

THE reign of the sixth Edward was very short. He died in the sixteenth year of his age. In Uncle Frank's little volume of Sketches of England, you will find a full account of this remarkable prince. He was a prince of a very lovely disposition. An anecdote is related of him which shows the tenderness of his feelings, and that he had a sense of right and justice quite uncommon in the age in which he lived. A woman had been sentenced to be burned for some error in doctrine. It was a very common occurrence, in those days, to condemn people to death for their *opinions*, but the king, young as he was, felt the injustice of doing so, and for a long time he refused to sign the warrant for her execution. He was at last prevailed upon to do so, though with tears in his eyes; and he told his counselors that if it was wrong, the guilt must rest with them.

An anecdote is related of him, showing his reverence for the Word of God. One day, when he was trying to reach something beyond his height, one of his companions handed him a

Bible to stand upon; but he refused to make use of it, saying that such an act would be a desecration of the Scriptures.

Among the edifices which, at the present day, attract the attention of the stranger in London, is Christ's Hospital, an institution founded for the reception and education of fatherless children. The founding of this hospital is one of the works accomplished by Edward during his short reign. At the founding of this hospital, the Bishop of London preached a sermon before the youthful king at Westminster. In this sermon he inculcated the exercise of benevolence to the poor, especially by those in authority and high stations. The king was greatly affected by this discourse. He sent for the good bishop, and, seating him by his side, in a very familiar manner, thanked him heartily for his sermon, especially for his advice to those in authority respecting their duty to relieve the poor. He told the bishop that as he was in the highest place, he felt he was under the greatest obligation to engage in this work, and therefore he thought the bishop must have meant him in particular. Edward did not forget that though he was king, he was equally bound with the humblest of his subjects to obey the laws of the King of kings. He thought that his high station increased his obligations, instead of freeing him from them—and he thought right. He went on to tell the bishop that he was willing and desirous to engage in the work, and to ask his advice and assistance. The bishop proposed to bring the subject before the citizens and wealthy merchants of London. The king gave him a letter, and that very evening the bishop sought and obtained an interview with the Mayor of London. It seems they managed the business in one particular much as such things are now managed in England; for a public dinner was the first step taken. At this dinner the subject was discussed, and measures were adopted to carry out the king's wishes.

You recollect that Edward's father had suppressed all the monasteries. The old monastery of the Gray Friars, in London, was at once fitted up for the reception of poor children. Shortly after, these children were presented to the king, it is said, in the very chamber where he had the conversation with the

bishop. A very large picture, descriptive of this event, may now be seen in the large hall of the Hospital. In it the king is represented in the act of presenting the Charter of the Hospital to the Lord Mayor.

THE HUNGRY CARPET-BAG.

THE Buffalo *Express* relates an amusing incident which occurred at Erie a few days since. A gentleman left Cleveland for New York at an early hour in the morning, without his breakfast, and, being very hungry, upon the arrival of the train at Erie, entered the dining-room, and placing his carpet-bag upon a chair, sat down beside it, and commenced a valorous attack upon the viands before him. By and by the proprietor of the establishment came around to collect fares, and upon reaching our friend, ejaculated,

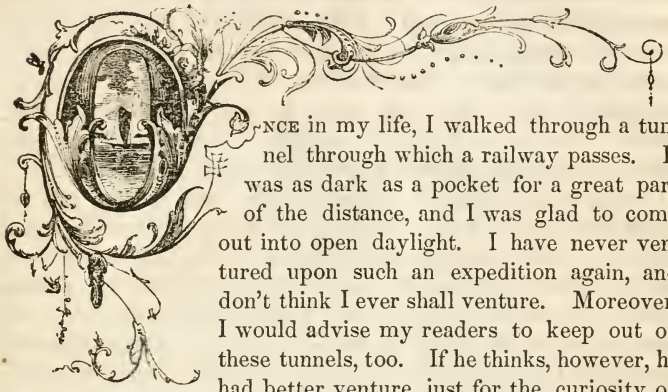
"Dollar, sir!"

"A dollar!" responded the eating man, "a dollar! thought you charged fifty cents a meal for one—eh?"

"That's true," said the landlord, "but I count your carpet-bag one, since it occupies a seat." The table, by the way, was far from being crowded.

Our friend expostulated, but the landlord insisted, and the dollar was reluctantly brought forth. The landlord passed on. Our friend deliberately arose, and opening his carpet-bag, full in its wide mouth, discoursed into it, saying, "Carpet-bag, it seems you are an individual—a human individual, since you eat—at least I've paid for you, and now you must eat;" upon which he seized every thing eatable in his reach, nuts, raisins, apples, cakes, pies—and, amid the roars of the bystanders, the delight of his brother-passengers, and discomfiture of the landlord, phlegmatically went and took his seat in the cars. He said he had provision enough to last him to New York, after a bountiful supply had been served out in the cars. There was at least eight dollars' worth in the bag, upon which the landlord realized nothing in the way of profit. So much for meanness.

AN ADVENTURE IN A TUNNEL.



ONCE in my life, I walked through a tunnel through which a railway passes. It was as dark as a pocket for a great part of the distance, and I was glad to come out into open daylight. I have never ventured upon such an expedition again, and don't think I ever shall venture. Moreover, I would advise my readers to keep out of these tunnels, too. If he thinks, however, he had better venture, just for the curiosity of the thing, I would recommend to him the following statements from a recent British journal, of one who has tried the experiment. It is from a person in the employment of the telegraph company. He had been engaged in the inspection and repair of the telegraph wires, and their fixings, which are subject to many accidents, and require constant looking after to insure their integrity and efficiency. Even when carried through tunnels, in gutta percha casings, imbedded in leaden tubes, they are liable to accidents from passing wagons, or, in winter, from lumps of ice falling down the sides of the shafts, and damaging the tubes. It appears that one day, the door of a coal-wagon had got loose in the long tunnel of one of the railways, and, dashing back against the sides of the tunnel, had torn the tubes, and even cut across the wires in many places. The telegraph was, therefore, broken; it could not be worked, and several workmen were sent into the tunnel to execute the necessary repairs. The person who related this adventure, acted in the capacity of inspector, and it was necessary for him to visit the workmen, ascertain the nature of the damage that had been done, and give directions on the spot, as to the repairs, the necessity for completing which was of the greatest urgency. This is his story:

I knew very well that the tunnel was of great length—rather more than two miles long—and that the workmen, who had set out in the morning from the station nearest to the tunnel, had entered it by its south end; so I determined to follow them, and overtake them, which I would doubtless be able to do somewhere in the tunnel, where they would be at work. I was accompanied by a little dog, which trotted behind at my feet. After walking about a mile, I reached the tunnel entrance, over which frowned the effigy of a grim lion's head, cut in stone.

There were, as usual, two lines of rails—the up line and the down line—and I determined to walk along the former, that I might see before the approaching lights on any advancing train, which I would take care to avoid by stepping on to the opposite line of rails, at the same time that I should thus avoid being run over by any train coming up behind from the opposite direction, and which I might not see in time to avoid. I had, however, taken the precaution to ascertain that no train was expected to pass along the *up* line over which I was proceeding, for about two hours; but I was aware that that could not be depended upon, and therefore I resolved to keep a good look out ahead. Along the opposite *down* line, I knew that a passenger-train was shortly to pass; indeed, it was even now due—but by keeping the opposite line of rails, I felt I was safe so far as that was concerned.

I had never been in a tunnel of such length as this before, and confess I felt somewhat dismayed when the light which accompanied me so far into the tunnel entrance, began to grow fainter and fainter. After walking for a short distance, I proceeded on in almost total darkness. Behind me there was the distant light streaming in at the tunnel mouth; before me almost impenetrable darkness. But, by walking on in a straight line I knew that I could not miss my way, and the rails between which I walked, and which I occasionally touched with my feet, served to keep me in the road. In a short time, I was able to discern a seeming spot of light, which gradually swelled into a broader gleam, though still at a great distance before me; and I knew it to be the opening of the nearest shaft—it was a mere glimmer

amid the thick and almost palpable darkness which enveloped me. As I walked on, I heard my little dog panting at my heels, and the sound of my tread reëchoed from the vaulted roof of the tunnel. Save these sounds, perfect silence reigned. When I stood still to listen, I heard distinctly the loud beating of my heart.

A startling thought suddenly occurred to me! What if a goods-train should suddenly shoot through the tunnel, along the line on which I was proceeding, while the passenger-train, now due, came on in the opposite direction? I had not thought of this before. And yet I was aware that the number of casual trains on a well-frequented railway, is very considerable at particular seasons. Should I turn back? reach the mouth of the tunnel again, and wait until the passenger-train had passed, when I could then follow along the *down* line of rails—knowing that no other train was likely to follow it for at least a full quarter of an hour?

But the shaft, down which the light now faintly streamed, was nearer to me than the mouth of the tunnel, and I resolved, therefore, to make for that point, where there was, I knew, ample room outside of both lines of rail, to enable me to stand in safety until the down-train had passed. So I strode on. But a low, hollow murmur, as if of remote thunder, and then a distant scream, which seemed to reverberate along the tunnel, fell upon my ears—doubtless the passenger-train which I had been expecting, entering the tunnel mouth. But looking ahead at the same time, I discerned through the gleam of daylight, at the bottom of the shaft toward which I was approaching, what seemed a spark of fire. It moved—could it be one of the laborers of whom I was in search?—it increased! For an instant I lost it. Again! This time it looked brighter. A moaning, tinkling noise crept along the floor of the vault. I stood still with fear, for the noise of the train behind me was rapidly increasing; and turning for an instant in that direction, I observed that it was full in sight. I could no longer disguise from myself that I stood full in the way of another train, advancing from the opposite direction. The light before me was the engine lamp; it was now brilliant as

a glowing star—and the roar of the wheels of the train was now fully heard amidst the gloom. It came on with a velocity which seemed to me terrific.

A thousand thoughts coursed through my brain on the instant. I was in the way of the monster, and the next moment might be crushed into bleeding fragments. The engine was almost upon me! I saw the gleaming face of the driver, and the glow of the furnace flashing its lurid light far along the lower edge of the dense volumes of steam blown from the engine-chimney. In an instant I prostrated myself on my face, and lay there without the power of breathing, as I felt the engine and train thundering over me. The low-hung ash-box swept across my back; I felt the heat of the furnace as it flashed over me, and a glowing cinder was dropped near my hand. But I durst not move. I felt as if the train was crushing over me. The earth vibrated and shook, and the roar of the wagon-wheels smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack. I clutched the earth, and would have cowered and shrunk into it if I could. There was not a fibre of my body that did not feel the horrors of the moment, and the dreadfulness of the situation!

But it passed. With a swoop and a roar the break-van, the last in the train, flew over me. The noise of the train was still in my ears, and the awful terror of the situation lay still heavy on me. When I raised my head and looked behind, the red light at the tail of the train was already far in the distance. As for meeting the passenger-train, it had also passed, but I had not heeded it, though it had doubtless added to the terrific noise which for some time stunned me.

I rose up, and walked on, calling upon my dog. But no answer—not so much as a whine. I remembered its sudden howl. It must have been crushed under the wheels of some part of the train. It was no use searching for my little companion, so I proceeded—anxious to escape from the perils of my situation. I shortly reached the shaft, which I had before observed. There was ample room at either side of the rails, to enable me to rest there in safety. But the place was cold and damp, and streams of water trickled down the sides of the shaft. I resolved, there-

fore, to go on, upon the *down* line; but the tunnel being now almost filled with the smoke and steam of the two engines which had just passed, I deemed it prudent to wait for a short time, until the road had become more cleared, in case of any other train encountering me in my further progress. The smoke slowly eddied up the shaft, and the steam gradually condensed, until I considered the road sufficiently clear to enable me to proceed in comparative safety. I once more, therefore, plunged into the darkness.

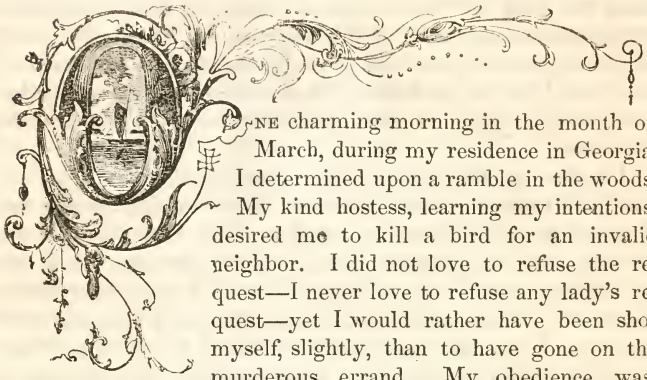
I walked on for nearly half an hour, groping my way: my head had become confused, and my limbs trembled under me. I passed two other shafts, but the light which they admitted was so slight, that they scarcely seemed to do more than make the "darkness visible." I now supposed that I must have walked nearly the whole length of the tunnel; and yet it appeared afterward that I was only about half-way through it. It looked like a long day since I had entered. But by-and-by a faint glimmer of lights danced before my eyes; and as I advanced I saw it was the torches of the workmen, and soon I heard their voices. Never were sight and sound more welcome. In a few minutes more I had joined the party. But I felt quite unmanned for the moment; and I believe that, sitting down on one of the workmen's tool-boxes, I put my hands over my eyes, and—I really could not help it—burst into tears.

I never ventured into a tunnel again without an involuntary thrill of terror coming over me.

A GOOD HINT.

A SCHOOL-BOY, lately, who thought his pocket-money came rather seldom, thus addressed his father: "Please, papa! tell me if the words E pluribus unum are still on our quarter dollars?" "Of course they are, you stupid boy," said papa; "but why do you ask that?" "Because," replied young Hopeful, "it is now such a long time since I had one, that I almost forgot."

THE DEATH OF THE JAY.



ONE charming morning in the month of March, during my residence in Georgia, I determined upon a ramble in the woods. My kind hostess, learning my intentions, desired me to kill a bird for an invalid neighbor. I did not love to refuse the request—I never love to refuse any lady's request—yet I would rather have been shot myself, slightly, than to have gone on the murderous errand. My obedience, was, therefore, not rashly prompt nor enthusiastically cordial. Still, I made preparations to obey. I took the gun and ammunition, and walked on toward the forest. On my way, I was saluted with an unusually sweet chorus from my friends the birds. I thought I had never heard them warble so delightfully. Were they chiding me for my bloody designs upon their happy fraternity? I could hardly help thinking they were. Their airs had more of the *minor* in them than the dear creatures were in the habit of employing, it seemed to me. Well, upon my entrance into the forest I loaded my gun. How my hand trembled as I did so! For a moment, as I heard a lark singing on an oak just over my head, I determined I would abandon all thoughts of the *avicide*—pray let me coin a new word here—and discharge the contents of my piece at a moccasin snake. But then the bird was wanted by an invalid. Poor, sick lady!—it *was* a lady—how much she would enjoy it! It was evidently an act of stern necessity. Beside, it was dictated by one to whom I was greatly indebted, and who, by her kindness, had won a large share of my regard.

"I 'll do it," I said, nerving myself up to the task, as Macbeth

did when *he* was murderously intent; "I 'll do it." Reader, if you will believe me, I had never in my life killed a bird, except on one occasion. The rascally rice-birds made such havoc with my cherries one year, and such gluttons of themselves at the same time, that my patience was exhausted, and I put an end to several of them. The thieves! It was the only way to put an end to their shameless grand larcenies. With this exception, up to that point of my history marked by my advent to the Georgian forest, on the occasion just alluded to, I had never shot a bird.

"If 't were done when 't is done, then 't were well 't were done quickly," I thought, taking my cue again from Macbeth So I looked around for my victim. Alas! I espied him quite too soon, long before I was prepared to make his mate a widow. He was sitting on a slender bough, swaying gently with the breeze. The leaves partially secured him from my view, so that I could not determine the exact species to which he belonged. I saw he was dressed in a costume of light blue. It was evident, moreover—and this was more to the purpose—that he had been accustomed to good living, and I could not dodge the inference that he would make a nice dinner for the poor invalid. I lifted the gun, and pointed the muzzle toward him. Every thing was in readiness. It only remained that my forefinger should achieve a pressure of a few ounces. Still I hesitated. "What if I should hit him?" I thought. But then returned the vision of the sick, perhaps the dying woman. I

MY VICTIM.

screwed my courage up to the highest point. I fired. The deed was done. The bird dropped. Was he dead? I hoped so. I advanced tremblingly, and feeling, I imagine, a little as Cain felt after that affair with Abel. I advanced toward the poor bleeding bird. He was *not* dead. Though he had not strength enough left to escape, he turned upon me a pair of large black, expressive eyes, which said bitter words to me. If I thought Brutus felt any worse when Cæsar exclaimed "*Et tu, Brute!*" than I did at this moment, I am sure I should pity quite as much as I could blame him. My victim proved to be a jay. The gaze which he fixed upon me soon became a vacant and inexpressive one. It was the sightless stare of death.

That night, I heard a fluttering, as of a bird, in my dreams. I saw a fair creature, with a plume upon his head, bleeding and dying. Ay, and I saw his black, lustrous eyes, looking imploringly in my face, and seeming to charge me with the murder.

To make my sorrow for this bloody deed complete, a pair of jays soon came almost to my very door, and built their nest on one of the China-trees in the yard. Why did they select this situation? To remind me, every time they came to their nest, with materials for building, of the once happy family who might have been thus joyously occupied, but for my cruel interference? I do not know; but I do know that I shall not soon kill another bird.

THE FOLLY OF FRETTING.

Two gardeners, who were neighbors, had their crops of early peas killed by the frost. One of them came to condole with the other. "Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate. Do you know, neighbor, that I have done nothing but fret ever since! But you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up. What are these?" "Why these are what I sowed immediately after my loss." "What, coming up already?" said the fretter. "Yes," replied the other; "while you were fretting, I was working."

EARLY VOYAGES TO GREENLAND.

As early as 988, Errick Rande, an Icelandic Chieftain, fitted out an expedition of twenty-five galleys at Suefell, and having manned them with sufficient crews of colonists, set forth from Iceland to what appeared a more congenial climate. They sailed upon the ocean fifteen days, and they saw no land. The next day brought with it a storm, and many a gallant vessel sunk in the deep. Mountains of ice covered the water as far as the eye could reach, and but a few galleys escaped destruction. The morning of the seventeenth day was clear and cloudless; the sea was calm, and far away to the northward could be seen the glare of ice-fields reflecting on the sky. The remains of the shattered fleet gathered together to pursue their voyage, but the galley of Errick Rande was not there. The crew of a galley which was driven further down than the rest, reported that, as the morning broke, the large fields of ice that had covered the ocean were driven by the current past them, and that they beheld the galley of Errick Rande borne with resistless force, and with the speed of the wind, before a tremendous field of ice—her crew had lost all control over her—they were tossing their arms in wild agony. Scarcely a moment elapsed before it was walled in by a hundred ice-hills, and the whole mass moved forward, and was soon beyond the horizon. That the galley of the narrators escaped was wonderful—it remained, however, uncontradicted, and the vessel of Errick Rande was never more seen. Half a century after that, a Danish colony was established upon the eastern coast of Greenland. The crew of the vessels which carried the colonists thither, in their excursions into the interior, crossed a range of hills that stretched to the northward; they had approached nearer to the pole than any preceding adventurers.

Upon looking down from the summit of the hills, they beheld a vast and interminable field of ice, undulating in various places, and formed into a thousand grotesque shapes. They saw, not far from the shore, a figure in an ice vessel, with glittering icicles instead of masts rising from it. Curiosity prompted them to approach, when they beheld a dismal sight. Figures of men in every attitude of woe were upon the deck, but they were icy things; one figure alone stood erect, and, with folded arms, leaning against the mast. A hatchet was procured and the ice split away, and the features of a chieftain disclosed, pallid, and deathly, and free from decay. This was doubtless the vessel, and that figure the form of Errick Rande. Benumbed with cold, and in the agony of despair, his crew had fallen around him. The spray of the ocean and the fogs had frozen as it lighted upon them, and covered each figure with an icy robe, which the short-lived glance of a Greenland sun had not time to remove. The Danes gazed upon the spectacle with trembling. They knew not but the scene might be their fate. They knelt down upon the deck, and muttered a prayer in their native tongue for the souls of the frozen crew, then hurriedly left the place, for the night was approaching.

INSTRUCTIVE ALLEGORY.

A HUMMING-BIRD met a butterfly, and, being p
its beauty of person and the splendor of its win
offer of perpetual friendship. "I can not think of
reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me
dolt." "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird;
entertained the highest respect for such beautiful
you." "Perhaps you do *now*," said the other; "bu
insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give yo
advice: never insult the humble, as they may one
your superiors."

OLD MAJOR HOFFMAN.

PERHAPS, young friends, for more reasons than one, I ought to have sought an interview with you before. But it is better, I fancy, at the eleventh hour, a great deal better, than not at all. This reflection is as comforting to my conscience as anything I can think of, and I hope it will be entirely satisfactory to you. If I have a disposition now to show you proper attention, pray do n't ask me to explain my past neglect. You had better remain silent, at present, and just listen to what I have to say. I shall not promise, beforehand, that I have in store for you ever so much amusement and instruction. You might feel disappointed in the end, if I should—that is, if your judgment should happen to differ from mine. On the whole, then, I think best to let you learn the true state of the matter as the course of time shall bring it out.

I am disposed to talk a little with you now, because, among other reasons of equal weight, you are young and I am old. You see not much force in this reason, perhaps. There may be a great deal of force in it, for all that. Though, no doubt, you will all

get to be old yourselves, if you should happen to live long enough, still, it is very plain that you are not old yet, and will not be in less than thirty or forty years. In the meantime, could you not make some use of those heads which age has already ripened? I know very well that a part of you, at least, have a profound respect for your own heads. You fancy that there is plenty of sense in them—enough, certainly, to answer all the important purposes for which heads were made. I readily grant that you may have good sensible heads; they may be equal in all respects to the best heads that stand between young shoulders. Still, they might be somewhat improved by age. You will admit that, I suppose. Do n't you expect to be benefited by experience? As you grow older, do n't you expect to become wiser? do n't you expect to learn more about human nature, to enlarge your knowledge of the world, to become more familiar with the snares and dangers to which we are exposed in our progress through life? Well, then, just listen. You can get some wisdom of this sort without waiting for the slow round of years to impart it to you. Your old white-haired friends are qualified to teach it to you this minute. If you would only submit yourselves to their instruction and guidance, it would be about the same as having old heads placed between your young shoulders. You would thus live twice as long as you otherwise would—that is, at the outset of your career, you would have the results of a life-time of experience to be added, as you go from stage to stage, to your own. Indeed, if you should gather up the lessons to be derived from those who have gone before you, and should make them the rule of all your future life, it might be said of you at last, that you died a thousand years old or more.

All men and women who have been in the world any considerable time, say sixty or seventy years, must have seen and heard a great many things worth telling. Every one of them would assure you, I dare say, that all the little incidents of their childhood, as well as the various events and experiences of their maturer years, are as fresh to their recollections as if they had occurred no more than three days ago. In fact, their heads are as full of

stories—short and long, sad and funny—as an egg is of meat. It is no hard matter, either, to get those stories out; for old people, in general, love to talk. You have nothing to do but just to tap them—in a different manner, to be sure, from what you would a barrel of ale or cider—and out will flow a copious stream of words. It does their very hearts good, too, to find attentive listeners. Let half a dozen children, with open mouth, and other like symptoms of interest, be gathered around them, and, while a smile of self-satisfaction illuminates their withered faces, how freely they will reel off yarns of all sorts in regard to the olden times. In some cases, though, there is none too much good sense in their talk. The Bible says somewhere, "Great men are not always wise," and a similar remark may be applied to old men and women—they are not uniformly distinguished for their wisdom. I have blushed for them, sometimes, on account of the silliness of their tongues. Yet, having had a long experience and a good chance to observe men and things, the most of them have at command a pretty large store of matter for entertainment and instruction.

Old folks are very apt to talk a great deal about themselves. It is not improper nor unseemly for them to do so, either. What has befallen them in life, what their own eyes have seen and what their own hearts have felt, is just what we want to know. They are better prepared to impart the lessons to be drawn from the incidents of their own personal history, than any other. Though, therefore, their conversation be pretty thickly sprinkled with great I's, they may still be free from egotism, or a disposition to brag. It appears much more becoming in them to speak often of themselves—to tell what they have said and done—than in those conceited little bodies whose buds of wisdom have scarcely yet begun to open.

Though I have battled it with the world for many years, I do not pretend to say that I have seen as much as some others, or that I have acquired as much wisdom as I might have done. As my remarks have already implied, a white head and a nose "spectacle-bestrid," are not unfailing signs of superior sense and

knowledge. I am free to own that I am no Solomon. Even had my experience been as deep as his, and my observation as extensive and accurate, I could not express the results as happily as he has done. Who could write such compact, beautiful, double-edged proverbs as he? Who could so vividly set forth, at a touch, some great fact, or principle, or maxim of life? Though, compared to him, I am no more than a mouse to an elephant, still, I have somewhat to say, and I shall try to say it, in some way. I have seen a few things in my time, if not more. I have been an actor myself, too, in as many as a hundred affairs. The consequence is, I have on hand a pretty large stock of stories, anecdotes, reflections, and things of that sort; and, if you have a disposition to listen to me, I propose to deal some of them out to you. I promise them at no stated intervals, nor in any particular order. I shall say whatever may happen to occur to me first, and just when I have a mind to say it.

Those of you who have never happened to meet me anywhere, would like, perhaps, to have me start off right here on a regular description of myself. But I shall do no such thing. What would it all amount to, should I give a description ever so full and particular? You would, after all, have no very definite conception of me. You would think of me, just as likely as not, as an old bald-pated man, with a pair of spectacles astride my nose, and whose decrepit limbs need the assistance of a cane. I shall, therefore, add but a single remark at present. It may seem to smack a little of egotism, or self-conceit, or something of a similar nature; I shall venture to make it, nevertheless. *An old man's foolishness is often better, and more safely followed, than a child's wisdom.* This is the thought I had in mind. Some of you look as if you wanted to laugh right out at it. But I beseech you not to do that. Just take it home to your thoughts, and study on it awhile, say two or three months, or so long as may be necessary to get its full meaning wrought into you.

Now, farewell, till we meet again. Meanwhile, believe me your faithful friend, MAJOR HANS HOFFMAN.

THE FOUR-BLADED KNIFE.

GEORGE LEE was standing by his uncle, watching as he skilfully shaped from a bit of wood the head of a dog, which he had promised him as an ornament for a miniature cane of his own cutting. As the finishing strokes were cut, the boy said, with a deep sigh—

"Oh, Uncle John! I wish I had such a knife!"

"Why, Georgie, have you lost your own?"

"Oh, no!" replied he, taking it from his pocket, "but mine has only one blade, and it is so dull; and yours has four blades, and is so sharp. I could never make a dog's head like that with my old, dull knife."

"But, Georgie, it needs more than a sharp knife to cut out such a fine dog's head as this; and you are such a little boy, you would cut your fingers, if you had one so sharp. It was only yesterday I heard you bragging about your knife: it was so sharp, so pretty, such a nice little knife!"

"Well, I do n't think so now; I want a four-bladed knife."

The next morning George ran into the breakfast-room, overturning his little sister in his haste, exclaiming—

"Oh, Uncle John! I had such a glorious dream last night!"

"Well, my boy, what was it?"

"I dreamed that you gave me your four-bladed knife."

"Well, Georgie, and what else? was that all?"

Georgie drooped his head a little, and lowering his voice, replied—"I cut my fingers with it."

How often do we see this little incident, with the dream fulfilled, acted over and over again upon the theatre of life, upon a larger scale.

A man has a competency sufficient for his moderate desires; he thinks his home the dearest, sweetest spot earth holds. By-

and-by some friend climbs higher upon fortune's ladder: he feels envy awake within him; the home he once delighted in is now too small, too mean for his aspirings. He dreams of wealth; he toils for it; he gets it; he dwells in a palace; while his ships traverse the seas; but the temptations of luxury are powerful; he becomes a slave to appetite and money. *He has got the four-bladed knife, but it has cut his fingers.*

There was a Christian man in moderate circumstances; he was open-hearted, and open-handed, giving freely, according to his ability; active in the church, ready to every good work. All around him in the business world were pressing on in the pursuit of wealth, and he became enamored of it. His gifts were so small, he persuaded himself, they could accomplish little good. He would withhold them for awhile, and use all in seeking to amass more; then he could give hundreds where now he gave tens. He toiled by day for wealth, and dreamed by night of its possession. It was said of him, that every thousand that went into his purse, made him only draw the purse-strings tighter. God gave him his coveted wealth, but with it "leanness entered into his soul." *He got the four-bladed knife, but it cut his fingers*—the life-blood of benevolence and generosity oozed out.

There was a Christian lady, an exemplary wife, a faithful mother, contented and happy in her simple and pleasant home, full of the comforts, but boasting few of the luxuries of life. Time passed on, and her early companions were getting above her in society; they were living in more elegant and spacious dwellings, surrounded with all that wealth could purchase; while her own home remained unchanged. From their splendid abodes she returned to her own, with discontent and envy rankling in her bosom. Her house was narrow, her rooms were small, her furniture mean and shabby. She dreamed of wealth and splendor; she forgot for a time the fountain of living waters, and strove to hew out to herself cisterns of earth to slake her thirst. She infused her own repinings and covetings into the mind of her husband, till he too dreamed and toiled. Her wish was accomplished; she was mistress of a princely mansion; elegant and

massive furniture filled her rooms; she walked upon velvet carpets; costly pictures covered her walls, and her windows were draped with the richest fabrics of the loom; but she had lost the precious jewel, Peace, which once dwelt within her bosom. Her closet, and her rarely opened Bible, witnessed against her; and her children, neglected in her eager pursuit of fashion, forgot their early lessons, and were an increasing source of disquietude. *She had got the four-bladed knife, but it had cut her fingers.*

Would that the admonition of the blessed Redeemer might sound in trumpet tones in every Christian's ear, to every Christian's heart, in this gold-seeking age:—

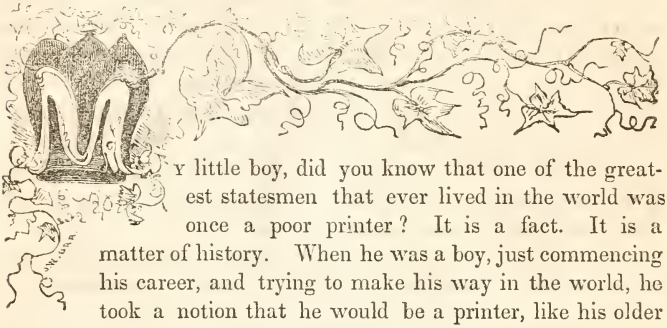
"Take heed and beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth."

"What mean, dull souls, in this high measure,
To haberdash
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is dross and trash;
The height of whose enchanting pleasure
Is but a flash?
Are these the goods that thou supplyest
Us mortals with? Are these the highest?
Can these bring cordial peace? False world, thou lyest." VIOLA.

KNOWLEDGE.

PLEASURE is a shadow, wealth is vanity, and power a pageant; but knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment, perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred offices it fears no danger, spares no expense, omits no exertion. It scales the mountain, looks into the volcano, dives into the ocean, perforates the earth, encircles the globe, explores sea and land, contemplates the distant, ascends to the sublime! No place too remote for its grasp, no heaven too exalted for its reach!—*De Witt Clinton.*

THE PRINTER AND THE STATESMAN.



My little boy, did you know that one of the greatest statesmen that ever lived in the world was once a poor printer? It is a fact. It is a matter of history. When he was a boy, just commencing his career, and trying to make his way in the world, he took a notion that he would be a printer, like his older brother. So he went into his printing-office, and began to set type. That little office, in Boston, was not much like those which we see in that city now-a-days. The types were rude, and embraced but few varieties. The press was a comparatively clumsy affair, not much better than a modern cheese-press. Mammoth sheets were unknown then. Steam was still slumbering, waiting for some ingenious fellow to wake it up. The printer inked his types with balls, covered with sheep-skins, instead of the modern roller. Newspapers were not much larger than the sheet on which we write our letters. It was into an old-fashioned printing-office such as this that the young lad I allude to entered, a good many years ago, to try his hand at the art of printing. Well, his brother soon found that he was a smart boy; that he was willing to learn, conscientious and faithful. He made the most of his advantages.

And by the way—let me say it before I forget it—this making the most of one's advantages is one of the great secrets of success. It does not depend upon the number and value of the advantages you possess, half as much as the use you make of those which you have, whether you will become a learned, a wealthy, or a useful man. The poor little boy who studies well the only half-a-dozen books which he can obtain, is likely to become a much wiser man

than the one who only skims over the surface of a whole library of books, without troubling himself at all with hard study. I always hate to hear a boy say that he cannot do much, because he has so few advantages, and that he would do great things, if he could only go to a famous school, or get into college. I cannot help thinking, when I hear a boy going on in this style, that he is just the chap to do little or nothing in any situation; for the man or boy who determines that he will do something, will do it, whether he is brought up in a hovel in the woods or in a palace in the city—whether he hoes potatoes for a living, or sells laces and silks—whether he sits on a hard bench in a district school-house, or drinks in knowledge from the lips of a university professor.

But about this boy. You have surmised before this, I doubt not, that I mean Benjamin Franklin, whose portrait appears as a frontispiece in this number of the *Cabinet.* He was once a poor printer boy, as poor as any boy, among all my readers, can be. Yet he was industrious, economical, faithful, conscientious. He was, withal, a *thinker.* Benjamin Franklin did not consider the mind that God had given him as a mere machine—as a sort of clock, which only had to be wound up to make it go well enough, by its own power, without any aid. He was not too lazy to think. He inquired into the reasons of things; and his inquiries amounted to something, as such inquiries always will, when they are urgently and judiciously prosecuted. Let me give you, more in detail, the history of this remarkable man. It has a lesson in it, which every boy would do well to study.

Benjamin was quite a young lad when he left Boston to try his fortune in Philadelphia. It appears that he could not get along very well with his brother. That brother, though, for aught that we know, a well-meaning man enough, did not quite like it that Benjamin, so much younger than himself, should know so much, and should show such a large fund of shrewdness. Little Ben arrived at the "City of Brotherly Love" with his pockets nearly empty. Here he sought and obtained employment in a printing-office, and soon became a skilful compositor. Sir William Keith,

governor of the province, took notice of him; and, wishing to make him director of a new printing-press, sent him to England, after awhile, to arrange about its purchase.

On arriving in London, he was robbed of all the money he possessed; and being thus unable to return to Philadelphia, he worked for some time in the office of a printer named Palmer.

Although not yet eighteen years old, his active mind turned on projects of public utility; and he proposed establishing a swimming-school in London. A desire to revisit his native land, however, caused him to abandon this plan, and he returned to Philadelphia, where, in conjunction with a man named Meredith, he set up a new printing-press.

From this period may be dated his entrance into public life. He formed an association of clever and educated men, who met at his house once a week, to discuss questions relating to morals, politics, literature, and science; each member being obliged, once a month, to produce an essay of his own composition. Franklin's means and reputation were likewise greatly increased by the newspaper articles which he continued to publish. For the benefit chiefly of young men in the middle and lower ranks, he established a lending library, containing a number of valuable works, which were rendered accessible to the public on very low terms. In 1732, he commenced the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanac," in which wise counsels and important truths were presented, with an originality of thought and pointed quaintness of expression, that rendered them easy to receive and difficult to forget.

In 1736, Franklin was appointed deputy to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, and the following year he obtained the office of director of the post at Philadelphia. To him the town owes the first introduction of a "fire insurance company," with fire-engines attached. About this time a scientific society in Philadelphia received from England an account of various new and important discoveries which had been made in electricity, accompanied by glass tubes and other essential instruments. This society requested Franklin to repeat the experiments already

made, which he not only did, but made a number of new discoveries. He ascertained the property of elevated points to determine the course of the electric fluid; and then the idea struck him that lightning, being caused by electricity in the clouds, it might be drawn to the earth without doing any harm. This problem he solved by the aid of a child's plaything—a paper kite. During a storm, he sent it flying, and, having attached an iron key to the lower end of the string, he tried to draw sparks from it. At first his attempts were vain; but a little rain having fallen, the cord became moist, and thus slightly acquired the power of conducting the electricity. Franklin was delighted at the success of his experiment; yet, had the string been more wet, or the electric fluid stronger, he would inevitably have been killed.

His philosophical mind soon perceived the practical use to be made of this discovery in preserving ships and buildings from the effects of lightning, and ere long he perfected the *conductor*, which was speedily adopted throughout England and America.

In 1763, Franklin, perceiving that the schools in Philadelphia were few and ill-conducted, raised subscriptions for establishing public instruction on a liberal and enlightened plan. This was the commencement of the College of Philadelphia. Nearly at the same time, he was the principal agent of building a hospital for the sick, and an asylum for the old and feeble; thus conferring true and lasting benefits on the place of his abode.

When the American war broke out, in 1775, after the revolution in Boston, Franklin pleaded boldly the cause of liberty, in Congress. He took a prominent part in the memorable declaration of the fourth of July, and proclaimed the national independence of the thirteen United States. Having been elected President of the Convention of Pennsylvania, Franklin was unanimously chosen to go and seek aid from France.

He was then seventy-one years old, and took up his abode at Passy. Here he remained during eight years, as minister plenipotentiary of the American Federation; and while discharging

faithfully his public duties, he did not cease to cultivate the arts and sciences. As a mark of gratitude for the favor shown him by Marie Antoinette, he constructed for her the first Harmonica which was heard in France. This precious instrument is still to be seen in Paris.

At the age of seventy-nine, Franklin, feeling the infirmities of advanced years, wished to return to his native land. Accordingly, he traveled to Havre in an easy litter given him by the Queen of France, who thus testified her respect for the republican ambassador.

The arrival of Franklin at Philadelphia was celebrated as a national triumph. He employed the last years of his life in exhorting his fellow-countrymen to peace and concord.

He died on the 17th of April, 1790. Congress ordered a general mourning of two months throughout the United States; nor is it too much to say, that the loss of Benjamin Franklin was felt and deplored throughout the civilized world.

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

A TRAVELER who spent some time in Turkey relates a beautiful parable, which was told him by a dervise, and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel. "Every man," says the dervise, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and another on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is done is done forever. When he has done evil, the angel on his left shoulder writes it down. He waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows down his head and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned, forgive me!' the angel rubs it out; and if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps."

THE EAGLE'S DEFEAT.

THE eagle, you know, has got the reputation of being the king of birds. I do not feel disposed to dispute his title to supreme command in the air. I will grant that he has it all his own way among the feathered tribe. But it seems that when he leaves his proper element, and undertakes to domineer in the water, he does not always get along quite as smoothly, as the following anecdote, which I have on the best of authority, will show:

A western Indian, by the name of Beach, who lived on the shore of a small lake, carefully watched a pair of eagles for several years. Every year they came and occupied a nest on a pine-tree, only a few hundred yards from the Indian's hut, and the old hunter became very much attached to them. One day, however,

Beach came very near losing one of his bold eagles. He was lying at anchor, fishing, when he saw his favorite bird high up in heaven, slowly sweeping round and round in a huge circle, evidently awaiting the approach of a fish to the surface. For an hour or more, he thus sailed with motionless wings above the water, when all at once he stooped and hovered a moment, with an excited gesture ; then rapid as a flash of light, and with a rush of his broad pinions, like the passage of a sudden gust of wind, came to the still bosom of the lake. He had seen a huge salmon trout swimming near the surface, and, plunging from his high watch tower, drove his talons deep in his victim's back. So rapid and strong was his swoop, that he buried himself out of sight, when he struck, but the next moment he emerged into view, and, flapping his wings, endeavored to rise with his prey.

But this time he had miscalculated his strength ; in vain he struggled nobly to lift the salmon from the water. The frightened and bleeding fish made a sudden dive, and took eagle and all out of sight, and was gone a quarter of a minute. Again they rose to the surface, and the strong bird spread his broad, dripping pinions, and, gathering force with his rapid blows, raised the salmon half out of water. The weight, however, was too great for him, and he sunk again to the surface, beating the water into foam about him. The salmon then made another dive, and they both went under, leaving only a few bubbles to tell where they had gone down.

This time they were absent a full half minute, and Beach said he thought it was all over with his bird. He soon, however, reappeared, with his talons still buried in the flesh of his foe, and again made a desperate effort to rise. All this time, the fish was shooting like an arrow through the lake, carrying his relentless foe on his back. He could not keep the eagle down, nor the bird carry him up ; and so, now beneath, and now upon the surface, they struggled on, presenting one of the most singular, yet exciting spectacles that can be imagined. It was fearful to witness the blows of the eagle, as he lashed the lake with his wings into spray, and made the shore echo with the report. At last the bird

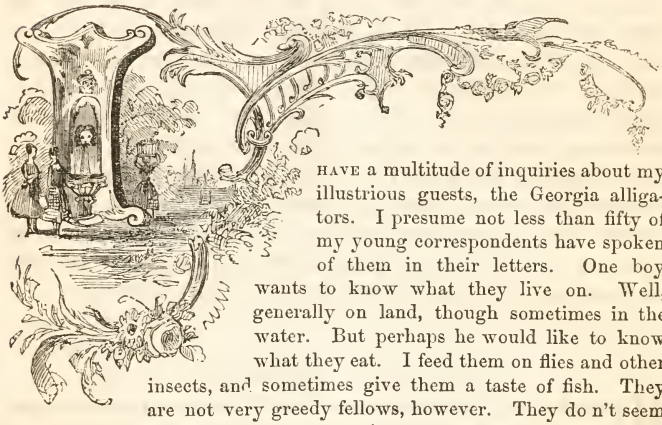
thinking, as they say at the West, that he had "waked up the wrong passenger," gave it up, and loosening his clutch, soared heavily and slowly away to his lofty pine-tree, where he sat for a long time sullen and sulky, the picture of disappointed ambition. So might a wounded and baffled lion lie down in his lair and brood over his defeat. Beach said that he could easily have captured them, but he thought he would see the fight out. When, however, they both staid under half a minute or more, he concluded he should never see his eagle again. Whether the latter, in his rage, was bent on capturing his prize, and would retain his hold though at the hazard of his life, or whether in his terrible swoop he had struck his crooked talons so deep in the back of the salmon that he could not extricate himself, the hunter said he could not tell. The latter, however, was doubtless the truth, and he would have been glad to have let go long before he did.

DOCTOR'S COMMONS.

MY readers have often heard and read about the *Doctor's Commons*, in London; but perhaps they are not perfectly acquainted with the meaning of the term, and so I have a mind to tell them. Doctor's Commons, where all wills made in the District of Canterbury are recorded, is located to the south of St. Paul's, in a narrow street near the Thames. This celebrated legal quarter is much resorted to by anxious heirs, and those who are curious as to the legacies of deceased persons. The last testaments of some of England's greatest men are there in their original forms, among which may be named those of Shakespeare, Cromwell, and Dr. Johnson. The will of Napoleon also adorns the place, and it is said to contain 10,000 francs to the man who attempted the assassination of the Duke of Wellington, in Paris. Persons desirous to learn any particulars respecting the will of a deceased individual, have every facility afforded them in the search by paying a shilling to the officer in attendance, who gives the applicant a slip of paper, which, by being handed to another official, secures to the searcher the privilege of examining the records; but no one is allowed to make a memorandum without additional pay.

Uncle Frank's Monthly Table Talk.

MY SOUTHERN GUESTS.



I HAVE a multitude of inquiries about my illustrious guests, the Georgia alligators. I presume not less than fifty of my young correspondents have spoken of them in their letters. One boy wants to know what they live on. Well, generally on land, though sometimes in the water. But perhaps he would like to know what they eat. I feed them on flies and other insects, and sometimes give them a taste of fish. They are not very greedy fellows, however. They do n't seem to have got the notion which so many wiser ones act upon, that the great end of life is to eat.

Another boy asks if they seem to enjoy themselves in the land of their adoption. I wish I could answer this question satisfactorily to myself, in which case I think I could satisfy my little friend. But my alligators have made no allegations on the subject. If they enjoy themselves—I cannot help hoping they do hugely—their enjoyment is of the calmest kind. There is no frolic in them. Life passes very tranquilly with them. They spend a large share of their time in sleep by day as well as by night. The nature of their dreams I cannot ascertain. Perhaps they dream of the rice-fields on the banks of the Savannah, and of the geese and pigs they might have feasted on had they remained in their native state. Perhaps they indulge, while they are in dream-land, in visions of the future, and picture to themselves what smart things they will do when they grow up.

A little girl—I wonder *how* little ; sometimes I more than half suspect that a girl laughs in her sleeve, as she signs herself "Your affectionate *little* niece"—wishes to know whether they ever shed any "crocodile tears." No, my arch friend, never. The tears they have shed, so far, have been all their own,—genuine, original alligator tears.

"Do they ever bite?" asks another. That they do; they would n't be true to their nature if they did n't. An unbiting alligator would be like an unbarking dog or an uncackling hen. Biting is their trade.

A boy in Sing Sing tells me he is watching the river every day to see my boat go past, with my alligators harnessed to it. My dear fellow, don't be in too great a hurry. Rome was not built in a day. "Learn to labor, and to wait." It took long years to bring the electric telegraph into operation, after the thing was first thought of. How can you expect my great invention, quite as startling as that of the telegraph, should be brought into actual use in a few weeks?

A correspondent from St. Lawrence county, in this state, asks whether I will not start an alligator line on the St. Lawrence river. Perhaps I may; but I wish, by all means, to try my first experiments on the Hudson. It was here that Fulton's first steamboat began its career, and it seems fitting that the practical application of alligator power should begin here also. My St. Lawrence friend speaks quite encouragingly of my scheme. "Such an enterprise," he says, "successfully carried out, would be a signal illustration of the truth first proposed by the renowned Sam Patch, that 'some things can be done as well as others.' I suggest," he adds—and I beg you to note what confidence he has in my inventive genius—"as your next enterprise, the employment of electrical eels for telegraphic purposes." Thank you, sir. But I can't attend to that matter for a long time. As soon as my alligator team commences its operations, I must look after another scheme which I have had in my mind for years; and that is, to navigate the ocean by the *force of circumstances.*

MY CHAMELEONS.

And now I think of it, I must tell you about some other pets of mine I havn't received, but which I am expecting. Is this counting chickens before they are hatched? I suppose so; but I should n't have counted them, if I had not looked upon them as *almost* hatched. I tried to catch some of the Georgian green lizards before I left for home. But they would n't be caught. I was sorry enough; for the green lizard of the South is the genuine chameleon which figures in the fable. He changes his color, to some extent, according to the color of the object on which he is placed. After my return home, I was so anxious to show these pretty lizards to my friends, that I wrote to a kind and accommodating gentleman in Savannah, and desired him to send on some, if he could persuade any of them to be caught. He has not obliged me yet, though; and I'm not sure that he will stop selling cotton long enough to attend to the thing. So look here, my southern friend. Let me whisper a word in your ear. These fellows are all pretty green; but can you find any green

enough to allow themselves to be caught? If you can't catch them yourself, can't you get one of the cunning negroes to do it for you? I wish you would; and having done so much, I wish you would do a little more, and send them on to Uncle Frank, in charge of some one who would like to oblige you and me at the same time. Let me see now if I can't hit half a dozen birds with one stone,—for example, Willie C., of Greenborough; Colonel K., who don't live a thousand miles from the same place; Doctor W. and Professor B., of Athens; Ex-governor G. (for I believe in shooting at high game—who knows but one *may* hit it, after all?) of Lexington; Professor S., of Penfield, a lawyer in Madison, who, if shot at all, will be sure to be hit on the *wing* in an open *field;* and either of the obliging editors in the city of Savannah. "Well, Uncle Frank, you *are* modest in this matter, I must say." My dear sir, with all due respect for your opinion, I beg leave to differ with you.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."

"MR. WOODWORTH,—Either the printer or the types—from force of habit—have printed S. N. instead of F. N. under the prize sentence, No. 117. Please apologize to Miss Fanny Newton, and assure her that I had no hand in claiming the honor.

"Yours, truly, "S. N."

"MY DEAR UNCLE FRANK,—We have taken your magazine for three years; but I never thought of writing to you until I saw the premium offered for the shortest and best sentence. I was very much surprised to wake up the other morning and find myself famous! I shall not know how to contain myself when I get the whole set of my dear Cabinet. I send you a Charade—for better or worse. Please do n't say it *could n't* be 'worse.' "Yours, gratefully, "FANNY NEWTON."

NICKNAMES OF THE STATES.

"UNCLE FRANK,—Will you allow me to ask you a question to begin with? It is this. Can you tell me why some of the states are called by such names, or nicknames rather, as *Hoosiers*, *Wolverines*, *Suckers*, *Buckeye State*, and so on? Why it is I do not know, except for Ohio, the *Buckeye State*, which is so called on account of the number of buckeyes which grow there. "Your affectionate nephew, "JONATHAN."

Certainly, my dear fellow, I 'll allow you to ask me the question. To refuse such a modest request would be very unreasonable indeed—very unreasonable in any land on the face of the globe, and especially so in this country, where we boast so much about liberty. "But will you an-

swer the question, Uncle Frank?" Ah, that 's another thing, my little Buckeye friend. Would n't it do just as well, if some of my nephews or nieces should answer you? I 'll see how much wisdom I can drum together from my army of little folks.

S. N.'s Bureau.

"What, S. N. again! Oh, pshaw! I thought we *had* got rid of her!" Ah! who said that? It was n't Lizzie, nor Emma and Samuel, nor Sarah C. and Cate Miller, nor Edgefield or Pittsburgh School Girls, nor Bessie, nor Jeanie, for they have sent me the prettiest little messages in the world, containing love and kisses and plenty of affectionate remembrances; so it could n't have been they. I guess it was only my fancy; at any rate, I will wait until some one *says it in black and white:* meanwhile, I 'll go on and say what I have to say, and account for my being here again. "Uncle Frank" has written me an imploring letter,—says "the doctor has ordered him to give up his profession for the summer,—and what is he to do?" Then he puts his hands together beseechingly, and says "please," fears I am going in the country and can't help him, and gets into a fever at the idea of leaving his nephews and nieces uncared for. So what could I do but say—"Well, send along the letters, bless their little hearts! (meaning the writer's little hearts) I 'll attend to them, if I can." And now send along your letters, the more the better. Do n't be afraid they will not reach us in time: if they are too late for one month, they may be noticed in the next. By the way, I think I shall change my cognomen to "Aunt Sue." Who is agreed?—who will own me as Aunt?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. C. and C. Miller.—"Ah! I *thought*."—Now wait a minute, my dear little misses Sarah and Cate; there is a husband on the premises already, not to mention two or three children; so now what have you got to say?

Edgefield School Girl. How do you do, dear? Do you like that better than "Good-bye?"

Minna. I like your puzzle very much: it combines amusement and instruction.

Alvaro F. Gibbens. I think if you put on your spectacles, you will find both an H and a T in the sentence to which you refer.

H. W. R., jr. Your puzzle is a little too much like the old conundrum —"Why are a pair of trowsers too large every way, like two towns in France?" Those who are not "posted up" may answer.

S. Harding, jr. You sent no answers with your puzzles.

Pittsburgh School Girl. Answers must be sent by the 15th of the month.

We have to thank several of the young ladies and gentlemen for contributions to the puzzler's drawer.

American. The participle was considered merely as a form of the verb.

New York, July 16th, 1855.

Mr. Editor,—Dear Sir: I have been a subscriber to your Cabinet for some time; but now feel a desire for a closer relationship, as your nephews and nieces appear to be very happy. Will you adopt me as one, that I may call you "Uncle Frank," and become a correspondent too? An example of my ability to fill such a position may be found in the following answers. * * * * * I shall look for the next number with some anxiety, to know if I have a new uncle, and may be permitted to subscribe myself

His affectionate nephew, WILLET.

I 'll give you welcome, Willet, in Uncle Frank's name. S. N.

UNCLE JOE'S BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS.

1. Tread mean pigs.
2. Peel six brines.
3. I meant man's gem.
4. I call my gin tea.

UNCLE JOE.

CHARADE NO. VIII.

My first is a part of the human face.
My second is an unpleasant sensation.
My third is an article.
My whole is a small animal. IDA.

CHARADE NO. IX.

My first is always on a par
With every earthly thing;
With reptile, brute, bird, fish, and man,
With beggar, priest, and king.

My second is a title—
A foreign one 't is true—
But none the less familiar
To every one of you.

My whole—a glorious revenge!
And Heaven's kindest boon:
I dare not tell you plainer, lest
You find me out too soon. FANNY NEWTON.

CHARADE NO. X.

Where Boreas blows o'er the northern snows,
  And revels on Zero's throne ;
As the white ship braves through the frigid waves,
  With the wealth which I call mine own,—

Old legends proclaim that conqueror's fame
  Which places my first among,
While fleeing in tears my last disappears
  From the heat of a contest strong.

I figure away—daguerreotypes play
  Most expert in a moonlight view—
All sparkling in gems like the diadems,
  'Till I 'm lost in the crystal hue. BETTIE.

ENIGMA NO. XI.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 3, 9, 10, is a relative.
My 7, 8, 1, 2, is a part of a wheel.
My 5, 4, 7, is a man mentioned in the Bible.
My 10, 6, 7, is the fruit of a tree.
My 10, 4, 8, 3, 2, is what we often complain of in children.
My 5, 6, 7, 2, is a musical instrument.
My 7, 4, 10, is a weight.
My whole is a valuable trait of character. JULIA ANNA D.

REBUS NO. XII.

Entire I am a little word which children often use when they should not; cut off my head, and it will leave an insect; cut off my tail, and put on my head, and it will leave a verb; re-tail me, and take away my third letter, and it will leave an animal. H. M. WARREN.

PUZZLE NO. VIII.

Take five perfect squares, made of card or stiff paper, and cut each square into two pieces, as in the accompanying diagram. The puzzle is to put these ten pieces together, so that the whole will form a perfect square.

W.

RIDDLE NO. VI.

I'm a bauble of fashion ; I bear but a name,
And all my fair sisters I think were the same :
I enter your dwelling ; you give me one glance ;
Then cast me aside as a mere thing of chance. M. B. M. G.

CHARADE NO. XI.

My first in gardens oft is seen,
And oft adorns the bride ;
In early spring its leaves are green—
It is the maiden's pride.

My second thou repeatest
Full oft in fireside games :
As sweet, if not the sweetest,
Of all familiar names.

A flow'ring shrub, in a distant clime,
My whole in beauty grows ;
It grew by the sea in olden time,
And thus its name arose. UNCLE JOE.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE NO. VII.

BRACE.

Answered by O. L. Bradley, Lizzie, Bessie and Willet, Helon Norton ; a Galena Friend and Martha Patrick guessed "twain," Emma and Samuel guessed "stone."

ANSWER TO BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS NO. VI.

1. SURGEON. 2. FLIRTATION. 3. SPITTOON. 4. REFORMATIONS. 5. METHODIST. 6. CONVERSATION. 7. EPISCOPALIAN.

Answered by Lizzie and A. F. Gibbens ; in part by O. L. Bradley, C. J. Chatfield, and a Galena Friend.

ANSWER TO CUTTINGS FOR PLANTING.

1. MATRIMONY VINE.
2. GO TO BED AT NOON.
3. BOTTLE-PINK.
4. SNAPDRAGON.
5. HAWTHORN : WHIPGRASS.
6. BLOODROOT.
7. CATNIP.
8. HORSERADISH.
9. PENNYROYAL.
10. FRANKINCENSE.

Answered by Emma and Samuel ; in part by A. F. Gibbens, O. L. Bradley, and C. J. Chatfield.

ANSWER TO NAMES OF PLACES IN ASIA ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. Bagdad. 2. Nagpore. 3. Cuttach.
4. Bushire. 5. Canton. 6. Herat.

Answered by Lizzie, W. P. R. Street, O. L. Bradley, Bessie, Pittsburgh School Girl, Jeanie, Wm. A. and J. N. Hegeman, Martha Patrick, W. N. D., jr., A. F. Gibbens, Willet, Mary C. Barber, Helon Norton, S. J. Axtell, jr., "Effie," H. J. Haynes, and E. A. Skinner; in part by Sarah C. and Cate Miller, S. Harding, jr., American Boy and Spanish Girl, E. P. Rogers, C. J. Chatfield, and Willie B. Jacobs.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAMS OF THE NAMES OF GREAT MEN.

1. Lamartine. 4. Mean truck. 7. Wilson.
2. Keats. 5. Shakespeare. 8. Osgood.
3. Shelley. 6. Emerson. 9. Wordsworth.
10. Southey.

Answered by Emma and Samuel, Lizzie, W. P. R. S., O. L. Bradley, S. C. and Cate Miller, Wm. A. and J. N. Hegeman, and a Galena Friend; in part by W. N. D., jr. and A. F. Gibbens.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAMS OF SCRIPTURE PROPER NAMES.

1. Amos. 2. Ruth. 3. Moab.
4. Aaron. 5. Nehemiah. 6. Naomi.

Answered by Emma and Samuel, Lizzie, W. P. R. S., O. L. Bradley, Bessie, Pittsburgh School Girl, S. C. and Cate Miller, Edgefield School Girl, Jeanie, David J. C., W. A. and J. N. H., M. Patrick, black-eyed James, S. F. Phelps, jr., C. C. Ashman, Spanish Girl and American Boy, C. J. Chatfield, John W. Van Deman, "American," Willie B. Jacobs, Mary C. Barber, J. H. Haynes, S. J. Axtell, jr., "Effie," Helon Norton, and E. A. Skinner; in part by S. Morrel Carter, Willet, and a Galena Friend.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. X.

Levi.

Answered by Emma and Samuel, Lizzie, W. P. R. S., O. L. Bradley, Bessie, Edgefield School Girl, Jeanie, W. A. and J. N. H., M. Patrick, black-eyed James, Spanish Girl and American Boy, W. N. D., jr., H. W. Robbins, jr., A. F. Gibbens, Willet, "American," and Willie B. Jacobs.

ANSWER TO REBUS NO. XI.

This.

Answered by Emma and Samuel, Lizzie, W. P. R. S., O. L. Bradley, Bessie, Pittsburgh School Girl, Edgefield School Girl, Jeanie, David J. C.,

W. A. and J. N. H., M. Patrick, Charles C. Ashman, W. N. D., jr., H. W. Robbins, jr., A. F. Gibbens, Willet, "American," Willie B. Jacobs, Mary C. Barber, and Helon Norton.

ANSWER TO CHARADE NO. VII.

WOODWORTH.

Answered by Emma and Samuel, Lizzie, W. P. R. S., O. L. Bradley, Bessie, Pittsburgh School Girl, Edgefield School Girl, Jeanie, H. W. Robbins, jr., Alvaro F. Gibbens, Mary C. Barber, and a Galena Friend.

Notices of Recent Publications.

☞ The publisher of the CABINET will send by mail, postage paid, any publication noticed by the editor, on the receipt of the price annexed.

1. *Bell Smith Abroad.* Published by J. C. Derby. Well done, Bell Smith, whoever you are, and wherever you may dwell. You have produced one of the most racy and original books of travel which I have lately seen among the general swarm; and that, too, apparently without a herculean effort. If you are not read and appreciated, it will be the public's, not your fault. Price $1.25.

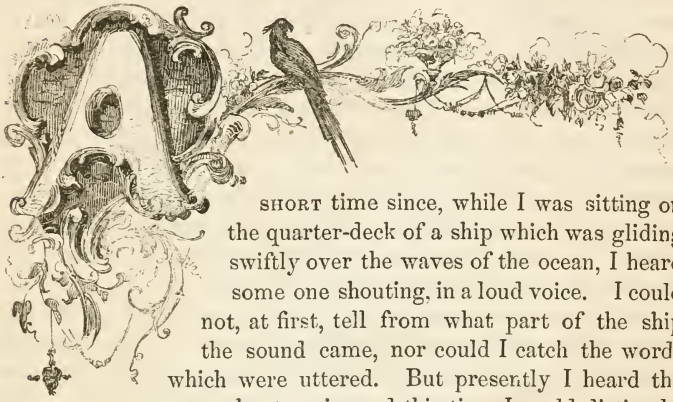
2. *The History of the Zoological Temperance Convention* is a volume by President Hitchcock, of Amherst College. It is an allegory, and a very pleasant one it is, too. Published by Nathaniel Noyes. Price 50 cents.

3. *Robin Redbreast:* by B. A. Russell and C. A. Sanders. Published by Ivison & Phinney. This is a little singing book, with ever so many pretty pieces in it, some new and some old. The first thing in the Book—is the volume necessarily any worse for that?—is my lyric of the "Boy and the Robin," which Mr. Russell has wedded to tolerable, though not wonderfully brilliant music. Perhaps Mr. Russell will say it is brilliant enough for the poetry. If he should, I should reply, "Perhaps it is," and so the matter would end. But look here, my friend, why do n't you continue the numbers of the stanzas under the second staff? Price 50 cents.

4. The public, no doubt, have all heard of the controversy between Senator Brooks and the Catholic Archbishop of New York. It grew out of a statement made by the former in respect to the property of the latter. Dewitt & Davenport have published this correspondence in a neat pamphlet form; and I advise every one who wishes to see how nicely a sensible Senator can wind up a windy Archbishop, to get the book and read it. Price 25 cents.

THE SON OF THE OCEAN.

"STAND FROM UNDER!"



A SHORT time since, while I was sitting on the quarter-deck of a ship which was gliding swiftly over the waves of the ocean, I heard some one shouting, in a loud voice. I could not, at first, tell from what part of the ship the sound came, nor could I catch the words which were uttered. But presently I heard the same shout again, and this time I could distinctly hear the words, "*Stand from under!*" I noticed, too, that they came from the lips of a sailor who was standing aloft, and who immediately threw a large coil of rope upon the deck. I then found out that whenever the sailors had occasion to throw any thing from the mast-head, or from the rigging, they always cried out, at the top of their voice, just as this man did, so that every one near the foot of the mast might take warning, and get out of the way, "Stand from under!"

A thought or two came into my mind, at that time, which, I trust, may be worth repeating. I could not help thinking that the coil of rope, or hammer, or piece of spar, or whatever missile the sailor threw down upon the deck, was very much like some of those temptations with which youth are frequently beset; and that it is a great mercy to a boy or girl, when he or she is under the influence of any one of these temptations, to cry, like the sailor, "Stand from under!" Don't you think so, little boy? Don't you think so, little girl? I am almost sure you do. Then you will not be "put out" with Uncle Frank, if he should give you a little advice suggested by the warning of this son of the ocean.

My boy, what is the very safest and best way in the world to keep from yielding to temptation? I'll tell you. The secret is worth knowing. I verily believe it is more valuable than all the specie in any one of the banks. It is to get out of the way of the temptation, whenever you can, without running from duty. I know it would not always be right to try to escape from the influence of temptation. You may be in a school with bad boys or bad girls, and it may be your duty to remain there. In such cases, if temptations are placed before you, of course you must stand your ground, and fight against the temptation, looking prayerfully to God for help. But in hundreds of other cases you would do much better to run from the temptation and the tempter than to attempt to parley with either.

I will suppose—I am addressing *you* now, little boy, and not your sister—that, some Saturday afternoon, or some pleasant evening, you are in a store, with half a dozen of your playmates, and some boys, perhaps, who are a little older than you. One of these boys, who has got some wrong notions in his head, if not some wrong principles in his heart, asks you to drink a glass of wine, or cordial, or some other kind of liquor. Well, you shake your head, and say *no*. But the tempter don't incline to let you off. He is determined you shall drink. He tells you it is *manly* to do so; that you never will be a man until you do drink; and that one glass will do you no harm. He laughs at you, and ridicules you. Other boys make fun of you too. Now, my dear young friend, you had better look out. You are in danger. Take care. Your principles may be good enough; but "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Many a boy has been ruined forever—I shudder as I say for the other world as well as for this—by yielding, in some weak moment, to just such a temptation as this, and drinking one glass. That boy has formed a taste for liquor, which has grown with his growth, until he had no power to give up his dram, and the poison has eaten him up, body and soul. "Stand from under," my boy! That store is no place for you. Run from it as you would if it was infected with small-pox or the plague. Shun that boy who offers you the glass, as if he was a wild-cat or a rattle-snake.

That temptation may be too strong for you. "Stand from under!"

Suppose, again, that you meet a boy in the street, on your way from school, who is smoking a cigar. He, too, is burdened with the idea that he must be a man at once, and that the shortest possible way to manhood is through a cloud of tobacco smoke. The little simpleton! What has become of his brains? That is the first thought that strikes you, as you see him puffing away at his cigar. But he has a very different idea from yours about brains in general, and his brains in particular. He thinks it is a great feat to smoke; and he invites you to try his cigar. Your refusal only makes him more urgent. He uses all his art to induce you to smoke. Now, I don't mean to say that smoking, or chewing, or the use of tobacco in any form, is as bad as drinking liquor. Still, either practice is a filthy habit, that never does any good, but always some evil, and very often leads to drinking. You know this as well as I do. You don't need to have me argue the point. Why, then, listen a moment to this would-be gentleman with the cigar in his mouth? Let him smoke, if he will. But don't listen to his words. They are not worth hearing; they are not worth a thought. Go away from the boy. His temptations may be harmless; but it is safest to be where their influence can not reach you. "Stand from under!"

And just so, little girl—for you will not like it, I am sure, if Uncle Frank shows partiality, and talks only to the boys—just so I advise you to do, when you find yourself under the influence of strong temptation. I am afraid you will sometimes meet with girls who have learned bad habits, and who would do you great injury, if you should listen patiently to what they say.

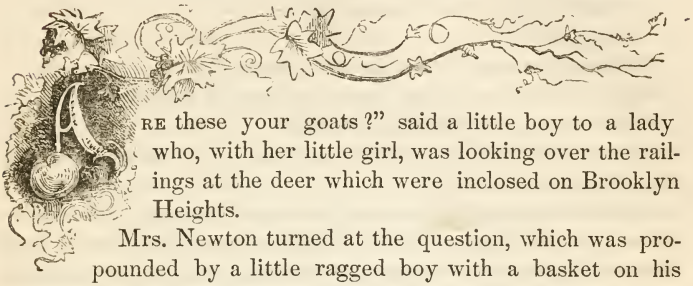
Suppose, when the school is out, some afternoon, one of these girls should ask you to go home with her. She tells you she has ever so many fine things to show you. She runs over the catalogue of these things. They *are* fine—there is no disputing that point. But you are sure your mother would not like it, if you should make the visit. You tell your companion so. "Ah, but she 'll never know it," the tempter replies, "and there can't be the least harm in just going for a few minutes." My child,

there is an evil influence around you. It will do you no good to stay where you are, and it may do you evil. Tell that girl, firmly and resolutely, that you can not go, because it would be wrong to do so; and then leave her. Don't stay within the reach of such temptation. Don't attempt to remain, and to dodge it. "Stand from under!"

And let me suppose another case. You are all alone by yourself. No one sees you but God. None but him knows what is passing in your mind. An evil thought enters your breast. It comes from one you can not see. It is the voice of the great enemy of mankind—of one who puts light for darkness and darkness for light. Now there is no sin in hearing the voice of the tempter. Our blessed Saviour heard that voice, and we know that he never sinned. You can not help being tempted. The sin consists in yielding to temptation. And let me tell you, that when you have made up your mind to do any thing wrong, then, at that moment, God holds you guilty, just the same as if you had actually done the thing. He "looks not on the outward appearance, but on the heart." He judges us according to what we mean to do, what we desire to do. If you are strongly tempted to steal a beautiful rose, or a fine peach, or a dear little doll, and you turn the thought over in your mind, until finally you say to yourself, "Yes, I 'll take it," then God, who looks at your heart, sees that you have been wicked enough to commit the sin. Take care, then, when such temptations, or any others, are whispered in your ear. Don't undertake to debate the matter with the tempter. Close your ears at once to his voice. Stay not a moment under such a dangerous influence. "Stand from under!" Forget not that the salvation of your soul is at stake.

The Observing Man.—Somebody—it sounds just like Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, and I guess it did come from him—tells the following story about a man "out West." This man, according to the story, says he always took notice that whenever he lived through the month of May he always lived the whole year.

A STORY ABOUT COLD VICTUALS.



"Are these your goats?" said a little boy to a lady who, with her little girl, was looking over the railings at the deer which were inclosed on Brooklyn Heights.

Mrs. Newton turned at the question, which was propounded by a little ragged boy with a basket on his arm half full of scraps of bread, bits of fat, cold buckwheat cakes, and other dainties.

"Those are not goats," she replied; "they are deer, and belong to the gentleman who lives in this house."

"Do you live in this street?" asked the little boy.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Have you got any cold victuals?"

"I have n't got any in my *pocket*, but I have got a three-cent piece. Should you know what to do with it if I gave it to you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said he, and his black eyes sparkled—for he had black eyes, and very bright ones too. "And would your sister know what to do with her's, if I gave her one?"

The sister's little five-year-old blue eyes twinkled then, and while Mrs. Newton was getting out the money, she went on with her questions.

"Where do you live?"

"Just down the hill a little way; if you 'll come on, I 'll show you where it is."

Mrs. Newton did n't know about "coming on;" but an emphatic pressure on the hand which her little Emma held, determined her to go with the boy. He was about eight years old, and looked so cheerful and contented in the midst of his rags, that it seemed impossible to turn away from him. So, as they walked along, Mrs. Newton went on with her catechism.

"What is your name?"

"Johnny."

"What 's your sister's name?"

"Maggie."

"What does your father do for a living?"

"He mends shoes, when he can get any to mend."

"And what does your mother do?"

"She helps father; but she can't do much now, 'cause the baby 's got a lame foot."

By this time they had reached the top of the hill, and Johnny pointed out his house. After talking a little while longer, Mrs. Newton bade them "good-bye," promising to go and see them some day.

That afternoon Mrs. Newton went down the hill to see Johnny's mother. Three children were on the stoop, two of whom were her acquaintances of the morning, and, as they ran into the house, she heard Johnny say, "Oh! here comes the lady we met."

Mrs. Newton went up the steep steps, and into the house, so called, which was only one room in the form of an acute angle. The mother sat by a little stove, with the baby on her knee, and said: "Oh! is this the lady that gave the children some money this morning? They brought it right to me to buy some bread with."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Newton, "I met your little boy, and he showed me where you lived. What is the matter with the baby's foot?"

"She burned it against the stove."

"Poor little thing! I hope it 's getting well."

"Oh! yes, ma'am, she 'll soon be about again." And the mother looked lovingly at the dirty little specimen of humanity that was on her lap.

It was Saturday, and the family were evidently in the midst of their ablutions when Mrs. Newton went in, which operation was being performed with the assistance of a broken pitcher, about an inch square of yellow soap, and a very small piece of very coarse rag. After the washing had been completed in behalf of the eldest girl, she said, "Johnny, where 's the comb?"

"In the drawer," was the answer.

Mrs. Newton wondered where "the drawer" was. She did n't think that there was such a thing in the house; but there *was* one in something that was meant for a table, but looked more like an overgrown stool. She watched Sally's search for it, and presently saw what had been called "the comb," which consisted of about two inches of an old side-comb, and half the teeth gone at that. And was that thing to make an attack upon a head of such threatening looking hair as Sally's?

Mrs. Newton could n't see the issue, for just then she heard a little voice from the corner say,

"Mother, my head is *so* bad."

"Is it, Jemmy? Well, come to mother, and she 'll put some vinegar on it for you."

A little child rose up from a pile of rags, but laid down directly, saying, "I can't come to you, the house turns round so."

Mrs. Newton went up to the little fellow and found him in quite a fever,

"Has he been sick long?" she asked.

"No, ma'am; he was playing around this morning, seemingly well enough."

"Well, I 'll go home and get some medicine, and something nice for him to drink."

"I 'm sure you 're very kind, ma'am—" the poor woman was beginning to say, but Mrs. Newton did not wait to hear any more. She hurried home, and, after giving directions to have some barley-water made, and getting some medicine for Jemmy, she went into the parlor. Her children were all there, and, after telling them where she had been, how poor they were, washing out of a broken pitcher, etc., she said, "Now, what shall we take to them?" Emma suggested some bread and butter, Henry thought some crackers, "And I think," said Fanny, "you had better take them a brush and comb, and a wash-rag."

"Oh! yes," exclaimed Emma; "and, mother, let me get them a nice piece of Windsor soap; you 've got some in your drawer."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Newton, "run then and get it.

And now, Henry, ring the bell for Daniel to bring the basket, and go with me to the grocer's."

"Oh! mother," interrupted Henry, "let me go with you. I'll carry the basket."

"Very well, dear, just as you like; come along, then."

And away they went to the grocer's, and Henry seemed delighted to pile in the parcels of tea and sugar, butter, eggs, crackers, and cheese. They did n't forget the barley-water, which Jemmy seemed to relish very much. It was pretty dark when Mrs. Newton got there with the basket, and Jemmy wanted his mother to light a candle.

"Pretty soon, Jemmy; have patience, dear."

But poor Jemmy was sick, and he *could n't* have patience; so after teasing her a good while, she said, "Jemmy, my child, there is n't a bit of candle in the house."

Mrs. Newton whispered something to Henry, and slipped some money into his hand.

He went out, and soon returned with a pound of candles and some matches, which he handed to Mrs. Brown. She took one candle out, and, handing the rest back, said, "This is all we shall want; you 'd better take the rest home with you."

Mrs. Newton asked herself why *she* should have gas, hot and cold water, furnace, and all the luxuries and comforts that could be crammed into a modern house-to-let advertisement, while Mrs. Brown had tallow candles, a broken pitcher, yellow soap, a few cinders, and a broken side-comb; and Mrs. Newton received no satisfactory answer!

"How have you got along all the winter for firing?" she asked.

"Oh! very comfortably," replied Mrs. Brown, with a cheerful smile. "Johnny and I have got quite a good deal of cinders out of the barrels of ashes, 'most enough to have a good fire all the time."

"Do you ever send your children to Sunday School?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Brown, hesitatingly, "a lady came in here about six months ago, and brought some tracts, and wanted me to send them to Sunday School, but I did n't like to send

them without shoes, and they have n't one of 'em had a shoe I don't know when."

"Well, Mrs. Brown, you must give Jemmy that medicine to-night, and let him drink as much barley-water as he can, and I hope he will be better in the morning; but I shall look in again."

"I 'm sure I don't know how to thank you, ma'am."

"Oh! it is n't worth while to try," said Mrs. Newton, as with a "good night" she left the house.

Henry was very quiet as he walked up the hill. Mrs. Newton, thinking his meditations must be beneficial, did not disturb him for some time, but after a while said, "Henry, when you feel inclined to grumble and complain at trifles, won't you think of that scene we have just left?"

"Oh! mother, to think they have n't had shoes on for six months!" and so many having to sleep in that one bed! And did you see that little thing in the basket under the table? She kissed her mother good-night while you were talking, and then crawled into the basket."

"Yes, dear, I saw it all. We ought to be very thankful for the many comforts we enjoy."

"Why, mother! I did n't know I had half so many comforts, until I saw how miserable every thing was there. May I look up all my old shoes and things for them?"

"Yes, I wish you would; and you know where I keep the things to give away—go with your sisters, and pick out a nice little assortment of things for them; but don't be too extravagant; we must not give every thing to one family."

Henry was delighted with his commission, and early on Monday morning he and Fanny took their basket of shoes, etc., down to Mrs. Brown's. Little Jemmy was up and playing about; the baby was on the floor, munching a cracker. Mrs. Brown was—at the *wash-tub*, I was going to say; well, it answered the purpose of a wash-tub at any rate. Johnny and Maggie had gone out on their daily cold victual expedition, and Sally was washing up the breakfast things (one cracked mug, one cup without a handle, and a broken bowl) in the same pitcher that had done service on Saturday night.

Well, the contents of the basket were turned out. There were a jacket for Johnny, and some shoes and socks, a gray linen sack and leather belt for Jemmy, a frock for Sally, another for Maggie, and I don't know how many things for the baby.

"Mrs. Brown," said Fanny, "I wish you would let me wash and dress the baby. Would she cry?"

"Oh! no, she likes to be washed; but then it's too much trouble for you."

"No, indeed, it is n't!" exclaimed Fanny. "I should like to do it so much, if she would n't be afraid of me."

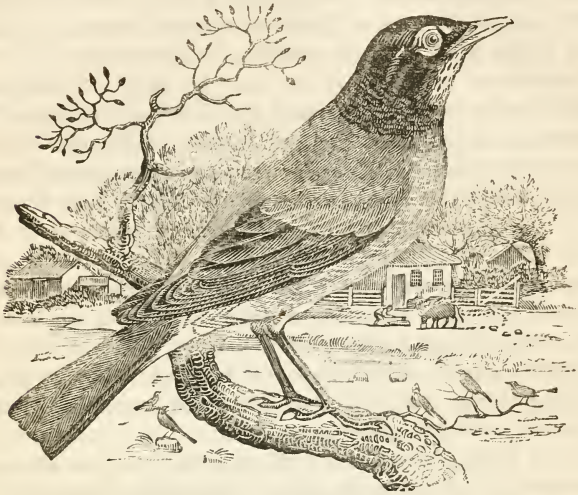
So Sally brought her the pitcher, and the new wash-rag and sweet soap. Fanny picked up the baby, and watched anxiously for the expected cry; but it did n't come, and she proceeded to wash it; and when she had succeeded in getting its little face from behind the free soil of its country, it was as pretty a baby as you would see in a long summer's day.

But what was Henry doing all this time? He surely did n't wait to see the baby's little dirty face washed! Yes, but he did, though, and handed Fanny the clean dress and apron, and brushed its hair himself; and when the process was completed, he held out his arms for little Mary to come to him, and she did come, and kissed him, as though she knew he had been kind to her; and then when Fanny took her again, she put her arms round Fanny's neck, and "loved her *tight*."

Mrs. Brown thanked them, but Fanny said, "I 'm sure you need not thank me. I have n't done any thing for a month that gave me so much pleasure." AUNT SUE.

THE SLEEPY ODE.

A POET asked a gentleman what he thought of his last production, "An Ode to Sleep." The latter replied, "You have done so much justice to the subject, that it is impossible to read it without feeling its whole weight."



THE WEDDING OF THE ROBINS.

IS there any such thing as the wedding of the robins? Certainly there is, my dear reader, and such a thing as their wooing, too. You may trust me with respect to those facts, though as to some other stories about robin life I may be somewhat dubious. I am very well acquainted with this family of birds. I have known them and loved them ever since I was old enough to distinguish a robin from a wren. In fact, when you press me to the point, I am obliged to confess that I dearly love the whole race of birds. There is room enough in my heart for them all. It fell to my lot, not long since, to be asked whether I was fond of birds. Now, although I am not particularly ill-natured, and though my querist was a fair lady with many charms, it was as much as I could do to avoid throwing a thimble-full of anger into my answer. It seemed to me that the lady might with just the same propriety ask, "Are you a gentleman of taste, sir? Has the perception of the beautiful in your soul been well

developed? or are you made up of pure intellect, without any heart? In other words, have you got a sort of mental *rickets?*"

But I am strolling away from the matter I began to discuss, which is the loves and the weddings of the robins. You are well acquainted with the robin, are you not? I don't mean "Robin Redbreast," one of whose ancestors covered himself with immortality, at the same time that he covered the poor babes in the wood with leaves. Among all the immigrants from England, I am not aware that any member of this family ever found his way to this Western world. In the question I ask you, I allude to the robin which visits our Northern orchards in the month of May, and sings very sweetly and tenderly, though not, perhaps, so scientifically and artistically as some others. I am sure you must be on intimate terms with this bird. He it is who, when his patient mate sits long hours upon her nest, is himself perched on a bough above her, and sings his merriest songs the whole day, to cheer her and gladden her heart.

Well, I think I have made a bit of a discovery in relation to this favorite of our northern clime. I *think* I have made it. You see I don't set it down as mathematically and indubitably certain. When I was much younger and a great deal greener, I used sometimes to make great scientific discoveries, which afterward, and frequently pretty soon afterward, proved to be of far less value than those of Columbus and Galileo. Once, I remember, while rambling through one of the forests in the central part of New Jersey, I found a plant, of a species of which I was sure I had never seen before. Taking it, as a matter of course, to be a member of the *Eupatorium* family, I looked over the descriptions of the species of that genus in my manual, and soon made up my mind that it was a new species. So, elate with my discovery, and thinking that very likely the species would be called by my name, I secured a fine specimen of it, and took it to Professor Gray, one of the first botanists in the country. "I've discovered a new species," I said, "a new species of the *Eupatorium.*" The Professor coolly took the specimen from my hand, and as coolly remarked, "That's not a *Eupatorium*, sir; that's a *Vernonia.*" Several such falls as the one I had at this time, have

made me shy of new discoveries. So I speak with some little self-distrust as to my observations of the robin in these parts. I feel inclined to append to my statement, the clause used by witnesses in courts of justice—"according to the best of my knowledge and belief."

You know that, when the robins appear in the latitude of New York and New England, they come in pairs. Now the discovery that, according to the best of my knowledge and belief, I made about them, while in Georgia, during the month of March, is this: that, at this season of the year, they do their courting, and get married. You know they do not generally appear as far North as the State of New York until some time in April. But you will see them in Georgia as early as February. When I first saw these birds in this Southern latitude, they were in flocks, numbering some twenty or thirty. They were then extravagantly fond of the berries of the tree, as beautiful as it is abundant in Georgia, called the Pride of India, or China-tree. It gives me a little pain to admit, that their habits, at this period, were not altogether above reproach; for, although the berries of this tree are intoxicating, the birds continued to eat them until they became as foolish as any drunkard without feathers. However, it ought to be said in their defense, I think, that this kind of food is very abundant, and that, no matter where the poor robins go, the temptation is still before their eyes, and that it must require a vast amount of virtuous principle to protect them from indulging their appetites. There are a great many men in the world who would have no disposition to drink intoxicating liquor, were it not for the display, before their eyes, of the decanters filled with the many-colored spirits of evil.

The dissipation into which these nomadic robins were enticed, did not last long. In a week or two they thoroughly reformed, and became as temperate and exemplary as any one would wish to see. Soon after this frolic, the wooing season commenced. It went on briskly for some ten days, I should think, at the expiration of which the whole company seemed to be happily mated. The dear creatures then entered upon the full enjoyment of the honey-moon. Bachelor as I am—I confess it with an involuntary

tinge of shame on my brow—how I envied them. Such devotion on the part of both the husband and the wife! To see the nameless attention of the one, and the ecstatic satisfaction of the other, was enough to make a poor fellow sigh all day for a wife, and dream about one all night. I could not, for my life, help thinking of Hood's lines on the honey-moon. They kept jingling in my brain for weeks afterward, and here they come now:

"The moon is a bright and a constant sphere,
That makes earth's commonest things appear
All poetic, romantic, and tender;
Hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump,
And investing a common post, or a pump,
A currant-bush, or a gooseberry-clump,
With a halo of dream-like splendor.

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,
And the meanest thing most precious and dear,
When the magic of love is present:
Love, that lends a sweetness and grace
To the humblest spot, and the plainest face;
That turns Wilderness Row to Paradise Place,
And Garlic Hill to Mount Pleasant!

Love, that sweetens sugarless tea,
And makes contentment and joy agree
With the coarsest boarding and bedding:
Love, that no golden ties can attach,
But nestles under the humblest thatch,
And will fly away at an emperor's match,
To dance at a penny wedding.

O happy, happy, thrice happy state,
When such a bright planet governs the fate
Of a pair of united lovers;
'Tis theirs, in spite of the serpent's hiss,
To enjoy the pure, primeval kiss,
With as much of the old, original bliss
As mortality ever recovers."

ANECDOTES OF THE FOX.

THE fox is of all animals the most cunning. In the nobler quality of sagacity, he is perhaps inferior to his relative, the dog, or to the elephant; but both of these must yield the palm to him in that peculiar trait which we call cunning. This is not always a bad quality, for it is frequently employed to defeat evil intentions, and oftener still for mere amusement; but it is seldom that cunning may be ranked with the virtues. We say of a man who resorts to all manner of tricks to secure his objects, that he is wily, or that he is "as cunning as a fox."

The fox is found in nearly every part of the globe, and wears coats of different colors in different localities. Sometimes he appears in a suit of glossy black; again he is found in a red coat, a yellow jacket, or a gray mantle; while in far northern regions, he dons a robe of white, as if he were the most innocent creature in the world.

He is not easily tamed, and hence there are not half so many entertaining stories told about him as there are about more domestic animals. He love his freedom too well, and is too fond of committing depredations among the poultry, to be content to be petted in the house. Nor would he be a very agreeable companion, although it must be allowed that he is not an ill-looking fellow with his soft gray or reddish coat, his bright eye, and his bushy tail.

He is very rapacious, constantly seeking what he may devour,

and seldom disdaining any thing in the shape of fish, flesh, or fowl, which he can lay his paws on. He is fond of rabbits—epicure that he is!—and displays his cunning in the manner in which he takes them prisoners. Instead of entering the hole which leads to their burrowing-place, he saves himself the trouble of digging his way along, by scenting the track of the rabbit above the ground till he reaches the spot where it hides, when he digs down, and falls upon his victim suddenly.

The fox is very fond of grapes, and in the fables of Æsop there is a familiar story of one who came one day to a vine hanging full of delicious-looking fruit. The fox made great exertions to reach them, but finding it impossible, he consoled himself by saying that they were miserable, sour things, and not worth having. It has become, from this fable, quite a proverb, when a thing is beyond our reach, to say "the grapes are sour."

There is another story, of equal truth, told of this animal. One day a fox, who was distinguished among his fellows by the size of his "brush" (a name given by hunters to his bushy tail), was so unfortunate as to fall into a trap, from which he contrived to escape, with a sad loss, however, the loss of his tail! The cunning rascal, while he was deploring his misfortune, conceived of a plan to make it tnrn out to his credit. He was an influential fox, and he resolved to try what eloquence could do among his fellows. So, after some days of concealment, he made his appearance among his tribe, and reported that he had been abroad, where, he said, the fashion was to wear no tails; and he earnestly counseled his brethren to adopt the fashion, as he had already done! But the cunning of one was not a match for the cunning of many, who loudly protested that they did not approve the fashion, and did not believe that their brother would do so, if he had not first lost his tail in a trap!

A naturalist relates that a fox lost one of his fore-feet in a trap, and made his escape. Some two years afterward, he was unearthed by some dogs, but instead of running, as is usual with the hunted fox, he waited until each dog came up to him, and then jumped suddenly over him. When he was taken, after repeat-

ing this ruse several times, it was discovered that he had but three feet, and could not run well.

The same writer tells an anecdote of another fox who wanted very much to secure a hare for his breakfast. He says that he saw him stealing along the edge of a plantation, and looking very cautiously over the low wall at some hares which were feeding there. He was too cunning to give them chase, for he knew that they would escape him in flight; so he resolved to try stratagem. He stretched himself out at full length, close to a gap in the wall, which one or more of the hares might pass on leaving the field. His anxiety for a meal prompted him now and then to rise up and peep over the fence; but most of the time he laid motionless, not even stirring when two or three hares left the field at another gap not many feet removed. At length two approached his place of ambush, and the fox crouched lower, and his ears quivered. As they passed the gap, he sprung up like a flash of lightning, and, seizing one of them, killed it immediately. He was making off boldly with his breakfast, when a rifle-ball suddenly put a stop to his course.

In a fox-chase which took place in Ireland, Reynard was hard pushed, and made for a high wall, over which he sprang, and crouched beneath it; and, while the hounds which took the leap after him dashed forward in full cry, he quietly leaped back again, and made his escape!

In another Irish chase, the fox was so hotly pursued that he sprang to the roof of a cabin, and, mounting the stone chimney, looked calmly down upon the hounds. One of these, however, made after him so resolutely, that Reynard had to plunge down the chimney to escape his clutches. He descended into the lap of an old woman, who thought the visitant came from quite an ill-famed quarter, and, shrieking with affright, rushed into one corner of the hut, while the fox retreated to another. When the hunters came up and entered the cabin, they found the fox grinning at the woman, and they took him alive.

THE WIDOW'S GIFT.

"TAKE it, my child, and with it goes my blessing;"
Thus said a mother to her only son.
"There 's naught on earth so truly worth possessing
As is the Word of God, my cherished one;
Look thou within it, day by day,
By its commands direct thy way.

"When thou art tossing on the mighty ocean,
Think of thy mother's parting words, my child;
Forget not God, but in unfeigned devotion,
Beg him to keep thee ever undefiled.
Thou art thy mother's treasure, boy,
See thou dost not her hopes destroy."

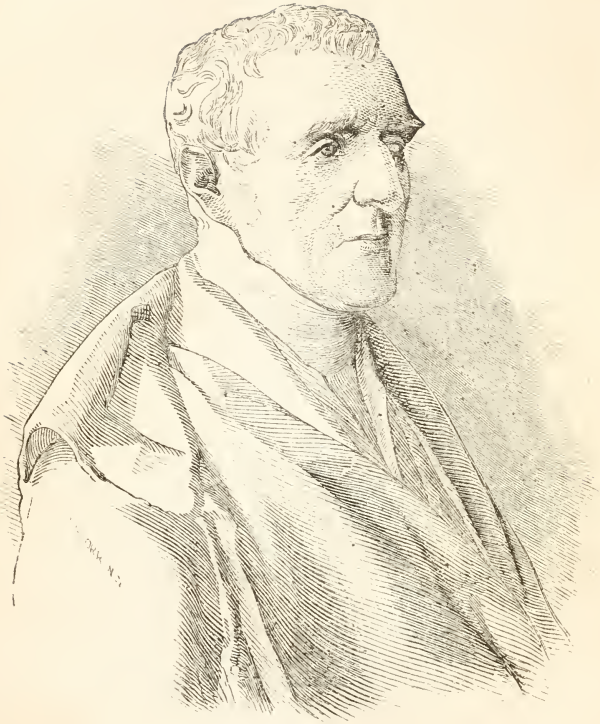
They stood together one calm summer even,
That widowed mother and her fair-haired son,
Beneath the blue and cloudless arch of heaven,
When all that she could do for him was done.
The parting hour was soon to come
When he must leave his childhood's home.

He bowed his head, and wept in bitter sorrow,
And that pale mother's tears fell thick and fast,
While sick at heart they thought upon the morrow,
And wished, but vainly wished, that it were past.
His voice was hoarse with agony
As he attempted to reply:

"May God so aid me in the hour of danger,
As I remember all thy words to me,
And when, in distant lands a lonely stranger,
I see thy gift, then I will think of thee.
That gift, O mother, truest friend,
Shall guide me to my journey's end."

They parted—'twas a bitter thing to sever.
She feared she never more his face might see,
Or hear that voice, whose tones to her were ever
Sweeter than nature's sweetest melody.
But cloudless faith to her was given—
She knew that they would meet in heaven.

HELEN BRUCE.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, Duke of Wellington, was, in his way, and in his sphere of action, a great man. He was appropriately called the "Iron Duke." He possessed an iron constitution, and an iron will. He was brave, cool, energetic, persevering, scrupulously conscientious, stern, utterly intolerant of all disorder, insubordination, and want of deference to authority, rank, and precedent. He put *duty*, for himself and for all others, before every thing else. He was eminently conservative, clinging always to old systems as long as they could be maintained, but quietly accepting the new, when they became inevitable. He was a man to be respected—by some admired, rather than loved.

The history of his life, up to 1818, is but the history of campaigns, of marches, of battles. The fields of India, of Spain, of Portugal, and finally, to crown all, that of Waterloo, witnessed his victories. Those who like to dwell upon the details of these achievements will find them on the pages of history. It is not our purpose to give them here.

On that part of the Duke's career which belongs to civil history, we might dwell with some interest, but the materials for such a work are not at hand. We must dismiss the subject with a brief compend of his acts as a statesman.

In December, 1818, he entered Lord Liverpool's cabinet as Master-General of the Ordnance. In 1826, he went to St. Petersburg on a special embassy. In 1827, he was appointed, with Sir Robert Peel and other leading members of Parliament, one of the Commissioners of Indian Affairs. The Duke of York dying on January 5th, the Duke of Wellington was appointed, on the 24th, his successor as Commander-in-Chief, and Colonel of the First Grenadier Guards. On March 10th, he was installed in the office of High-Constable of the Tower, and, at the same

time, *custos rotulorum* of the Tower Hamlets. Lord Liverpool having died on February 17th, the king nominated Mr. Canning as his successor. Upon this, the Duke of Wellington (and six others of the principal members of the old cabinet) retired, resigning also the command of the army. Mr. Canning died in August, and was succeeded by Lord Goderich, and the Duke accepted once more the command of the army, but without a seat in the cabinet. Lord Goderich soon resigned office, and the Duke of Wellington was instructed to frame a cabinet, at the same time resigning his command of the army. In 1828, he carried the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and in 1829 the Catholic Emancipation Bill, though he had at first opposed this measure, in accordance with his conservative principles. On the breaking out of the French Revolution came a demand for reform in England; this he refused, the ministry were defeated, and he resigned the premiership in October, 1830. The passage of the Reform Bill, in 1832, terminated his active political life, although he held for a short time the post of Secretary of Foreign Affairs in Sir Robert Peel's cabinet in 1834, and again in 1841 was in the cabinet without office, and supported him in the repeal of the Corn-laws. In 1842, he was once more appointed to the command of the army, which post he held at the time of his decease.

He was born in the county of Meath, Ireland, May 1st, 1769, and died suddenly, after a succession of fits, on the 14th of September, 1852, at the age of eighty-three years.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

Lessing, the celebrated German poet, was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. Having missed money at different times, without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to the test, and left a handful of gold upon the table. "Of course you counted it," said one of his friends. "Counted it!" said Lessing, rather embarrassed. "No, I forgot that."

COUNTRY AIR AND CITY AIRS.

THERE is a vast difference between *air* and *airs*. Let me, my dear children, chat with you three minutes about both. I live in the country, where we have plenty of pure air. Well, a great many men and women, and I am sorry to say some children, come out from the city every summer, to enjoy this air, and put on city airs, which make them disagreeable. Now, let me ask you, if you come from the city, and are enjoying the country air, how you treat the country boys and girls among whom you are staying? I hope with true politeness—I hope you have done to them just as you would "be done by." I am sure you would have felt badly to see little Henry the morning after the boarders arrived in the house opposite ours. He came home with his face flushed with excitement, and his large, handsome eyes filled with tears, all because "the little girl from New York 'turned up her nose' at him, when he invited her to come and swing at our house."

Little Lucy, the pet and darling, whose gentleness makes her mistress of all our hearts, met with no better success. She put

on her new dress and clean white sun-bonnet, and watched till she saw the little stranger standing on the piazza, and then went over and asked her to "come and eat some cherries." After a moment we saw her coming back, looking deeply mortified. She said nothing, but ran to her mother, and had a good crying spell on her lap. The next morning, as she sat on my knee, I asked her to take a walk with me. She looked up in my face, with a deep blush, and holding out her little feet, revealing a pretty pair of white ankles, replied, "I shan't go out again without stockings while that little girl stays; for she says beggars in New York look so." Now this little stranger was heartily ashamed of herself before the summer ended; for she found she had slighted a little lady and gentleman who were well worthy of her acquaintance. She is not the only one who has scorned the country child because of a freckled, sunburnt face, unfashionable clothes, and awkward manner. If any of my young friends have been guilty of such feelings, I should like to ask them a question. What is the difference between you and your country playmates? You dress more richly, walk with more grace, and perhaps know more about the fashions. This is well enough; but do not the country children possess an advantage over you? When you go for berries, who plunges into the most prickly places, which would tear your clothes in tatters, and come out unharmed? Whose muscular arm and ready hand erects the mimic hut or builds the dam? and, whenever strength and endurance is required, who do you call upon? When you "go nutting," who climbs the trees, and shakes the limbs, or, taking off his jacket, pelts the tree with clubs, until the nuts shower down like hail? Who offers to carry the basket, as you drudge wearily home? and runs to get stones, and planks, to make a little causeway for your passage over the muddy places? Your silent blush is a sufficient reply.

Well, my dear, you are young, and have much to learn. Remember, when you are inclined to feel contempt for the bashful, plainly-dressed country child, that he may excel you in all that makes a *man* capable of fighting the battle of life; and that if you were cast away on a desert island, like Robinson Crusoe, his

strong arm and active head would keep him comfortable, while your handsome clothes and graceful manners would be of little worth.

The country boys, too, have very sensible minds. Their school-bills are small compared with yours, but they are not ignorant in proportion. Many of them make the most of their time, and can outcipher some of their little city friends who are a head taller than they. They often have what the dressmaker and tailor cannot furnish—sound minds in sound bodies, and generous hearts. If they lack a graceful way of showing it, set them a good example.

That little country boy you would not play with because he had bare feet, may yet be President of the United States. His noble forehead and clear eye promise well. Pardon me if I have spoken too plainly: mine are only "love-taps." We are rojoiced to see you in the country, and will always offer you our best pies and cake. In proof of my love, when you come here, I will take Dobbin from before the plough and give you an airing. Only show us fair play.

M. E. W.

A SIGHT OF A GREAT MAN.

GOETHE, like many other celebrated men, was somewhat annoyed by the visits of strangers. A student once called at his house and requested to see him. Goethe, contrary to his usual custom, consented to be seen; and, after the student had waited a short time in the ante-chamber, he appeared, and without speaking, took a chair, and seated himself in the middle of the room. The student, far from being embarrassed by this unexpected proceeding, took a lighted wax candle in his hand, and walking round the poet, deliberately viewed him on all sides; then, setting down the candle, he drew out his purse, and taking from it a small piece of silver, put it on the table, and went away without speaking a word.

THE HOLE IN THE FENCE.

"I DECLARE, those sheep are in the meadow again—a plague on them! Run, John, drive them out, and stop all the holes in the fence." So said Mr. Westervelt to his son, as they were ploughing in the ten-acre lot. There was a dash of impatience in his language, you observe. That was not at all strange, perhaps, considering the circumstances. Neighbor Stanton's sheep had been to him a great—I came near saying—an intolerable pest. In consequence of having rather poor picking at home, they had intruded into his meadow several times before, and done a deal of mischief. He had fretted about the matter, too, more than a little. I am not certain whether he could have helped that, altogether, or not. I suspect he did not try very hard to do so. I must be allowed to express my opinion, too, that all his fretting and scolding amounted to just nothing at all. If, friend, you have ever been foolish enough to try it, you know pretty near what it is apt to amount to. In the case before us, you see it neither stopped any holes in the fence, nor kept Mr. Stanton's sheep out of Mr. Westervelt's meadow. Nor, it seems, had all else that had been done in regard to the matter proved effectual. There were the whole flock again, a hundred of them or more, tangling up and trampling down Mr. Westervelt's nice grass. Away went John as fast as his feet could carry him, and. after a good deal of run

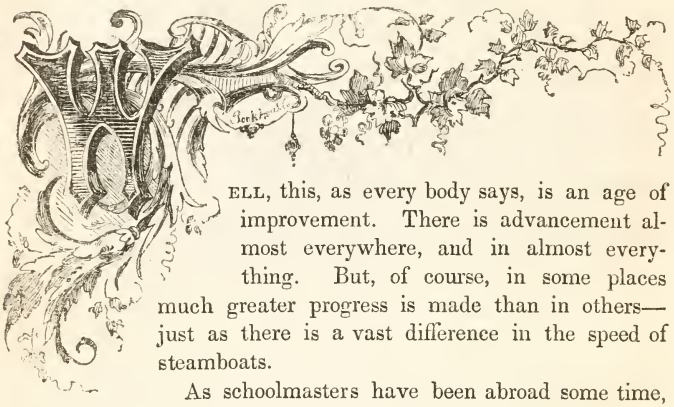
ning and shouting, he finally succeeded in driving out the intruders. His next business was to do what he could to keep them out. He found some openings in the fence which had been before overlooked, and repaired them as well, probably, as any boy of his size would have done. He had got to the last gap, near the end of the fence, when along came a couple of fishermen, with their hooks and lines, on a piscatory expedition to the neighboring creek. Now, John was very fond of fishing himself, and a sight of the implements of that business aroused in him a strong desire to start right off with them. But how could he leave, just then? Oh! thought he, I have stopped all the other holes in the best manner; here is but one left; it is not a very large one either, and I am pretty sure the sheep won't find it at all. Accordingly, under the delusion of this sort of reasoning, he hastily pitched a broken rail or two into the opening, and started on a run for the water. What a foolish fellow! He would have shown more wisdom had he reasoned with himself,—What good will come of all that I have done, if I don't take time to do a little more? For, the very next day, the sheep discovered the neglected place, and intruded as before into Mr. Westervelt's meadow. They had not, in reality, been shut out at all.

Don't you see, friend, the point of this little tale? Why, what is gained, though you stop ever so many holes in the fence, if you leave one open? Would you hope to deliver yourself from a bad habit, or to secure yourself against an evil of any kind, by closing up every way or temptation to it except one? You would not be so foolish as that, would you? THE OLD MAJOR.

MAKING ONE'S BREAD.

A GENTLEMAN having occasion to call for Mr. Joseph Gullan, found him at home in his writing chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said it was "as hot as an oven." "So it ought to be," replied Mr. G., "for it is here *I make my bread.*

IMPROVED READINGS.



WELL, this, as every body says, is an age of improvement. There is advancement almost everywhere, and in almost everything. But, of course, in some places much greater progress is made than in others—just as there is a vast difference in the speed of steamboats.

As schoolmasters have been abroad some time, the cause of popular education, along with other good causes, has received a powerful impulse. How far it has been urged onward, may be best ascertained, perhaps, by personal observations among the schools.

I took a fancy, not long ago, to let myself as a teacher, in a part of Pennsylvania where German and English are equally vernacular. I had a little previous knowledge of the state of education in these localities, and I soon got new light on the subject. I found in my desk a superior pair of leather spectacles, which had been used by my worthy predecessor. What useful articles in school! How clear they make the vision, how bright the dark places in science become! Why, put leather spectacles on a dull boy, and he will get his lesson in half the time, and a great deal better too. I have seen the thing tried. I know something about it, indeed, from my own experience when a boy.

On finding that my scholars had received the benefit of such a useful contrivance, I concluded at once that they had made good progress in their studies. Nor did I make a mistake at all. I found, it is true, that several of them had not learned, even with the aid of the leather spectacles, to distinguish between *b* and *d*,

and *p* and *q*. In spelling, too, they had not been used to pronounce a single syllable till they got to the end of a word; and then, to save time, they pronounced the syllables all at once. Yet they were remarkable scholars, for all that. I have never seen their match as readers. They would go ahead with the greatest speed, putting in a little word here, and leaving out one there, and sometimes cutting off the end of words that were too long to be convenient. The pauses gave them no trouble at all. They went on right over them, as long as their wind held out; just as a carriage in full motion dashes over every block and stone that may chance to lie in its course.

One remarkable fact was, the expeditious manner in which they would turn one word into another, so as to give a passage a new and striking sense. You would like to see, perhaps, some of these ingenious improvements. I will make a selection from my memorandum.

"Eat, drink, and be merry." This was amended by a scholar so as to read, "Eat, drink, and be *merciful*." One read, "Peter, *Jerusalem*, and John," for "Peter, James, and John." Another said, "In the world ye shall have *trouble-ation*." The question, "How big was Alexander, Pa?" became with another, "How big was *Alexander's paw?*" "A horse having groaned," was made out of, "A hoarse, heavy groan." "Why does the bubble break," was read, "Why does the *bumble-bee*." I have been apt to admit, with the rest of the world, that "words make *sentences;*" but a genius of mine brought a new meaning out of this. He declared, "Words make *sums*." Sometimes words make sums, said I. He then read, "Words make *ten cents*." He was too deep for me.

I will string together a few more specimens of the same sort. The words in italic are the improved readings, those inclosed in parenthesis are the original words of the text: "There was a *window* (widow) in that city." "David saith in the book of *Possum* (Psalms)." "Such a wreath is more precious than a monarch's *corn* (crown)." "Killed the fatted *calif* (calf)." "When they had kindled a fire in the *hill* (hall)." "Ornamented

with *smells*, (shells,) beads, and feathers." "Canst thou bore his jaw through with a *horn* (thorn)?" "Along the *shirt* (skirt) of a wood." "The grand *feathers* (features) of nature remained." "They *scorched* (scourged) him." "Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write *fast* (fifty)." "The leaves are of a *bull* (dull) green color."

My scholars, you perceive, have a keen eye to the sense of what they read. I will illustrate this a little further. The word *cataract* occurred in a sentence a boy was reading. What is a cataract? I inquired. "*A man's tracks*," was the sensible answer. On another occasion, I asked one of the most intelligent boys in his class, What is a guinea?" "It is *a chicken*," said he. You wonder, perhaps, what the fellow was thinking about. Why, about a *guinea-hen*, to be sure.

O ye girls and boys! why are you so heedless? How much unnecessary trouble and labor you cause your teacher. Why, open your eyes, and take a fair view of every word you read; and, if necessary, study them beforehand. Get a good pair of leather spectacles, if that would be of any use to you. Pray, what do you go to school for? Is it to spend the time in idleness—in leaning on your elbows, throwing chips at each other, and cutting up all manner of tricks behind the teacher's back? Is it to see how near you can wear out your teacher's patience? Is it not rather that you may learn to "read, write, and cipher"—to cultivate your minds and store them with knowledge, so that you may fill some useful and honorable place in future life?

J. P. McCORD.

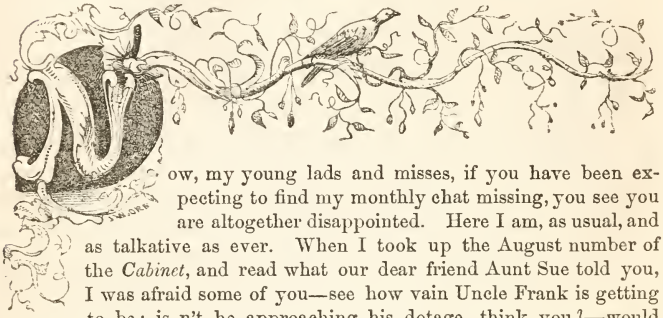
STANZAS FROM THE GERMAN.

My heart, I bid thee answer—
  How are Love's marvels wrought?
"Two hearts to one pulse beating,
  Two spirits to one thought."
And tell me how love cometh?
  "It comes—unsought—unsent!"
And tell me how love goeth?
  "That was not *love* that *went!*"

THE MACHINERY OF THE HEART.

MAN, the knowing ones tell us, has two hearts, and each of these is double; so that he may be said to have four hearts. Two of these are for bright, red blood, and two are for purple or dark blood. It is usual in books to call red blood *arterial*, and the purple blood *venous*. But each of these two double hearts has its own set of arteries and veins; and the arteries of the one are always filled with red, and the arteries of the other with purple blood. The veins, in like manner, of each are in inverse order—the veins of the red heart being purple, and the veins of the purple heart being red; for if the blood goes out red it comes back purple, and if it goes out purple it comes back red. It always goes out red from the heart on the left side, and comes in purple to the heart on the right side; and it always goes out purple from the heart on the right side, and comes in red to the heart on the left side. And thus it makes its everlasting round, being converted from purple to red by passing through the lungs. It is a wonderful piece of mechanism; a steam-engine is a clumsy affair compared to it. Each heart has its going and returning series of vessels, infinitely numerous and ramified; and the blood is forced through them in such a way that it must go forward, and cannot return, except by going round the circle. These vessels are all supplied with valves that open only one way and shut the other; and, therefore, were the blood to make an effort to return, the valves would close immediately and stop it. The elastic nature of the blood-vessels, also, is such that they squeeze the blood in undulations or pulsations along, closing upon it, and then opening to let more forward; and all this they do spontaneously and regularly, the will of man having nothing to do with it, and no power over the movement.

Uncle Frank's Monthly Table Talk.



Now, my young lads and misses, if you have been expecting to find my monthly chat missing, you see you are altogether disappointed. Here I am, as usual, and as talkative as ever. When I took up the August number of the *Cabinet*, and read what our dear friend Aunt Sue told you, I was afraid some of you—see how vain Uncle Frank is getting to be; is n't he approaching his dotage, think you?—would fancy me a more confirmed invalid than I really was. I guess I must have given that "imploring letter," which Aunt Sue alludes to, a bluer tinge than I intended to give it; for I did not mean to represent that I was decidedly laid on one of the *Cabinet* shelves, a sort of dried specimen of editorial humanity. According to the best of my recollection, I only intended to convey the information that my physician had recommended a cessation, to some extent—not entirely, even temporarily—of my editorial duties, and hence my urgent plea. My health now is better than when that blue note was written, and I indulge the hope that, with proper caution, and strict obedience to the directions of Dr. Sanborn, under whose care I have placed myself, I shall be able, during the summer, to perform my usual amount of labor in *Cabinet*-making, *minus* the bureau which I must try and coax our good-natured aunt to sustain.

THREE WEEKS IN SAYBROOK.

At the mouth of the Connecticut river, nestled down in the angle made by the river and Long Island Sound, is one of the oldest towns in New England, called Saybrook, from Lords Say and Brook, to whom the original English charter was given. In this beautiful place I have just made a visit of some three weeks. Here I was kindly and cordially entertained by some warm friends of mine, who have placed me under great obligations. I would tell their names, if I dared, so that you, as well as I, might thank them for their politeness and hospitality. But I am afraid they would not consider such a liberty as coming within the license even of a somewhat lawless editor. While in Saybrook, I performed a great deal more play than work, to the no small advantage of

my health. There are many attractions in this old town. Few places between New York and New London are more favorably situated either as respects scenery or the more substantial advantages to the visitor in search of health. There are two routes by which Saybrook is reached. One is by the railroad, which, of course, is available at all seasons of the year, and the other by steamers, which only run while the river is free from ice. I would advise every one who chooses to visit this place during the summer, to take the boats by all means. There are two of them, forming a daily line between New York and Hartford. One of them—the "City of Hartford"—is one of the finest boats on the Sound. She is comparatively new, and is fitted up in the most convenient and comfortable style imaginable. It is very rare, in my experience with steamers in the country, that I find a more capable and accommodating commander and clerk than these officers are in the "City of Hartford." Returning from Saybrook to the city, the state-rooms having been all previously engaged, the clerk of this boat politely placed his own room at my disposal, and insisted on my occupying it.

At some future time—not now, for we are in the midst of the dog days at present, and the weather is unfavorable either for telling or listening to long stories—I may give a more extended sketch of Saybrook.

MORE ABOUT THE PREMIUM SENTENCES.

I did not hope to please every body, when I announced the award of premiums in the July number of the *Cabinet;* and if I had cherished such a hope, I should have been sadly disappointed, as appears from the following letter written by a boy who lives in North Carolina:

MR. WOODWORTH,—The prizes have at length been awarded, and I must say that I feel much disappointed in not having received one, although I had been frequently told that no *Southern boy* would take one. If the sentences had been submitted to a jury of many intelligent gentlemen whom I know, I should certainly have taken the first prize; for they say that mine is equally as sensible and as tastefully expressed as those that took the prizes, besides having the advantage in *brevity*, which was the first requirement. It is true I said nothing about a *poor black man;* for I know none such. The blacks that I know (who are not a few) are the happiest people among us. I like your magazine very, *very* much, but I like *justice* more. With the request that my magazine may be discontinued at the end of the present year, I close.

Lincolnton, N. C. Yours, very respectfully, GEORGE MOTZ.

Will some kind soul be good enough to hold this little fellow? I am afraid he will break something, if he is allowed to run loose; and besides, I want to have a cosy talk with him. George, your letter reminds me of an anecdote about a certain fidgety little Bantam hen. Did you ever hear the story? Well, I'll tell it to you, if you'll listen, though I despair of

giving it the raciness imparted to it by Mr. Goff, from whose lips I received it. Once on a time, there was a little white Bantam biddy, who laid a nest full of eggs. Very white and very pretty eggs they were, too. It was no wonder that our little biddy was slightly proud of them. After some deliberation—not much; she was rather an impulsive body—she determined to commence the sitting process. She did commence. Her eggs were so numerous, that she could not cover half of them at once. So she would sit awhile on a part of the eggs, and then change her position, and sit on the rest of them. In this way she was going on, spreading out her wings to their utmost capacity, and shifting about in her nest twenty times a day, when an old hen, of some maternal experience, seeing what was going on, kindly volunteered a hint: "You are a very pretty little biddy," said she, "a very exemplary biddy, a tolerably wise biddy, in the main, no doubt; but it strikes me that you have a large job on hand." Now George, pardon me, if I tell you that I think of you something as this veteran hen thought of the little Bantam. I do think that, as you go along through the world, if you undertake to make such a fuss whenever you are disappointed in this way, you 'll find that you will have an uncomfortably large job on hand. I used to take such disappointments to heart myself much as you now do, when I was a great deal younger. I remember, when I was very green, once offering some verses to a village editor, for publication. Capital verses they assuredly were, according to my judgment, which, I need scarcely say, was not quite dead ripe about those days. The editor rejected them—lighted his pipe with them, I believe he said, in his "notices to correspondents." Was n't I vexed, when I read his announcement! I am not quite sure, in case I had possessed the power, but I would have called down fire from heaven, and burned up all the naughty editor's types, to say nothing about giving the culprit himself a pretty severe singeing. I was as mad as a hornet about the thing. But you 've no idea, my dear boy, how coolly I have got to take such matters now. If an editor do n't print what I write, I see, in his refusal to do so, pretty clear evidence that his judgment and taste do n't agree with mine—that's all. I feel as cool as a cucumber about it. I do 'nt abuse the editor up-hill and down-hill, on account of this difference. There 's no use in it. It would n't *pay*. I tell you, the editor would, just as likely as not, were I to sit down and write him ever so savage a letter, smoke his segar as blandly and pleasantly as if nothing had happened. The fact is, such people get used to being blown up, and they do n't mind it much. It may be an unfortunate state of things, but it can't be helped. Why, even if I should say to one of these saucy chaps who had offended me, "My dear sir, I like your magazine very, *very* much, but you will please discontinue it," I should n't at all wonder if he would laugh, good-humoredly—for there is no such thing as getting him

vexed—and say, "Well, if you *will* bite your own nose off, do n't blame me for it." Farewell, George. Your *name* will suffer terribly in these parts, now. It is going to be sadly tarnished. Wait a moment. John, please turn to Lincolnton, N. C. "Very well, sir." Now cross off George Motz. "All right." There, George! your name is now as black as the pig spoken of in the sentence which you thought ought to have taken the first premium.

A LETTER FROM FLORIDA.

A nephew of mine, residing at Mineral Spring, in Florida, wrote me a nice letter some time ago, answering some of my enigmas, and saying all manner of kind things to me. When I received his letter, it was too late to insert his name among those who had been successful in untying the *Cabinet's* hard knots. Still there are a few sentences in his letter, which I think I must publish. He is an ingenious boy. He says,

I send these answers, not that I think their solution discloses any merit in me, but because I wish the enjoyment, in common with his many other nephews, of at least for once corresponding with Uncle Frank. I know that if I should attempt simply to write him a private letter, he would not have the time to answer it, and I would not know whether he had ever received it; but when I send him anything for the pages of the *Cabinet*, though it be simply an answer to an enigma, I shall enjoy the gratification of knowing that my letter had not only been received, but read, by Uncle Frank, by seeing the answer in the *Cabinet*. Is not this the best plan for enjoying a short correspondence, if it *is* at the expense of the printer boy? But, Uncle Frank, the next time that the season of the "sere and yellow leaf" shall come around, admonishing you at the same time of the severity of a northern winter, and the generous clemency of a southern one, you must not forget that there are other genial places than the "Empire State of the South," for though it is true that, in the words of an old local song,

> "Old Georgia is a noble state,
> Her laws are good, her people great,"

yet some of our uncle's nephews would be pleased to have him visit the Land of Flowers. Not from a selfish motive alone would we invite Uncle Frank to our sunny homes in the "Peninsular State," but for those stricken ones whom the winter would send southward, there can be found no more genial clime than that of Florida. J. L. C.

Mineral Spring, Fla.

THOUGHTS ON STEALING.

A correspondent, one on whom Uncle Frank had conferred a not undeserved favor, speaks thus pleasantly in accepting it:

I feel, as I take it, as if I 'd been stealing something, though I hardly know how that does feel, as I never stole anything in my life except some brimstone and molasses, and that was so long ago that I quite forget the

sensations; they must have been pretty severe, though, or the memory of the fact would not haunt me at this late day as it does. But even then I did evil that good might come. Why, sir, I stole enough brimstone and treacle to purify my blood for all the rest of my life. I don't think an ordinary sized pimple has ever dared to show its face since. I may have been a little *rash* at times, but that's all. I wonder if a few hogsheads of molasses, poured in at the crater of Mt. Vesuvius, would n't prevent eruptions; there must be enough brimstone down there to mix it with. What do you think? Write me your opinion on the subject.

THE GLASS SNAKE AGAIN.

I have received two letters in answer to my inquiry for light respecting the singular habits attributed to the glass snake. I will present these letters entire:

Woodland Academy, Hardiman Co., Tenn., July 14th, 1855.

Uncle Frank,—In your *Cabinet* of this month I see you "want light" in regard to what you call the "glass snake." Now if a school-boy might presume to become teacher pro tem., I will tell you what *I know* and have *seen*. In April, 1852, while preparing our land for cotton, I ploughed up perhaps a dozen of these snakes in the course of a few days. The plough, in forcing them from their winter beds, usually broke them, sometimes into three pieces. Those which came up entire were killed for the fun of seeing them break.

In no instance have I seen the disjointed parts reunite—this is utterly impossible—though many persons even here say they do.

There are some three or four *joints*, at which *alone* the rupture takes place. The body seems held together at these joints by muscles, which, if broken, the snake has no power, of course, to reunite. We say "*Jointed* Snake" instead of "*Glass* Snake." Does not Uncle Frank think we Tennesseeans are more correct than his Georgia friends?

The Jointed Snakes have been quite abundant here. I have not seen one for two years, but will immediately commence a hunt for some for preservation. If I am successful, and if Uncle Frank could devise the plan, I would take the greatest pleasure in sending him some; so that, seeing for himself, he might correct the great error in regard to this reptile. JAS. G. THURMOND.

Mr. Editor,—You ask for light respecting the *glass* snake. Well, if the lamp of experience will suffice, you shall no longer grope in doubt or darkness. I was raised in Georgia where those glass snakes were common, (we called them *joint snakes*,) and from my earliest recollection was taught by old people (especially negroes) that the joint snake had the power of reuniting his parts after being broken to pieces. Now for the fact: From the time I was a boy until I was twenty-five years old, I put this matter to various tests. First, I broke one to pieces, and then hid one joint, as it was affirmed that the snake could find every part, though one was hidden. Again, I would break one up, and then scatter the parts; and again, I would break one to pieces, and then lay the joints in their proper places, only an inch or two apart. But in neither case did I ever know a snake, or any two joints of a snake, to reunite, or to resemble reuniting,

although the head part would live, or show signs of life for several hours; but finally all would perish together.

As I above said, old people and negroes believed in "the joint snakes coming together again;" the Indians also believed the same thing, and hence the deception played off on your fair correspondent. If she puts confidence in their "snake traditions," they will soon have her believe that the coach-whip snake (did you ever see one?) would not only whip a man, but could actually cut him (the man) in two with one jerk of the tail! I have known negroes who believed this also, and were as much afraid of a coach-whip snake as they were of death.

Yours respectfully, MARTIN RICHARDS.

North Port, Ala., July 30, 1855.

I want to hear from *Minna* often—I care not how often. I have an excellent riddle and a still more excellent charade of hers on hand, both of which will be published soon. By the way, Miss Minna, will you allow me to strike out the *second* member of your charade? The meaning is almost identical with the fourth member. Besides, I do 'nt love to add to that beautiful group. To me, it seems complete as it stands.

Aunt Sue's Bureau.

I HOPE Uncle Frank will himself answer the affectionate enquiries of all his nephews and nieces: I begin to think he has stolen a holiday for the sake of shooting jays and catching blue-fish, or perhaps he has gone to "See bass to pull," (do n't tell any body that I said that, will you?) We are indebted to the following young ladies and gentlemen for contributions to the "puzzler's drawer."

Lizzie C., Jeanie, Anna B. S., Grey-eyed Minnie and Black-river Girl, Harvey Pratt, O. L. Bradley.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Grey-eyed Minnie and Black-river Girl, thank you for your puzzles, &c. Your enigma is too easy; item No. 3 (the single letter) gives the key to the whole. Can't you lock it up a little tighter?

G. F. D. Do n't be too impatient to see your enigmas in print: "first come, first served," you know.

Lucinda and Mary, I suppose you think you were "first come" long ago; be assured you never yet sent anything that was "not acceptable." Do n't you think it would be a good plan for Uncle Frank in December to publish—as a supplement to the Cabinet—all the puzzles, &c., that have accumulated throughout the year, and "take a fresh start" in January? I do: let 's propose it to him.

Sister Cornelia, do n't be setting yourself up as "big folks." We are all bound to be little folks together on the last pages of the Cabinet, and when we get through talking about the letters and puzzles, &c., we are going to have a game of "oats, peas, beans"—so come in and take off your bonnet. I forbear to institute "pillows and keys," because you would all be so terribly jealous at my getting the pillow all the time. But I musn't stay here chatting with you, I must attend to my other little friends here.

Anna B. S. I wish I *were* "some relation" of yours, Anna, it is so pleasant to be loved.

Minnie. "Please tell me how to get the puzzles." Bless your dear little heart, how can I tell you? unless I had you right here by my side, and I wish I had: all I can say, is, look at the back numbers of the *Cabinet*, and see how the other children have found them out.

Jno. Q. A. Thank you for your instructive enigma.

Lizzie C. I quite agree with you in the matter of "perfect charades," that each syllable should have its full value; but we must not be too particular.

Jeanie. Thank you for your readiness to claim kindred. Your friend is right about the name, but there is no need of altering the direction of your letters. H. H. B. has corresponded with us. I remember Uncle Frank's giving her a welcome in print. My remarks to Lucinda and Mary apply equally to you; please appropriate them.

Oliver Dickinson, we are very happy to hear from you.

Sarah G. M. We cannot possibly "excuse" such spelling, when Primers are so cheap; though good-natured enough to excuse almost anything from the little folks, we cannot bear bad spelling, it is so unladylike.

Lowville, N. Y., August 7th, 1855.

Dear S. N. or Aunt Sue,—Although we are entire strangers to you now, we hope from this time to keep up a correspondence: we have taken the *Cabinet* for some time, and find great pleasure in working out the puzzles, and other things contained in it. We should be very glad to claim you for our "Aunt Sue," and to have you acknowledge us as nieces. Please accept this letter, enigma, and charade: we hope they are worthy of a place in the *Cabinet*. From your friends,

GREY-EYED MINNIE AND BLACK-RIVER GIRL.

Woodhull, August 6th, 1855.

Mr. Editor,—I send you some answers for the next "puzzler's drawer;" they are as correct as I can get them. I am exceedingly sorry to learn that you are unwell. So we must rely upon S. N. for our "monthly table talk." I hope not altogether. Well, Mr. Editor, you cannot imagine what a consolation it is to have such a substitute. You must not be jealous of her, though she has such a clever winning way with

the "little folks;" we will all prove loyal to Uncle Frank, at least I will. With the best wishes for your speedy recovery, I remain yours, truly,

B. C. WILLIAMS.

Oberlin, Ohio, June 18th, 1855.

DEAR S. N. or AUNT SUE,—I know I am too late to have my answers published, and I hope you will excuse me for entering so rudely at your door to take a chair at the table. I think you fill the "chair editorial" full as well as Uncle Frank, but do n't let him know I said such a thing, for the world. The enigmas were very pretty in the last *Cabinet*, and I solved some of them, but I am almost sorry I told you so, for I shall not send them, because I do n't know that they are right, and then the cousins would all laugh at me. If you or Uncle Frank ever take a trip to Ohio, will you not give us a call? Although we are not so situated as to give you such accommodations as you have in the city. But I have already wearied you with a long, uninteresting letter, so will conclude with love to yourself and all the "dear cousins," and my kindest respects to Uncle Frank. I remain your affectionate niece,

MARY ROSSITER.

Lexington, Ky., August 6.

DEAR AUNT SUE,—I am greatly, very greatly pleased to own you as an Aunt, and the Editor as an Uncle. I write again this month to make known the answers I have obtained for the different puzzles, &c., also to send you some things of my own composition, for publication in the *Cabinet*, if worthy. I hope you will publish as heretofore the names of those who have solved the puzzles, &c., served up in the Puzzler's Drawer, as it always gives me the greatest pleasure to see my name in the *Cabinet*.

O. L. BRADLEY.

Guilford, Conn., August 9th, 1855.

DEAR AUNT SUE,—I was pleased, on receiving the last number of the *Cabinet*, to see S. N.'s Bureau again, but sorry to hear that Uncle Frank is obliged to employ an editorial assistant. I hope that his health will soon be restored. You enquire who will own you as aunt? I do not believe there is one of Uncle Frank's nephews or nieces who would not be happy to be allowed to do so. I would for one. I have been studying the charades, &c., in the last number of the *Cabinet*, and the following answers will show how successful I have been in solving them.

LUCY L. LEETE.

Thank you, Lucy; consider yourself kissed by your affectionate

AUNT SUE.

Boardman, O., August 8th, 1855.

MY DEAR "AUNTIE,"—I do not like to call you "Aunt Sue;" not that I do not wish to have you for my aunt, but because I do not like "Sue" for a name. I like *Susie* better; but I like "auntie" best of all.

BESSIE.

Sylvania, Lucas Co., O., August 10th, 1855.

DEAR AUNT SUE,—Well, Aunt, so you are again installed in the honorable position of associate editor. You little thought of this, when you wrote that valedictory. However, I think it is all for the best: it was a pity to have to bid adieu to so many nephews and nieces, just as they were beginning to appreciate your efforts for their instruction and amuse-

ment. By the way, I think it will be a long time before you receive that impatient expression, written *in black and white*. It will more likely be, "Hum! hum! I am *so* glad she has come!" You will now and then get messages of this import; and if you were a clairvoyant, and would visit your dear little relatives, incognito, at their several places of abode, you might see them gathered in little groups in some quite retired nook, discussing the contents of the last *Cabinet*, and making very merry in view of the fact that "S. N." is still at the helm.

Yours truly, DAN. A. PEASE.

Fond du Sac, Wisconsin, August 7, 1855.

My Dear "Aunt Sue,"—For the first time in an indefinite number of years, the *Cabinet* has come to me, so that I could, if I chose, send my answers to its puzzles to the editor. I am one of those who like novelty, and, therefore, it is to this, by no means, singular preference of mine, that you are to charge my appearance on the present occasion. Such a novelty as to see my cognomen among those who have sent answers to the *Cabinet* man! Why, I will just overcome this lazy disposition of mine, and see if I cannot enjoy a *real novel thing*, for once in my literary career. Whether the *Cabinet* comes in season or not, I generally solve most of the charades, and now, when an occasion is offered, I would test my correctness.

Yours truly, WISCONSIN BOY.

Oberlin, O., August 9th, 1855.

My Dear S. N.,—I address you by your old cognomen, for I think I will wait till your new one has been established a little before I use it. I wonder why you were so particular not to send a kiss to the boys over fifteen. Don't you think they would have received it? Now who knows but that some of the boys who happened to be a little over fifteen felt slighted. As you sent a kiss to all of the girls, and one to me, as a matter of course, I send you one in return. I should be very happy to have a real kiss from you; but as that cannot be, I shall have to content myself with kissing your portrait.

Your affectionate niece, JANE O. DE FOREST.

Parkersburg, Va., August 8th, 1855.

Dear Aunt Sue,—I ask forgiveness for the unnecessary and yet unavoidable trouble I gave you, but really I could not help it; until it was too late I did not notice those letters, and then I could not recall my letter. I looked the sentence over a number of times, and, as I thought, carefully, but somehow or other *they* both escaped my observation. Have n't you often puzzled yourself over something you were trying to get right, but without success, and after banishing it from your mind for a time, on resuming it again, found its accomplishment easy? I have often. Well, just so it was with this, in one respect, for afterwards I wondered I did not see it before.

Yours truly, ALVARO F. GIBBENS.

Aunt Sue is compelled to close her bureau, for the present month, at this point, though every mail brings fresh letters from her dear nephews and nieces. Well, if you happen to be too late for the September number, who knows but you may have a place next month?

RIDDLE NO. VI.

There is a certain natural production neither animal, vegetable, nor mineral. It generally exists from two to six feet above the surface of the earth. It has neither length, breadth, nor substance. It is neither male nor female, but commonly exists between both. It is often spoken of in the Old Testament, and strongly recommended in the New; and serves equally the purposes of treachery and fidelity. IRENE.

JIMMY'S CONUNDRUM.

Why is Trinity Church, in the City of New York, like Ireland?

JAMES E. BARBOUR.

PUZZLE NO. IX.

Out of what two words (comprising ten letters in all) can you get the eight personal pronouns? F. NEWTON.

PUZZLE NO. X.

What two words, of eight letters each, one an adjective, the other a verb, will exactly resolve themselves into each other?

ALVARO F. GIBBENS.

PUZZLE NO. XI.

Find a word containing six letters, or less, and out of it produce all the parts of speech. MINNA.

HISTORICAL QUERIES.

1. In what year was the hydraulic pump invented?
2. In what year was the republic of Pisa founded?
3. In what year was the battle of Glissa in Poland fought?
4. By whom and in what year were the Canary isles discovered?
5. In what year was the light of the zodiac discovered?

W. P. R. STREET.

6. When was Shakspeare born?
7. In whose reigns did Milton live?
8. When did Burns die? JEANIE.
9. Where and what are the seven wonders of the world?

E. F. RANDOLPH.

CHARADE NO. XII.

My first is an article in daily use.
My second spells the twentieth letter of the alphabet.
My third, if you prefix the letters, will name a declivity.
My whole is an animal. EDWARD P. ROGERS.

PLACES IN EUROPE ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A part of a fish, and real estate.
2. A conjunction, and a road.
3. A sort of cave, and what archers shoot at.
4. What ladies wear, and where wild animals are found.
5. A boy's name, and a fortification.
6. A part of the human body, and a small body of water.

SPANISH GIRL AND AMERICAN BOY.

REBUS NO. XIII.

A fragment, an article of dress, a noise, an animal, a fruit, and a part of the body. The initials of these spell my whole, out of which I hope you will always keep. S. MORRIL CARTER.

ENIGMA NO. XII.

My 3, 13, 8, 5, is a new territory in the United States.
My 9, 10, 4, 12, is what most dogs will do.
My 5, 10, 6, is a pronoun.
My 1, 8, 7, 5, 4, is a kind of ship.
My 9, 2, 8, is a species of serpent.
My 13, 2, 11, is a weight.
My 7, 8, 13, is an animal.
My whole is one of your friends. J. G. J.

ENIGMA NO. XIII.

My 2, 3, 7, is another name for falsehood.
My 6, 3, 8, is used to curb horses.
My 5, 2, 7, is a kind of drink.
My 5, 8, is a preposition.
My 2, 7, 8, implies permission.
My 1, 5, 8, is what we do every day.
My 8, 9, 5, 8, is an adjective.
My whole is the name of an English queen. CLARINA.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. XI.

RESOLUTION.

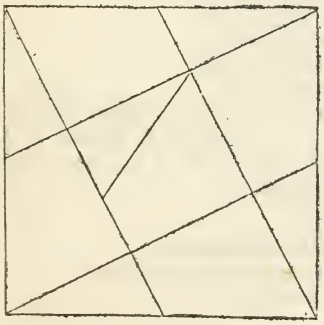
Answered by Harvey Pratt, Posey, Lucinda and Mary, O. L. Bradley, Curly-headed Willie, Anna B. S., Grey-eyed Minnie and Black-river Girl, An. Case, Lizzie C., B. C. Williams, Lucy L. Leete, Jeanie, Oliver Dick-

inson, Frances A. Bancroft, M. P. H., Libby Hall, Bessie, Emilie, Samuel, J. A. Fisher, Wisconsin Boy, H. H. and P. I. Virgin, T. M. Carter, J. R. Sheldon, I. M. Hart, W. S. Goulding, Jane O. De Forest, Alvaro F. Gibbens, Willet, Sarah Jane, Charles M. Keep, Isaac O. Ives, E. Johnson, E. K. Russell, Lizzie, Hattie Daniels, Lilla, Wm. A. Hegeman, A Galena Friend.

ANSWER TO REBUS NO. XII.

CAN'T.

Answered by Lizzie, H. Pratt, Posey, Lucinda and Mary, O. L. Bradley, Hattie Daniels, Curly-headed Willie, Anna B. S., Grey-eyed Minnie and Black-river Girl, Lilla, A. Case, Lizzie C., B. C. Williams, Jeanie, Frances A. Bancroft, M. P. H., Libby Hall, Bessie, Emilie, Samuel, J. A. Fisher, Wisconsin Boy, H. H. and P. I. Virgin, T. M. Carter, J. R. Sheldon, I. M. Hart, W. S. Goulding, Jane O. De Forest, Alvaro F. Gibbens, Willet, W. C. L., Sarah Jane, Jenny R. Moody, Isaac O. Ives, E. Johnson, Charlie Gardiner, C. C. Ashman.



ANSWER TO PUZZLE NO. VIII.

This puzzle can be solved in two ways. The diagram represents one of them.

Solved by H. Pratt, Lucinda and Mary, M. P. H., Libby Hall, Bessie, J. R. Sheldon, William S. Goulding, Willet, Lizzie, William A. Hegeman.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE NO. VI.

A VISITING CARD.

Answered by Lizzie C., and Jeanie.

ANSWER TO UNCLE JOE'S BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS.

1. DISPARAGEMENT.
2. INEXPRESSIBLE.
3. MISMANAGEMENT.
4. ENIGMATICALLY.

Answered entire by Lucinda and Mary; in part by B. C. Williams Lucy L. Leete, Alvaro F. Gibbens, Lizzie, A Galena Friend.

ANSWER TO CHARADE NO. VIII.

CHINCHILLA.

Answered by O. L. Bradley, Curly-headed Willie, Lilla, Anna B. S., Albertson Case, B. C. Williams, Lucy L. Leete, Jeanie, M. P. H., Libby Hall, Samuel, J. A. Fisher, A. J. Wheeler, J. R. Sheldon, Alvaro F. Gibbens, Willet, W. C. L., Lizzie, William A. Hegeman, A Galena Friend.

ANSWER TO CHARADE NO. IX.

PARDON.

Answered by Lucinda and Mary, O. L. Bradley, Lizzie C., B. C. Williams, Lucy L. Leete, M. P. H., Libby Hall, Wisconsin Boy, A. J. Wheeler, W. C. L., Isaac O. Ives, E. Johnson, Lizzie.

ANSWER TO CHARADE NO. X.

JACK FROST.

Answered by Bessie.

ANSWER TO CHARADE NO. XI.

In olden time and days of yore
Rosemary decked the bride;
And often o'er its fragrant flower
The wailing mourner cried. JEANIE.

Also answered by Posey, Lucinda and Mary, O. L. Bradley, Lizzie C., B. C. Williams, Lucy L. Leete, M. P. H., Libby Hall, Samuel, A. J. Wheeler, Jane O. De Forest, Alvaro F. Gibbens, W. C. L., Sarah Jane, E. Johnson, Isaac O. Ives, Wm. A. Hegeman.

ANSWER TO THE OLD CONUNDRUM.

Because they are too long (Toulon) and too loose (Touloose).

Answered by Sarah Jane and O. L. Bradley.

ANSWER TO THE STATE QUESTION.

The *Empire State* is so called because New York is superior to any of the States in wealth and population. Massachusets is called *Bay State* from the numerous bays, I suppose, which wash its coasts. New Hamp shire, the *Granite State*, from its quarries of granite. Vermont, *Green Mountain State*, because Vermont comes from two Latin words—*ver*, green, and *mons*, a mountain—meaning Green Mountain; and so on. Now I propose, as a question, from what does New Orleans take its name of the *Crescent City*, Cincinnati *Queen of the West*, &c.? Let 's hear from the boys and girls on that subject O. L. BRADLEY

Notices of Recent Publications.

☞ The publisher of the CABINET will send by mail, postage paid, any publication noticed by the editor, on the receipt of the price annexed.

1. *The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh*, by Charles Kingsley, author of "Alton Locke," &c. Published by Edward P. Rudd, 18 Ann street. This is a romance of some 600 pages, the scene being laid in the reign of Elizabeth. It is exceedingly valuable as a means of fastening upon the mind the prominent events of that thrilling period. It is extremely captivating, too, as a story. Kingsley is undoubtedly one of the very best novelists now on the stage. Price $1.50.

2. *The Life of Rev. Thomas Newton, D.D.*, is just published by Carlton & Phillips. An eminently pious man was this minister of God, and no Christian can read this memoir of him, which is singularly well written, without pleasure—few, methinks, without profit. Price $1.

3. *Eutaxia: or the Presbyterian Liturgies*, is the title of a small volume from the pen of a very dear friend of mine, as well as a generally beloved minister of the gospel. To every one connected with the Presbyterian branch of the church of Christ, and, indeed, to all who desire an acquaintance with its liturgies, in different ages, I most cordially commend this little treatise. It contains a vast amount of information not generally known. M. W. Dodd, publisher. Price 75 cents.

4. *Miranda Elliott* is the title of a little volume from a valued personal friend residing in Georgia. It is a tale full of incidents and pleasant sketches of life in our southern country. The moral of the story is unexceptionable, though it may have rather too much romance in it for our very young persons. The influence of the book is decidedly on the side of religion and morals. The captain's family is admirably sketched: one must think it a picture from life; especially the little h'Ann; we can see her weird face and mischievous pranks, and while we pity, be unable to repress a smile. Price 75 cents.

5. *Ironthorpe, the Pioneer Preacher*. A little volume by "Paul Creyton," of whom I have approvingly spoken before. The stories in "Ironthorpe" will please you all, and I hope profit you as well. Phillips, Sampson & Co. are the publishers. Price 50 cents.

6. *The Escaped Nun* is the title of a book just issued from the press of Dewitt & Davenport, of this city. It purports to be disclosures of convent life by one who is familiar with the subject. The book has created a great sensation, and the publishers are scarcely able to supply the demand. If these confessions are reliable—and there is too much reason o believe they are—there is a depth of wickedness in convents which hrows all ormer descriptions in the shade. Price $1.

Business Notices.

Writing Ink.—Bryan & Wilcox, 152 Fulton street, are the manufacturers of an excellent article of Writing Ink. It flows freely from the pen, and has not the trick of which so many otherwise good inks are guilty, of depositing a troublesome sediment after standing a day or two. This ink is the only kind I have used for more than a year past.

Baths.—J. S. Savery, whose eating and lodging house I have formerly mentioned with favor, has recently added to his establishment a large number of bathing rooms. They are extremely well fitted up, and the prices for baths are quite reasonable. Mr. Savery's house is on Beekman street, near Nassau, in the immediate vicinity of the office of the *Cabinet.*

Diseases of the Lungs.—Guilford D. Sanborn, M.D., 6 Bond street, treats consumption and other diseases of the lungs by inhalation. For testimonials as to the efficiency of his system, D. S. refers, among multitudes of others equally well-known, to Mr. Francis C. Woodworth, editor of *Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet.*

Printing.—James D. Torrey, 18 Spruce street, executes all kinds of printing in the best style. He flatters himself that, in the line of woodcut printing, his work is not surpassed on this side of the Atlantic. He refers to Mr. D. Austin Woodworth, publisher of the *Cabinet.*

Boots and Shoes.—"Where is the place to purchase gentlemen's and youth's boots and shoes?" This question is not unfrequently asked by our country friends; and perhaps it is a sufficient answer to say, that the *Cabinet*-makers have, for nearly eight years, patronized no one else in this line but John Ready, whose shop is almost directly opposite our office.

The New Rochelle Blackberry.—I have just made a flying visit to the nursery of Messrs. George Seymour & Co., of South Norwalk, Ct., and have had an excellent opportunity of seeing the New Rochelle or Lawton blackberry, of which I have before spoken in high terms, in full bearing. These gentlemen have several acres devoted to this blackberry. Though they cultivate it with sole reference to the sale of the plants, the fruit is worth going a hundred miles to see. There are single bushes in this nursery with five and six quarts of berries upon them. On one we counted upwards of eight hundred, many of them of enormous size, and all larger than the native blackberry. I do n't see how any one can help regarding this berry as the most splendid variety of fruit which this age has brought to light.

Photographs.—There is a new style of daguerreotypes recently introduced into this country, called *photographs.* They are taken on paper, of almost any size. Their great advantage over the ordinary daguerreotypes, consists in the fact that they can be finished by the painter so that the exact expression of the features can be secured. Messrs. Gurney & Co., No. 349 Broadway, take excellent photograph likenesses. The only likeness I have ever had taken by means of the camera which at all satisfied my friends, except one by the same process in Paris, was executed by these artists. It is said by every one to be an extremely accurate likeness, as well as an elegantly finished picture

ANNIE'S LAMENT FOR HER BIRD.

It was not on a summer day
My little birdie flew away;
There was no balmy Southern breeze,
There were no buds upon the trees.
'Twas not beneath an April heaven,
Or I might sooner have forgiven;
But in a January snow,
The clouds above and ice below,
And nothing under all the sun
But some brown twigs to stand upon,
And rest his little weary feet,
And hide them from the storm and sleet.
How could he have the heart to go
When I caressed and fed him so?
How could my bird consent to fly,
And see poor Annie weeping by!
I cried my apron full of tears,
And he looked down and chirped, "Who cares?"

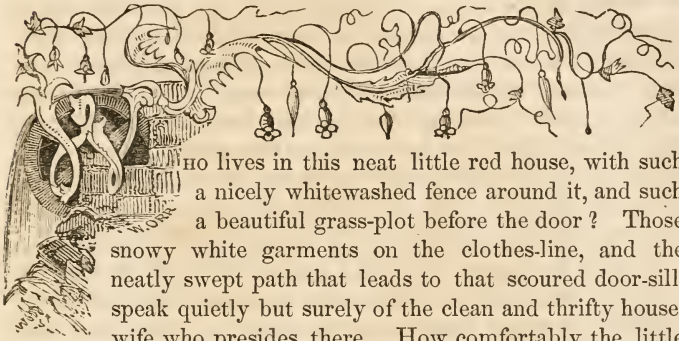
And then he plumed his wing, and flew
Further than I could see, or you.
My mother says he sought a clime
Where it is summer all the time;
Where brilliant birds are on the wing,
And lovely flowers are blossoming;
Where blows the soft and scented breeze
Among the branches of the trees,
And where no blighting shadows pass
Athwart the flower and waving grass.
It may be bright and pleasant there,
But still I can not think it fair
That he should leave a well-tried friend,
And on his little wings depend,
To find a better home abroad
Than was the cage where he abode.
It was a most ungrateful thing;
Though you may say and he may sing
That birds have right, as well as man,
To leave their cages—*when they can.*
Had I been Lulu, I 'll engage
I 'd choose my comfortable cage
In mother's parlor, snug and warm,
Before I 'd face the wint'ry storm.
But then I am not Lulu, quite,
And he, perhaps, did very right;
Did just what I should, in a word,
Were Lulu I, and I a bird.

L'AMIE DES ENFANS.

MEN AND MEASURES.

A YOUNG MAN was frequently cautioned by his father, a farmer in Somersetshire, England, to vote for "measures, not men." He promised to do so, but soon after voted for Mr. Miles. His father, astonished at his voting for a man whom he deemed so objectionable, inquired his reason for doing so. "Surely, father," said the youth, "you told me to vote for *measures*, and if *Miles* are not measures, I don't know what are."

AUNT PATTY.



"Who lives in this neat little red house, with such a nicely whitewashed fence around it, and such a beautiful grass-plot before the door? Those snowy white garments on the clothes-line, and the neatly swept path that leads to that scoured door-sill, speak quietly but surely of the clean and thrifty housewife who presides there. How comfortably the little house seems nestling down under that green hill, and among the fruit-trees and shrubbery that surround it. Who lives here?" So asked the Superintendent of District Schools, as he was passing this pleasant spot, and reined up his horse to inquire the way to the school-house.

"Aunt Patty, sir," was the playful answer from a little figure which had been trotting about among the bee-hives, preparing for hiving a swarm which hung in a black mass from the limb of a cherry-tree.

"Your Aunt Patty lives here. Will you come in, sir?" The merry twinkle of the little gray eye, and the good-natured smile accompanying the invitation, half inclined our traveler to alight; but the accompanying intelligence that her good man, Mr. Mansfield, had gone to the school meeting, recalled him to his duty, and he declined the invitation, with the probability strong in his mind, that if Mr. Mansfield should endorse his wife's invitation, he would call on his way back; and he did call, and, if cheerful conversation without lack, and hospitality without grudging, are the materials of relationship, then had our school dignitary really found his Aunt Patty.

But there is another story than this to be told of Aunt Patty. This cheerful, smiling countenance, and generous, happy heart,

had their source back among the springs of early life. There was a time when Mrs. Mansfield was simply Patty, and when she held no degrading position in a family of little girls. True, she washed their clothes, and combed their hair, and with melted tallow made it—as she used to say—dreadful sleek, while their faces looked so "shiny" from the effects of soap and water, that people would "smack their lips, and could n't help it if they looked at them." But this was not all Patty did for the little girls. Many a good moral lesson did she teach them when left in her care, and while at her work, she never considered it a trouble to answer any of their numerous questions; and if she could furnish them employment by her side, in shelling the peas, or stringing the beans for dinner, she would entertain them so pleasantly with Scripture stories, or repeating to them the shorter catechism, or pretty verses from "Divine Songs," etc., that their work would be done "too soon," the children would say. True, they would sometimes ask her questions, and hold arguments with her after a fashion that would silence her. Mary, as she would stand watching the bright sunset, or the appearance of evening's first star, would call out, "Patty, Patty, get my bonnet and cloak, and take me over there. It is a brighter world than this. Is n't that the place where you told us there was no night, because God and the Lamb was the light of it? Is the beautiful sun God's face, and that bright star the face of the Lamb?" And Patty would sigh, and say in her heart, "Lord, teach me what to say to them, for they have strange thoughts;" and she did get wisdom often to tell them very good and very important truths.

Fanny, too, was a very thoughtful little girl, and her mind seemed very busy among the wonderful things brought before it, in Aunt Patty's teachings. She would sit and gaze into the fire of hickory-wood, as it smoked and blazed, and think how Patty had read to them the passage, "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever;" and suddenly, as if her mind had been acting on the outside, and Patty had seen it, she would ask if it was because they were sinners that the smoke went up? "Oh! how dreadful to be a sinner—forever and ever," she would

say. "Oh! how long that is—to-day, to-morrow, next day, next year. Oh! forever is so long, it hurts my head to think of it."

Little Kate, too, had a very active mind, and would often argue with Patty until she was silenced, if not convinced. One day, when she had succeeded in fixing in her memory who was the first man and who the first woman, she became indisposed for further study, and thus argued: "You did not have any Patty to teach you when you were little, and now you are big, you know enough. What 's the use of learning?" "Oh! but," said Patty, "some one taught me, or I should have known nothing." "Well, then, who taught the first woman?" asks Kate, and Patty, all unable to answer the question, struck up a tune and went about her work, leaving Kate mistress of the field.

We will, however, leave these little girls, and say of Patty, that though she was not an adept in solving knotty questions, she had schooled her heart in kindness, charity, and the graces of piety. Her religion was mild and unobtrusive—rich in all the tender charities of life. It was like the rivulet that steals quietly through the valley, refreshing in its winding every simple flower upon its borders; and now it spreads a mantle of verdure across a broad plain, for the little ones she once instructed are now mothers, and Patty's simple teachings are in their influence spreading through other families, and who can tell in how many hearts, on and on through succeeding generations, may be felt the power of her gentle and unobtrusive piety?

For many miles around the church of which Patty has been for more than fifty years an exemplary member, she is known and addressed familiarly, yet respectfully, as Aunt Patty. She is now old, and her silvery hair and less elastic step, tell us that she is bordering the grave. She has got to be so deaf that ordinary conversation has become inaudible to her, and the voice of the minister of God, which was once so pleasant to her, has ceased to find, through her ear, the way to her heart. Still, her seat in the sanctuary is never vacant. She loves the Sabbath-school, and rejoices to see the young studying those truths which have been her solace in many seasons of sorrow.

When the Sabbath services are ended, and the people, as their

custom is, gather in little groups, to shake hands, and inquire after each other's health, Aunt Patty moves quietly among them, receives their cordial greetings, looks anxiously into their faces, and tries to read there what she would fain know but can not hear. Many a look of kindness, and sometimes of gentle reproof, does she give, which tells well its silent meaning upon the loving hearts that cluster around her; for though Aunt Patty is denied the pleasure of talking with her young friends, she still manifests, in her whole deportment, a deep desire for their best interests, and the light of her pure example will shine on when her now feeble form reposes in that quiet churchyard; and the little mound and the humble stone that may mark her resting-place shall be the shrine of tender remembrances and grateful tears, long after the released spirit shall have entered into the joy of its Lord. C. M. S.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

ALFRED THE GREAT had reached his twelfth year before he had even learned his alphabet. An interesting anecdote is told of the occasion on which he was first prompted to apply himself to books. His mother had shown him and his brothers a small volume, illuminated in different places with colored letters and such other embellishments as were then in fashion. Seeing that it excited the admiration of her children, she promised that she would give it to the boy who should first learn to read it. Alfred, though the youngest, was the only one who had spirit enough to attempt obtaining it on such a condition. He immediately went and procured a teacher, and in a short time was able to claim the promised reward. When he came to the throne, notwithstanding his manifold duties and a tormenting disease which seldom allowed him an hour's rest, he employed his leisure time either in reading or hearing the best books. His high regard for the best interests of the people he was called to govern, and the benevolence of his conduct, are well known.

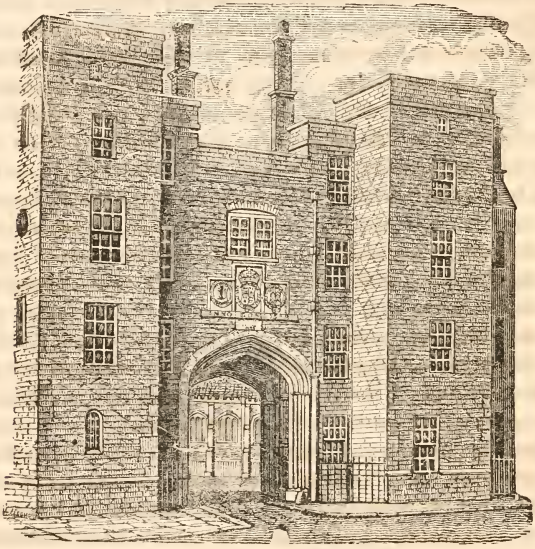
AN HOUR IN CHANCERY LANE.

DURING my visit to the city of London, nothing afforded me so much pleasure as a stroll through those localities rendered famous on account of the distinguished characters who were connected with them a long time ago. Among these localities, was Chancery Lane. This is quite a short lane, a thoroughfare hardly deserving the name of street; and yet it has been the theatre of great events. I remembered it as figuring largely in thrilling events of history. It seemed to me, so familiar had I been from childhood with its name and some of its principal objects of interest, as if I were acquainted with it before, and had only returned to it after the lapse of years, instead of visiting it then for the first time. You may be sure I was not long in London before I strolled through Chancery Lane. It so happened that this diminutive street—*streetlet* we might call it, in English, imitating the Italians, who have coined a word signifying a little street—was only a few minutes' walk from my lodgings, which were on the Strand, not far from Fleet Street.

I was not a little surprised as well as gratified, to find still standing, here as well as elsewhere in London, so many of those edifices which have been famous on account of the incidents connected with them. If these edifices had been situated in our country, they would have been torn down centuries ago, to make room for stores, hotels, and splendid dwellings. We don't seem to possess a very large share of veneration either for antiquity or the antique. But the case is far different with our English cousins. With them, every thing, sacred as well as profane, is not, as a matter of course, sacrificed to the deity of money.

Chancery Lane runs from Fleet Street into Holborn, and so it

has run time out of mind. It is situated in a very old part of the city. If Shakspeare ever visited London when he was a little boy—which is quite unlikely, I fancy—no doubt he went through Chancery Lane, in his stroll after the lions. It is as old as the first Edward, and how much older I will not undertake to say. But it must have presented a very different appearance in Edward's time; for in the middle of the thirteenth century, history tells us that the lane was so foul and miry that it was for a time closed up to prevent people receiving any harm in attempting to pass through it.



LINCOLN'S INN GATE-HOUSE.

You have no doubt heard of Lincoln's Inn. This celebrated inn of Chancery is situated on Chancery Lane. The oldest part of the original building which is now standing, is the gate-house, represented in the engraving. It is built of brick, and bears the marks of having been erected at a very remote period. You

must know why this establishment is called an *inn*. You would suppose, perhaps, that it was a hotel or tavern. Such is not the case, however. It is not now, nor was it ever occupied as a house of entertainment. It is an *inn of court*. In England, an inn of court is a sort of college, in which students of law reside and are instructed. Cowper, you may recollect, was once a student of law at an inn of court, called the Inner Temple. Lincoln's Inn was so named after Henry de Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln, whose city residence, in the latter part of the thirteenth century, occupied a considerable portion of the present edifice. If you will look at the picture, you will see, just over the door of this gate-house, the coat of arms belonging to this nobleman.

The celebrated Ben Jonson, who was a mason, you know, as well as a poet, assisted in building a part of this edifice, at a later day than the time when the gate-house was constructed. This wonderful man, we are told, always did his work with a trowel in one hand and a book in the other, or under his arm. I could not help fancying, while looking upon this ancient pile, that I saw some of the identical bricks which the literary bricklayer placed there. I might have been mistaken, to be sure; but nobody shall rob me of the luxury of believing that I had a sight of these very bricks.

Among the list of students in Lincoln's Inn, may be found some of the most distinguished persons that England ever produced. Sir Thomas More received instruction here. So did the famous Oliver Cromwell, the hard-headed, conscientious, far-seeing man, who overthrew a monarchy, and changed the genius of one of the strongest governments on the face of the earth. Here, too, Sir Matthew Hale, one of England's greatest jurists, received the first rudiments of his legal education. Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Mansfield, William Pitt, Lord Erskine, Canning and Brougham, were also educated here. Cromwell's Secretary, Thurloe, had lodgings here for twelve years; and it was here, by the merest accident, long after his death, that the "Thurloe Papers," which have made such a noise in the world, were discovered. A clergyman, during the reign of King William, had rented the rooms which Thurloe had once occupied, and he acci-

dentally found these papers in a false ceiling of a garret. The papers were transferred to the High Chancellor of England, and afterward bound up in some sixty folio volumes. They are exceedingly important, on account of the light they throw on the history of England during the commonwealth.

There is a chapel connected with this inn, called Lincoln's Inn chapel. It is built in Gothic style, and is rather tastefully finished inside, though the figures of the twelve apostles, on different windows, are, I think, but poorly executed. In this chapel some remarkable men have preached. Among them were Tillotson, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Warburton, and Bishop Heber. Great men were buried here, too—Secretary Thurloe, for example, and William Prynne, the famous Puritan, who wrote so learnedly and so earnestly against the "unloveliness of love-locks," and who had his ears cut off by the first Charles and Archbishop Laud, because he meddled in politics too much to suit their fancy. How I should like to know what was the inscription on poor Prynne's tomb-stone. But it was obliterated a great while ago, and nobody can enlighten us now.

Only a few doors from Fleet Street they show us the identical house where Izaak Walton, the celebrated angling divine, was born. It had a great deal of interest for me; though not as much as another house, not far from it, in which, on the 13th day of April, 1593, the great Lord Strafford was born. I can never think of this man without emotion; and now, as I write, I can scarcely suppress my tears, as I think of his sad fate. It was his misfortune to live in times of great political excitement. He was high in favor with Charles the First. Charles became unpopular with the people. It was believed that Strafford was the author of most of the oppressive acts of the sovereign; and it can not be denied that he did counsel some very strong measures. The people tried to bend him to their own will. They could not succeed. "If he will not bend," the stern Puritans thought, "then he must break." He was accused of high treason before the House of Lords. At that tribunal he plead his own cause. "And never man," says a historian of the time, "acted such a part, on such a theatre, with more wisdom, consistency, and elo-

quence, or with greater wisdom, judgment, and temper." His defence, indeed, was so strong, that the original charges were abandoned, and a new bill substituted. He was a doomed man. After the bill passed, the despicable, intriguing, and faithless Charles, who was the author of all his minister's troubles, and who had solemnly promised to save him at every hazard—what one of his promises or his oaths was ever worth a pin?—signed the bill of attainder, and afterward consented to his death. Poor Strafford! Well might he exclaim, as he is reported to have done, when the news came to his ears that the fatal bill was signed, "Put not your trust in princes."

THE VALUE OF GOOD TEMPER.

A MERCHANT in London, having a dispute with a Quaker concerning a business account, became so enraged, that he was determined, notwithstanding the persuasions of the Quaker, to institute a law-suit. Still desirous of amicably settling the matter, the Quaker called at the house of the merchant, and inquired of the servant for his master. The merchant heard the inquiry, and cried out, "Tell that rascal I am not at home." The Quaker mildly said to him, "Well, friend, may God put thee in a better mind." The merchant was subdued by the kindness of the reply; and, after careful consideration, became convinced that he was wrong. He sent for the Quaker, and after making a humble apology, he said, "How were you able to bear my abuse with so much patience?" "Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. But I knew that to indulge my temper was sinful, and also very foolish. I observed that men in a passion always spoke very loud; and I thought if I could control my voice, I should keep down my passions. I therefore made it a rule never to let it rise above a certain key; and by a careful observance of this rule, I have, with the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper."

"DON'T RIDE TOO FAST."

Long, long years ago, when I was a lad, I lived in the village of Sleepy Habit. My mother was a widow; and as we did not keep a horse, whenever we wanted the luxury of a ride, we laid a contribution on my grandfather's good old honest mare, Dolly.

Dolly was a faithful, quiet old creature, and honest enough for any one to use. One day we had been using her for some purpose—I do not recollect what—and I was commissioned, in proper form, to take her home. But before starting with her, my mother gave me this command, "Don't ride too fast, my son." Well, I mounted Dolly's back, to ride to my grandfather's, which was about one mile from home. There was only one house on the road. At this house they kept an old dog, called Guinea, a good-for-nothing, lazy fellow, fit only to bark at folks as they passed that way. I have seen him, many a time, sit leisurely down, lean his head against the gate-post, and bark away at something—I never could tell for what purpose, unless it was to keep his voice in tune, and keep from forgetting how to bark; and he was always at his post, watching for some one to pass, that he might show off the only talent he possessed. Guinea was a great terror to me. I really thought he would like to eat me up, if he could get hold of me. Before Dolly and I had reached the house, I had forgotten my mother's command, and had determined to get by, and give Guinea the slip. I knew that Guinea could not run fast, he was so fat and lazy, and I knew that Dolly could run well.

I got a small switch, and rode very slowly until I passed the house. Then I gave her a few cuts, and off she started on a gallop. But the clattering of Dolly's hoofs on the hard, gravelly road, awoke Guinea from his nap, and out he came into the road, and gave chase to Dolly and me, yelling at every jump with all his might. If the road had been a straight one, I might have

reached my grandfather's safely, but half way from this house the road ran round a field, turning the corner at a right angle, and at this corner off I fell from Dolly's back, and struck my forehead against a sharp stone, and made that large scar which you can see on my face—a scar which I shall carry to my grave. I always thought that Guinea felt ashamed of the base part he played in frightening Dolly; for when I got up, he was sneaking off with his tail hanging down, just as a dog always looks when he has been doing a bad act.

I went down to the brook, and washed the blood and gravel from my face; and I don't know which ached the worst, my head from the wound I had received, or my ears from my mother's command ringing in them—"Don't ride too fast, my son."

Well, I am older now. Gray hairs are beginning to appear in my locks; but I can not get rid of that scar on my forehead; neither can I forget that caution my mother gave me that morning—"Don't ride too fast, my son."

Frequently, in passing through life, I think of it, and sometimes apply it to others. Now, I do not suppose that one of the *Cabinet* readers ever practiced that vile, filthy habit of smoking cigars; but when I see a lad of from eight to fifteen years smoking away, like a young volcano, I think he ought to have a label pinned to his back of "a fast boy." Smoking will carry a lad to drinking faster than Dolly carried me to the corner, and then it is almost too late to say, "Don't ride too fast."

UNCLE TIM.

A CURIOUS PHENOMENON.

If you take a common tuning-fork, and hold it near the ear, in a line perpendicular to the horizon, and, while it is made to vibrate, turn it slowly on its axis, the following phenomenon will take place: the sound will decrease during the revolution, until, for an instant, there is perfect silence, and as the revolution proceeds, the sound will gradually increase, and be as full as at first. This phenomenon will occur twice during one complete revolution.

THE SHANGHAI INVASION.

SHALL I tell you my opinion of Shanghai fowls? I have a great mind to tell you, whether you wish it or not. I dislike the whole tribe. We had a rooster of this stamp on our place a while. But we got heartily sick of him; and when Thanksgiving day came, we beheaded him. Our cook made a pie of his ungainly carcass; and though it was woefully tough, we all ate it in thankfulness, rejoicing, with unspeakable joy, that the halting, staggering strut of the great Mogul was ended. I should like to go on a crusade against this race, and blot their very name from the face of the earth. It vexes me to see so many of these ungainly fowls, wherever I go. Every farmer raises Shanghais; and the higher they are, whether in price or in stature, when he buys them, the better he seems to regard them. The old-fashioned biddy is about to be entirely supplanted by the Chinese barbarians. I am almost afraid that the crow or the cackle of

the modest native American fowl will soon cease to be heard in the land.

Now, in the name of common sense, I want to know what one sterling characteristic these Shanghai refugees have to recommend them. I have yet to learn that they have one. They are ugly as sin. They eat as much as three common fowls. They crow—those who are capable of crowing at all—most villainously. They lay—those who are capable of laying—to say the least, no better than the old-fashioned hen. They are clumsy and ungraceful in their movements, to such a degree that it puts one in pain to see them hobbling about a farm-yard. Their flesh is tough and unedible. You might as well undertake to fatten a hollow tree as to fatten one of them, or to cook to tenderness a hickory log. What has given them their popularity? How have we all been so egregiously *humbugged*—I *must* use the word in this place—by these wretched outcasts from the other side of the globe? I speak feelingly, reader; for I believe the country is in danger from foreign influence. How can I think coolly of our Union's institutions, desecrated by this overwhelming influx from Shanghai? The country is not safe, sir, depend upon it. Let there be a grand rally against the race. I have some notion of making a will, and leaving my whole fortune to equip a national crusade against these feathered giraffes, so that they may be utterly exterminated.

The editor of the Albany *Knickerbocker*, who wields a pen handsomely, took up the cudgels against these barbarians some time ago. What he says about them is slightly caricatured, to be sure (and, by the way, I am not sure but our artist has done the same thing with the portrait of the beast); but what of that? The fowls themselves are caricatures. "The Shanghai fever," the editor says, "was one of the most expensive humbugs that our people ever embarked in. It was supposed that if we could get chickens to become as large as jackasses, a great boon would be conferred on the country, and the price of turkey stews reduced to one cent each. People forget that if we have great size, we must have great feeding also. A Shanghai will grow till he weighs twelve pounds. By the time he does this,

however, he will have consumed corn enough to have kept the famine out of Egypt, and Joseph from becoming first lieutenant to Pharaoh. The Shanghai does not begin to fatten till he is done growing, and does not begin to think of that before he enters his third year—by which time he is so tough that you have to cut him up with a saw, and carve him with a broad-ax. The Shanghai appears to have but one mission, and that consists in putting Indian meal out of sight. The female seems to have very singular tastes. She will eat old boots, door-mats, and dish-cloths; but she is totally opposed to laying eggs, that duty being too confining, we suppose. We bought a pair in 1853, for fifteen dollars. We kept them three months, at a dead loss of one hundred and ten dollars and fifteen cents. If any body has done better than this, he will please drop us a note, and we will lay the same before an inquiring world."

A BATTLE AT NIGHT.

SELDOM have I read a more vivid account of a night battle, than may be found in this passage from one of the letters of a correspondent of one of the London daily journals, in the camp before Sebastopol:—"For the last hour (it is now a quarter to eleven o'clock at night) a furious fight has been raging all along our front. To a person standing in front of the Fourth division, the whole of the Russian lines are revealed in successive glimpses by bursts of red flame, and bright, star-like flashes of musketry, twinkling all over the black expanse between us and the town, for three or four miles in length, show that a fierce contest is going on before the trenches of the Allies. Shells, each marked by a distinctive point of fire where the fuse is burning, describe their terrible curves in the air, and seem to mingle with the stars; and fiery rockets, with long tails of dropping sparks, rush like comets through the air! Above all, the pale crescent moon is shining through a deep blue sky, covered with the constellations of heaven. The roar of the cannon, the hissing of the shells, the intermittent growl of the musketry, the wild scream of the rocket, and the whizzing of the round shot, form a horrid concert!"

CHARLIE AND HIS SNAKE.

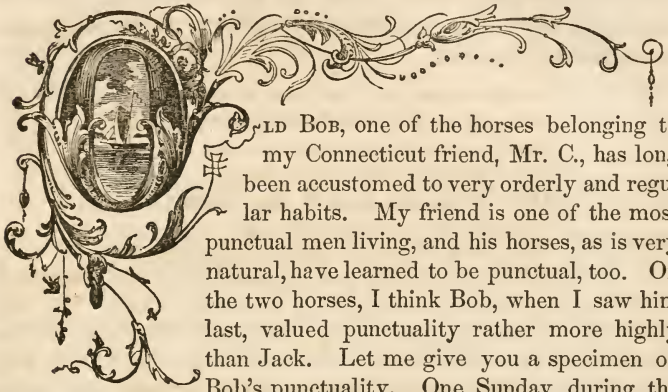
My darling little boy, one day,
Was out in grandpa's field at play,
While I sat in the cottage-door,
Watching him range the green plains o'er,
Now here, now there, in wildest glee;
His soft curls flowing, light and free,
Around his dimpled shoulders white,
Bounded my little laughing sprite.
His merry voice rang sweet and clear,
Like music on my doting ear.
His sparkling eyes of violet blue,
Where every thought was mirrored through,
Danced with a happy, childish joy,
That well became my cherished boy—
When, suddenly, a pause he made,
A timid stop, as if afraid,
And bending o'er a flowery mound,
Examined cautiously the ground;
Then from beneath the clustering brake,
He caught, exultingly, a snake,
And held it up with ecstacy,
Calling admiringly to me—
"See, mamma, see!"—I cried with fright,
"Drop him, my Charlie! he will bite."
But coiling round his chubby arm,
He seemed to mean the child no harm,
While Charlie, smiling sweetly, said,
"I love all things which God has made;
Mamma, this little snake, so green,
The prettiest one I've ever seen,
May I not keep him every day,
And let him share my cakes and play?
See how he coils around my thumb;
Please hold him, while I bring a crumb,
And put it underneath the brake,
And let him there his supper take."
Shuddering, recoiling, half afraid,
"I can not, darling boy," I said;

"But if you love him, let him go;
'Twould please him better far, I know.
He has a home in this green field,
That many luscious berries yield,
And 'mid these richly clustering bowers,
He drinks the dew from fragrant flowers;
For God provides for every thing,
The snakes, the worms, the bugs of spring."
But here my story may not end;
For Charlie's little reptile friend
Came every day to seek him there,
And all his little dainties share.
And what a picture they would make—
My merry Charlie and his snake. BERTHA.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

THE following incident, for which I am indebted to Colonel Stone's admirable work, the Life of Brant, most clearly shows how irresistibly the law of kindness unnerves the arm of revenge. After the fall of General Burgoyne, the Tories became highly exasperated with General Schuyler for the very important part which he had taken in defeating the British army, and they determined to murder him. For this purpose the Tories corrupted a white man, who had been patronized by the General, and who was even then in his employment, to do the foul deed; and also one of the friendly Indians, whose clan had for years been in the habit of halting upon his premises in Saratoga, during the fishing season, at Fish Creek, which ran through his farm, and in which immense quantities of fish were then taken. To effect their object, the two assassins took their station under a covert, in a valley about half a mile from the General's premises, and by which they had previously ascertained he was shortly to pass. They soon descried his approach on horseback. As he advanced they took deliberate aim; when, with a sudden movement, the Indian struck up his associate's gun, with the exclamation—"I can not kill him; I have eaten his bread too often!"

THE PUNCTUAL HORSE.



OLD BOB, one of the horses belonging to my Connecticut friend, Mr. C., has long been accustomed to very orderly and regular habits. My friend is one of the most punctual men living, and his horses, as is very natural, have learned to be punctual, too. Of the two horses, I think Bob, when I saw him last, valued punctuality rather more highly than Jack. Let me give you a specimen of Bob's punctuality. One Sunday, during the last summer, while spending some weeks at my friend's house, the old horse, duly harnessed, was brought up to the door by the groom, where he was expected to wait until a portion of the family should summon him to escort them to church. The bell was ringing when he appeared at the door. It soon began to toll. Either because the ladies were not quite ready, or for some other reason, Bob had to wait a good while. At last, his patience was quite exhausted. It would not do to be late at church, he thought; and off he started, on a good round trot, toward the church. He was within only a few rods of the end of the route, when some friendly gentleman arrested his career and took him back to the house, to the great relief of several ladies, to say nothing of myself, their somewhat crest-fallen driver.

Bob's punctuality, like some people's piety, was sometimes a little uncomfortable to himself and others. Perhaps you will say that "e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;" and perhaps they did, but I don't think they often *hit* it. He was sadly in want of the gift of patience; so that the vice of impatience too often counterbalanced the virtue of punctuality. For example, when we went on a fishing expedition with him, and left him tied to the fence, he was pretty sure to get loose and run away, as soon as

he thought we had been fishing long enough. You see he was *headstrong*, in more than one sense. But I must not comment any more on Bob's habits, good, bad, and indifferent. It would hardly be fair to say much against him, while he is not allowed to defend his character.

THE WHITE MAN A CURIOSITY.

THERE are whole districts in many European countries where a black man has never been seen, and there are districts in Africa where the people have never seen a white man. The Rev. Mr. Seys, Presiding Elder of the Methodist Mission in Liberia, accompanied Gov. Russwurm and a party of colored friends, from Cape Palmas to the native tribes and towns in the interior, during the summer, taking along a native interpreter, who had acquired the name of Sunday, from his Christian character. Mounted on donkeys, they traveled some eleven miles through extensive rice-fields, belonging to King Freemun's people, to Gilliboth, a large native town, the King of which, a tall, fine-looking African named Quith, received them most cordially. Here a colored Methodist school had been recently established. The reception of the party, and the scenes which followed, form an amusing passage in Mr. Seys' journal. It will be seen that a white man was as great a curiosity there as an orang-outang in his country.

"Reader, they had rarely seen a member of the *pale-faced* at Gilliboth, some doubtless *never*, until they set eyes on your humble servant. The consequence you may judge. I was regularly beset, and that, too, with a fearless degree of curiosity far ahead of the Queahs of Geulahs. Men, women, and children, crowded around me with suffocating officiousness and familiarity. They felt my skin, examined my hair, pulled up my sleeves, watched every movement, followed me from place to place, and indeed rendered their curiosity most oppressive. The boys of the school, ten in number, were perfectly delighted."

SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

PROBABLY the largest fees that were ever received for medical or surgical services, were given to Sir Astley Cooper, the celebrated English surgeon. He once performed an operation upon an old gentleman by the name of Hyatt. This gentleman had resided for a long time in the West Indies. On his return to his native country, at the age of nearly seventy years, he was afflicted with a disease that required a very skillful surgical operation. Sir Astley Cooper performed the operation with his accustomed ability; and upon visiting him one day, when he was able to quit his bed, Mr. Hyatt observed to his surgeon that he had feed his physician, but that he had not yet remunerated his surgeon. He desired to know the amount of his debt, and Sir Astley stated, "Two hundred guineas!"

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "I sha'n't give you two hundred guineas. There, that is what I shall give you," taking off his nightcap, and tossing it to Sir Astley.

"Thank you, sir," said Sir Astley; "any thing from you is acceptable," and he put the cap into his pocket.

Upon examination, it was found to contain a check for one thousand guineas, or $5,250.

Mr. Steer consulted Sir Astley at his own residence, and having received his advice, departed without giving the usual fee. Sir Astley took no notice of this, but gave him his assistance cheerfully, under a feeling that he was a gentleman who had seen better days, but who was now in indifferent circumstances. Shortly after, however, Sir Astley received a note, acquainting him that on going to the Stock Exchange, he found that he had some stock, which he had disposed of, and that he had taken the liberty to put $15,000 of it in his name; and finding that it had soon after risen, he took the further liberty of selling it for him, and now sent the difference, which was about $316.

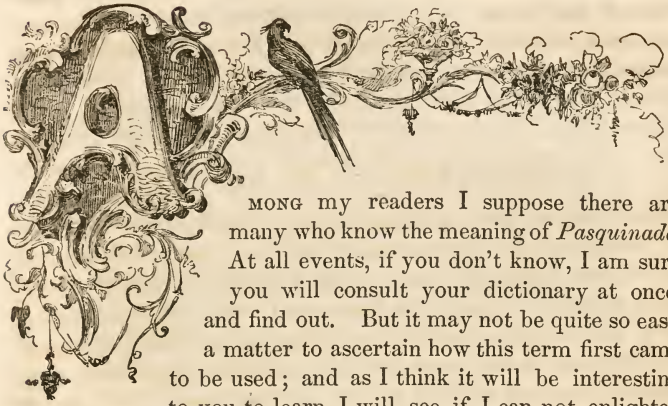
Sir Astley's amount of fees far exceeds that of any member of the profession. In one year he received no less a sum than $100,000, and for many years from $75,000 upward. His patients have comprised all classes of society, and his attention was bestowed equally on the wealthy and the indigent.

HOUSE-WARMING IN GEORGIA.

THE Georgians are rapturously in love with fresh air. Indeed, I have noticed this peculiarity in every part of the South which I have visited, as well as in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. If you go to Naples or Genoa, you must not expect to find the same notions prevailing as to what constitutes comfort in a cold day—and they do sometimes have cold days there—as you find in Philadelphia or New York. Nor should you lay that flattering unction to your soul, if you happen to live in one of the Northern States, that the thermometer in your physical system will always agree with that of the man who has been born and brought up at a plantation on the Oconee river. You may sometimes sigh for a fire as extravagantly as Shakspeare makes one of the old British kings sigh for a horse; and yet, unless you ask for it, you will come no nearer getting your fire than the prince did to getting his horse. And when the fire is built, which often contains a large portion (I don't mean the largest) of a cord, the chances are that not only the door of the room, but both of the outer doors are wide open, and you may consider yourself fortunate if a window is not partly raised too.

Yet, for all that, there never were any people, I venture to say, who loved comfort and convenience more than these same Georgians, living in the cotton-growing districts. They have different ideas of the staples of which comfort and convenience are constituted, from those current in more northern latitudes; and after giving this system of ultra ventilation a month's trial, I believe you would be forced to admit, though shiveringly, perhaps, that the system is quite as rational as the one we adopt at the North, when we shut out every cubic inch of fresh air from our warm rooms, as carefully as if it were a deadly poison.

PASQUINADES.

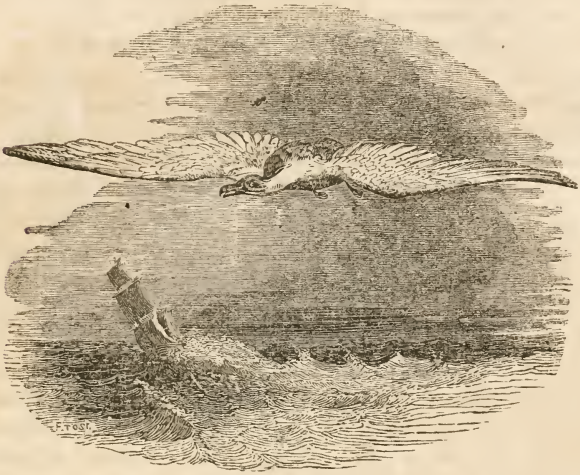


AMONG my readers I suppose there are many who know the meaning of *Pasquinade.* At all events, if you don't know, I am sure you will consult your dictionary at once, and find out. But it may not be quite so easy a matter to ascertain how this term first came to be used; and as I think it will be interesting to you to learn, I will see if I can not enlighten you. Among the objects of interest which I visited in the city of Rome, is a statue, or rather the mutilated trunk of a statue, of very great antiquity, which, whatever name it originally had, has long known no other than the statue of *Pasquin.* We are told that it is designed to represent Menelaus supporting the dead body of Patroclus, though that is a mere surmise. It is the work, however, of no ordinary artist, and it is universally admired. By some, it has even been called the finest piece of antique sculpture in Rome. When I saw it, some three years since, it was shockingly maimed. It looked as if it had been an actor on half a dozen battle-fields. This statue derives its modern name from a tailor by the name of *Pasquin*, who once kept a shop on the same piazza. Pasquin's shop was the rendezvous of all the wits and the gossips of the city. From his premises the satirical witticisms of these idle men, on the manners and foibles of the day, obtained a ready circulation. These witticisms were placarded on this antique statue, and in course of time they took the name of *pasquinades.* The term has long been an almost universal one among all civilized nations; but it is in Rome only, where the thing originated, that it flourishes. The statue of Marforio, in another part of the city, was made the vehicle for replying to the

attacks of Pasquin, and for years, the two kept up a continual fire of wit and repartee. Marforio was removed from the place where it stood, near the arch of Septimus Severus, to the museum of the Capitol. The Pope, at that time, expressed his wish to have Pasquin removed too; but the wealthy and independent duke to whom the statue belonged would not permit it. His holiness himself used sometimes to be the butt of these *pasquinades.* So he made up his mind that he would cut short the career of the wicked Pasquin, by having his statue burned and thrown into the Tiber. But one of the Pope's friends saved the old veteran, by suggesting that, in the event of its destruction in the manner determined on, its ashes would turn into frogs, and croak more terribly than before. It is said that its owner is compelled to pay a fine, whenever the statue is found guilty of exhibiting a placard that is positively scandalous. The modern Romans think a great deal of their Pasquin. It has become an *institution* with them. The press in the city is under such a rigid censorship, that nothing in the shape of satire on prominent men ever finds its way into the public journals; and this system of witty placards supplies, in some measure, the want of a free press. It is almost incredible what liberties are tolerated in the shape of *pasquinade.* There is scarcely a public matter upon which Pasquin is not allowed to express his mind.

WAIT A MOMENT.

A GOOD story is told of the clerk at a little village church in the west of England, where the service is never commenced on Sunday mornings until the "squire" has taken his seat. One Sunday, however, this gentleman happened to be late, and a neighboring clergyman, not acquainted with the ways of the place, was "doing duty." So he commenced, as usual, with "When the wicked man——" He had proceeded no further, when up jumped the clerk, bawling out, "Stop, stop, sir! wait a moment; he 's not come yet."



AN OCEAN RHAPSODY.

I HAVE a very sprightly and somewhat roguish cousin—as she is not here to answer for herself, of course I can say all manner of saucy things about her—who, without making arrogant pretensions, enjoys pretty intimate acquaintance with the muse. I met her the other day, not a thousand miles from Boston, and found her just putting the finishing touch to some lines on the ocean. They were intended for a friend who is very familiar with the sea; but I coaxed her to give me a copy of them for my boys and girls. As to the sentiment of the little lyric, I confess I don't quite subscribe to it, old Ocean and I not being on speaking terms; but there is a charming raciness in it which I like, and you 'll like it too, reader. Here it is:

I 'd love to roam mid sea-wreath foam,
  And dance upon each wave;
My gallant ship should lightly skip
  Above each coral cave.

And if at night some Undine sprite
From out the hidden deep,
Should twine with care her pearl-drops rare
In visions of my sleep ;—

Or in her car take me afar
To Neptune's sea-weed bowers,
Where singing shells and fairy bells
Play to the dancing flowers ;—

I gladly go, down, down below,
And join the Naiad band ;
For this our life is full of strife,
And cold my native land.

Then let me be forever free
Upon the ocean's breast ;
And when I die, oh ! let me lie
In a coral cave to rest.

BERTHA MORRIS.

EARLY RISING.

BUFFON, the celebrated naturalist, rose always with the sun ; and he used often to tell by what means he had accustomed himself to get out of bed so early. "In my youth," said he, "I was very fond of sleep ; it robbed me of a great deal of my time ; but my poor Joseph (his domestic) was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time he could make me get up at six. The next morning he did not fail to awake and torment me, but he received only abuse. The day after he did the same, with no better success, and I was obliged at noon to confess that I had lost my time. I told him that he did not know how to manage his business ; that he ought to think of my promise, and not of my threats. The day following he employed force ; I begged for indulgence ; I bade him begone ; I stormed ; but Joseph persisted. I was, therefore, obliged to comply, and he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke, by thanks, accompanied with a crown, which he received about an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen volumes of my work."

MY BIRTHDAY.

THE 20th day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and fifty-five, was my sixteenth birthday. "Now what do you suppose we care for that?" I think I hear you saying among yourselves. Why I do n't suppose you care anything for the particular locality of my birthday, but then I rather thought we might have a pleasant little talk about birthdays in general, and mine in particular, that 's all.

As for the day itself, I am not out of the way in saying that it was a fine one—such an one as any body might be proud of for a birthday. And besides that, you can, by just looking at your almanac, see that it is about as long a day as we have from January 1st to December 31st. But this is not what I wanted to talk about; its being beautiful and long, does not signify so much as what I am about telling. To me this thing is *something;* to others it might not have seemed a matter of much importance; for "Familiarity breeds indifference" is an old proverb, which, if it were not true, would have been disused long ago.

"But what occurrence was that of such importance that transpired on your birthday?" I can hear you ask as plain as day. Why, it was this: I received a letter from that Uncle Frank of mine, whom I have never seen, but of whom I have heard so much. Yes, a veritable autograph letter! Only think of it! is not that enough to make one feel kindly towards any day of the week or the year? I had singular notions about "Uncle Frank" before; but now I am inclined to believe him in reality flesh and blood, just like the rest of us, only more so. His letter was short, written just as any man might be supposed to write a letter in a hurry. But I must not describe the letter; as things now are,

I feel very much like setting my sixteenth birthday apart, on account of this very thing.

How many readers of the *Cabinet* have passed their sixteenth birthday? Many, doubtless. And did you ever think what an important day was that same sixteenth anniversary of your appearance upon this world's great stage of action? Did you, when on that sixteenth stile, look back over the path you had trod during the distance that intervened between the position you then occupied, and that fifteenth stile you clambered over, just one year ago? And if you did, did you not see some erring footprints that wandered out by the way-side, probably beguiled by some crimson beauty, that was, just then, in the height of its bloom? Well, you found this little beauty, and plucked it, perhaps; but did you find no thorn upon the stem? Was there no drawback to your delight, when you once held the flower? Ah! the leaves of the sweet rose hide a thorn, as sharp and long as any of you would ever want thrust into your tiny finger.

But did you not turn your gaze from the Past, and look forward to the Future—the paths you were yet to tread, the stiles yet to climb? I am sure you did; and of course you calculated the obstacles in the way, the temptations to wander off, that would assail you, and you thought, just as I think now, that you could, and would, overcome them all; and you might look back from the seventeenth stile, and see a path disfigured by no wandering footprints of yours. That would be a noble consummation! one full worth a year's assiduous toil to achieve! To look back upon a straight, plain path without "one step aside" to mar: who would not practice rigid self-denial for a year to obtain that?

Young friends, I am a stranger; this is the first time I have ventured to address you; and our good "Uncle Frank," I know, seconds me in my earnest wishes, that, though your birthday was not on the 20th of June, you may so live from to-day, that when the earth shall have accomplished another circle around the sun, you will be able to look back upon a path marred by no wayward tracks, and look inward and see that there, too, all is sweet peace.

GEORGE SMITH.

Uncle Frank's Monthly Table Talk.

THE BABY SHOW.

THERE was an unusual excitement at Barnum's Museum a short time since. Great crowds flocked to that well-known place of amusement. For several days, if you had stood any where near the front of St. Paul's church, on Broadway, at any time between eleven in the morning and four in the afternoon, you would have seen an incessant stream of people—men, women, and children—pressing, with all their might, into the Museum, as if something of great importance was going on there. The lake of human beings formed by this mighty stream, more than once during the days alluded to, became so full, that it was necessary to shut down (or up) the gates and to admit no more. And what do you suppose were the attractions in the Museum? If the newspapers have not already informed you, I will let out the secret. These attractions consisted of one hundred and fifty babies. Did you ever hear of babies making such a stir before? and do n't you think the dear creatures, if their little heads could have guessed that they were the "observed of all observers," would have been almost justified in putting on some airs, and showing that they regarded themselves as of some consequence in the world?

Two little girls from the country—two little nieces of mine, and not so *very* little either—were in my office, and wanted much to go and see these babies. So I went with them. Uncle Frank has no great faculty for resisting the demands of his nieces and nephews. Dear me! what a time we had! The crowd was so dense, that it was quite as much as we could do to make our way through it, and more than we could do to avoid being wedged in among the masses. "And the babies, Uncle Frank, what about them?" Well, they appeared remarkably like other babies—just about as handsome, just about as good-natured, just about as wise and far-seeing. Most of them, I noticed, seemed to set more store by a piece of ginger-snap of the size of a dollar, than they did by all the admiration of the mighty multitude who were gazing at them. "And pray,

sir, not to interrupt you, as you just spoke of their being wise and far-seeing, do you regard that fact as a mark of their wisdom and shrewdness?" My dear little fellow, if it is just as agreeable to you, I would prefer not to be pressed on that point; I was pressed so much in the Museum, that I think you ought not to press me very hard, now that I am out.

The dear little miniature gentlemen and ladies, with their nurses or mothers, were distributed over the entire Museum, and were seated on elevated platforms in the middle of the different rooms. On the whole, they behaved themselves pretty well, in the circumstances. They cried a little, now and then, when sport was at a low ebb, and they had nothing else to do; but not half as often or as loudly, I could not help thinking, as I would have cried if I had been one of them. The rooms were intensely warm, and I could not find it in my heart to blame them for crying. A fancy came into my head, while I was witnessing this Baby-lonish captivity—I can't help the pun, it is such a pun-y affair—that the wisest thing these young Americans could do would be to form themselves into a choir, and set up such a screaming, the whole army of them, as would drive every visitor, who had any nerves, out of the building. That would have been a sensible move on their part, I insist upon it. They did not adopt it, however, owing either to their good nature or to the fact that the idea did not occur to them.

THE PROTEAN FOUNTAIN PEN.

Reader, have you heard of this new invention? I think I hear you say that you have heard something about it, but that you would like to learn more. Well, then, listen a moment to me, and I will enlighten you.

It is a contrivance comprising a pen, holder, and inkstand, all in one. Do you say this is rather a tough story? I acknowledge it, but in order to give a true account of modern inventions, we *must* tell tough stories. I assure you, that the writer who uses this pen needs no other inkstand than that which is afforded by the holder of this pen, which is made of India-rubber. It will aid you in forming a true idea of the mode in which the pen is constructed, to examine the engraving which our artist has made for you. This is a representation of a pocket pen. There are other styles, intended only for the desk; but this pen, full of ink, can be safely carried in the pocket. The figure on the right hand represents the pen in a portable state, ready for the pocket. The other figure represents the pen empty, and ready to be charged, with the cap at the lower end. "And how is the pen charged?" It is the simplest thing possible, when you only learn how the thing is done. The upper end represents a piston. The lower end being immersed in ink, you draw the piston upward, and

the ink is received into the reservoir, by suction. When the reservoir is charged, you can write two or three days, if you like, without again dipping the pen into an inkstand. I have ascertained that I can fill forty pages of letter from the ink contained in the reservoir. I leave you to judge whether the invention is worth anything or not. It does away entirely with the necessity of having an inkstand on the writing table, and renders it unnecessary for the writer to stop, every three minutes, all day, to replenish his pen. This latter circumstance, to an author or letter-writer whose ideas flow pretty rapidly, is a very important one, to say nothing about the convenience of being able to keep a pen always charged and constantly ready to do duty, in one's pocket. When you wish to discharge the reservoir, for any reason, all you have to do, is to reverse the motion, and push the piston down instead of drawing it up; and you can cleanse the reservoir, with the utmost ease, by alternating the upward and downward motions while the pen is plunged in water. My attention was first called to this invention by my sagacious assistant, Aunt Sue, who is enthusiastic in her praise of it. But I am so jealous of innovations, that I allowed three months to pass before I obtained a pen, since which time I have endeavored to make some amends for my tardiness in recognising the utility of the instrument, by warmly setting forth its merits on all proper occasions.

The Rev. Mr. Prince is the inventor of this pen, which is destined, I am confident, to be immensely popular, not only in America, but on the other side of the Atlantic. The prices of the pens, complete, range from $3 to $4.50.

LITTLE FOLKS AT THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

I love to see even very little folks at our table, once in a while. Why not? They enjoy our amusements, perhaps, as much as those who are a great deal older; and if they behave well, I am sure no one could wish them to stay away. Let me introduce to you three children from Wisconsin, whose heads do not reach a great distance above the table, to be sure, but who have written us some very pretty little letters, for all that. The mother of these children I knew well and loved, when she was but a girl. She was writing to me, the other day, and these children, who take the *Cabinet*, and sometimes try to study out the enigmas in it, thought they would like to write to Uncle Frank, too. Their mother gave them

permission to do so; and here the three dear little letters are. Let us take the one first which was written by the little girl who is only seven years old:

Waukesha, Wis., Aug. 15, 1855.

Mr. Woodworth,—Will you please send me a copy of Uncle Frank's little Botany? We have a great many wild flowers here, and my brother and sister and I are very fond of them. Ma has taught us a little about Botany. We sometimes bring home arms full of flowers from the woods and prairie, and make bouquets and wreaths of them. I have one sister two years older than I, and one baby sister that can only say "puss" and "by-by." I am seven years old. When the *Cabinet* comes, we all want it at once. Julia reads so fast she soon reads it through. We let Henry have it when he is in the house; for he is out-doors so much, helping Pa in the garden and nursery, that Ma says we must give it up to him when he comes in. Will you come to see us some time? EMILY F. H.

Waukesha, Wis., Aug. 1855.

Dear Mr. Woodworth,—Fourth of July we children (there are six with the baby) had a nice time. Cousin Willie was here. We went into the woods beyond the barn. Mamma sent us baskets of dishes and a nice dinner, and we spread our cloth on the grass. We all had wreaths and garlands of flowers. Henry caught a squirrel in his trap. He and Willie dressed it, and we had it cooked in the woods for our dinner. After dinner Henry and Cousin Willie went in the clover-field for the oxen. They took them up to the barn, and yoked them to the new cart, and drove in the woods where we were. We all jumped in, and had a nice ride. "Duke" and "Dune" were very gentle, and we rode all about in the woods and bushes. The baby thought it was fun, and called the oxen "puss." If you come to see us, you shall have a ride in the "Rockaway." Papa takes Mamma and us so often that "Dolly" does n't mind the logs and bushes, but goes up and down hill, and along the marsh, and through the openings, and over the prairies, making a road wherever we want to go. JULIA J. H.

Waukesha, Wis., Aug. 15, 1855.

Mr. Woodworth,—You answer all sorts of hard questions in the *Cabinet*. Will you please tell us why a piece of bread and butter, with a slice of meat between, is called a *sandwich*, and how the word first came to be so used? We enjoy the puzzles in the *Cabinet*. We sometimes make up some ourselves, but Ma says she knows you must have more than you want to look at if all children are like us. H. W. H.

I am glad, my dear little fellow, to see that you have such a disposition to inquire into the reasons of things. I 'll try and answer this question for you. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, the Earl of Sandwich, quite a practical sailor himself, was first Lord of the Admiralty. While he was in office, he was accustomed to recommend for short excursions the use of that particular form of provisions, on account of its convenience. Hence, it gradually came to be known by his name. This

earl, by the way, was the one whose name Captain Cook gave to the Sandwich Islands, at the time of the discovery of that group in 1778.

Here is another letter, also from the West, though not quite so near the region of sunset. The writer is a little boy who never wrote to an editor before.

Quincy, Ill., July 13, 1855.

MR. WOODWORTH:

DEAR SIR,—I have been thinking some time of writing to you, but have never fully decided to do so until now. I cannot tell you, dear Uncle Frank, how much we prize the *Cabinet*, my sister and I. We watch for its coming as we would for some dear friend, and indeed it is one. We have thought sometimes of becoming contributors to the puzzler's drawer, and also of sending on the answers to the puzzles, which we generally find without an exception; but we cannot do this on account of the *Cabinet's* not reaching us in time. We do not generally get it until the 15th of the month, and sometimes later; but I assure you we are very glad to get it even then. Sister C. wishes me to ask if Uncle Frank ever intends visiting the West. We hope you will, and if you do we shall delight to welcome you to our home on the beautiful Mississippi. But I will not detain you any longer. Please give our love to S. N., whom we have learned to respect very much.

From your affectionate nephew, CHARLES W. KEYES.

Charley, you may tell that sister of yours that I *do* intend visiting the West one of these days, when it will give me pleasure to accept her polite invitation. I shall remember it—trust me for that.

THE GLASS SNAKE AGAIN.

This singular fellow is really making quite a noise lately, is n't he? I wonder what would be his feelings, if he knew how much attention he was exciting. I have very little doubt but his pride and vanity would be excited—that is, if he is capable of such foibles, and I suppose he is, or he could not be a true descendant of that wily serpent who did so much mischief in the Garden of Eden some six thousand years ago. In addition to the facts which were communicated to me before the issue of the last number of the *Cabinet*, and which were published in that number, here are some more from a correspondent in the state of Illinois.

MR. EDITOR,—In the July number of the *Cabinet*, you have given some accounts of the glass snake, and have asked your readers to give you further information concerning this wonderful reptile. I have seen two or three of these snakes, and have struck them gently. At every blow the reptile was broken, but there were no signs of blood. I took it in my hands, and with my fingers snapped it in very small pieces. Where it broke, it looked like unjointing a limb, or like a horny comb. I broke off one-third of the forward part, and the snake would make some head-

way, but not so fast as with the whole length. As to its joining itself together, I would say, that a man in my employ brought one to my shop in his hands, broken in three or four parts; and he said he broke it in this manner, and it joined itself and run some distance, and that this was repeated three times, it uniting every time, and running after it had joined itself together. The man I would believe under any other circumstances, and why not in this matter? This snake is a very beautiful and harmless looking creature, with a small head. It is quite a slim and delicate looking thing. One feels no dread of this animal as of other snakes. It resembles more than anything else a beautiful stick of striped candy, and is nearly as hard. W. SMITH.

Lawn Ridge, Peoria Co., Ill., Aug. 20, 1855.

LETTERS FROM INDIAN CHILDREN.

I have just received three or four letters from as many Indian children, whose home is in the territory of Nebraska. They belong to the tribe of Delawares. The letters they send me would hardly disgrace the boys and girls of the same age, who go to school here in New York. There is a mission school at Briggsvale, the place at which the letters are dated; and these specimens of composition speak well, not only for the writers of them, but for the faithful and self-denying teachers to whom the children owe their education. The first of these letters is from the pen of a girl only ten years of age. Here it is:

Briggsvale, Nebraska, Aug. 3, 1855.

Mr. Woodworth,—I will try to write you a letter. I never wrote one, and I am afraid I shall not do very well. I am ten years old. I like to read the *Youth's Cabinet*, because it has such beautiful stories in it. I have read in one of your books called the "Insect Wonders." It tells about different kinds of insects, and I think it is a very interesting book. It tells about the wasp too, and about its habitation. I have watched one, who, having brought in a little mud, spattered it on the wall, or on anything she wants to have her nest on. She then gets some more mud, fixes it the same way, till she finishes it. But this is not the kind of wasp that you mentioned about in your book. It has long, yellow and black legs, which hang down when they fly. Their bodies are black, with a very few small yellow marks on them. Their wings are yellowish red. Miss Morse, our teacher, sometimes reads to us in some of your books, whenever she has time. I have read several of them through myself. I will try to tell a little about this country. I like to live in a country better than I do in a city. I have not seen a city yet, but I have read about them. One thing I do not like a city, is, there are no flowers there, and hardly any trees and grass there. But then I would like to see one. This country is very beautiful, I think. It has such beautiful flowers, and pretty green grass, and prairies. Mr. Pratt lives on the mission farm, and besides he has a meeting-house too, in which he preaches the gospel every Sabbath. A few numbers of people come to hear the gospel. Some of the Delawares don't care anything about

religion, and they do not hardly ever come to meeting at all. But then some come every Sabbath.

Well, I must bid you good-bye. I hope you are well, since you came from Georgia. May-be you will come here some time. I wish you would. Your young friend,

PHEBE HENDRICK.

The writer of the following letter is thirteen years old. One of the teachers of the mission school gives him a very good character, and expresses the hope that he is a sincere Christian :

Baptist Mission School, Briggsvale, Aug. 3, 1855.

Uncle Frank,—In your *Youth's Cabinet*, you tell us about your travels in Europe. I like to read them. You said you did not see much beautiful scenery on the Rhine until you took the steamer at Mayence. We cannot find the town on our maps as you spell it. We only find one spelled *Mentz*. Will you please to send us a letter, if you are not too busy, and tell us whether that is the same place. I think may be it is, for you say at Mayence you saw an old building which Guttenberg used for a printing office. My geography says, that in Mentz the house is still seen where Faust and Guttenberg printed.

When you went into the crater of that volcano, were you not afraid of not getting out? I think the name of the volcano is Vesuvius, a volcano in Italy. Was your guide an Italian man; and was he not afraid of your getting lost in the crater?

I have a book called Natural History. It tells about lions, tigers, elephants, &c.; also birds and all kinds of fowls, and of other creatures. Sometimes our teacher lends us her books that tell about such things, made by you, Uncle Frank. I thank you for making them.

We have a good many wild horses here. They go in herds and have a leader. When the leader hears any body coming near, he runs off as fast as he can. When the herd hear him running, they start off after him. It takes a fast and hard runner to catch them. The hunter has a *lariat*, or a small, strong rope, with a noose at the end. It is fastened to his saddle, tight, so that the wild horse cannot loosen it and get away.

The way that Indians catch buffaloes, is to chase them until they come up with them. The hunter goes on the left side of the creature, so as to be able to shoot him in the heart; for if he is not much hurt, he will sometimes turn upon the man, and perhaps might outrun the horse and kill him and his rider. Some Indians use rifles; others arrows and spears. A hunter makes a great many arrows, so he shall not be obliged to get off to pick up those he shoots away.

A company of Delawares went on a buffalo hunt last month. My uncle was one of them. He was one day after a buffalo, and the animal got ahead of him, though he was running his horse. He fired a holster pistol at the buffalo, but his horse stumbled at the same time, and the charge went through the poor animal's head and scattered his brains. So he lost his horse. My uncle was thrown and very badly hurt. Buffalo hunters are often thrown and get their bones broken. I wish you would tell us if you expect to visit our country. We all should be very glad to see you.

I learn in geography that fattened snails are sent from Wurtemberg to Italy to be sold. Did you see any in Italy? How large are the snails? Are they like the snails of our country? Are they used for food?

I pray God to help me keep his commandments, and to love him for his mercy in keeping my life to this time. And I will try to show in my actions that his spirit dwells in me. And I pray God to help me, so that the devil will have no dominion over my soul; for if I let him be my ruler, he will at last bring me to his own place. Then I shall be lost forever. But I will, depending on the help of God, remember my Creator in the days of my youth. From your Indian nephew,

JORDAN E. JOURNEYCAKE.

I must answer some of the inquiries of this far-off nephew of mine. It will not do to slight him. He writes just as if he expected to be answered, and had no notion whatever of being repulsed by his Uncle Frank. So here are Uncle Frank's replies:

1. *Mayence* and *Mentz* are two names for the same city. The words sound very much alike, you perceive.

2. The name of the volcano I visited is Vesuvius, as you suppose. I had an Italian guide with me, and he was a great coward. I think while we were in the crater together, he was a great deal more frightened than either of the gentlemen he had under his charge. For myself, I saw no cause for fear. The volcano is no steeper inside than it is outside.

3. Yes, I saw snails used as food in Italy, plenty of them, and I saw them so used in France too, where wealthy people consider them a great delicacy. They are very much like our common snails, though they are *fattened* in France and Italy, and grow larger than American snails usually do. If I thought you would not consider me barbarous, I should certainly say that their taste, according to my notion, is delicious.

And here comes another letter from my Delaware niece, Rebecca. I don't know how old she is. Neither she nor her teacher has chosen to enlighten me on that point. I guess she is about fourteen; though if I am wrong, Rebecca must set me right, for it will not do to make mistakes about young ladies' ages:

Mission School, Briggsvale, Aug. 3, 1855.

Uncle Frank,—I am now going to tell you about my visit to the wolf's den. On the way, I saw many beautiful wild flowers, and the prairie looked as though it was a flower garden. But I must not forget to tell you about the wolf's den. When I came near the den, I passed a creek; but the water was almost all dried up, and only a little left. The place where the water stood was a half circle, something like a basin. A little farther on, I came to a cave, which we called the *wolf's sitting room.* In the den there was a bird's nest. It had five little young birds. The bird is called the *Pewit.* We found plenty of dens along the creek. In some, raccoons and opossums lived. Their tracks were plain in the soft mud. Near to this that I last mentioned was still another. So I went, and took a look. Little over the other side, there was still another den,

where the wolf's cubs were; but I did not go to see them. The stream had several pretty falls. When the water is high, we hear the roar of the water.

Have you ever seen a cotton wood tree? But I suppose you think we pick cotton off the tree. It is a very beautiful tree. The leaves of the tree are always in motion.

The rats in this country are very large. They are called *wood-rats*. They are very apt to bite people, when they are asleep. I had one bite me on my foot, when I was five or six years old. It was a long while getting well. I think it was a pretty bad bite. The rats and mice in this country are numerous. The country has very few large hills. The oak, the hickory, the elm, and the walnut trees grow here. Plums and cherries grow wild. Your friend,

REBECCA HENDRICK.

Aunt Sue's Bureau.

QUITE a number of letters came too late for notice last month, but I do n't see why the writers should not have the same consolation that sustains me when on arriving at the ferry I find I am just in time to be too late. My comforting reflection invariably is—"Well, I shall be in time for the next boat."

The "next boat" is now in the slip; let me take a peep at the belated ones. Here is Uncle Joe, (always welcome;) and here are J. E. Roys and Charlie (help yourself to kisses, Charlie; will *Aunt* do for the title?) Here are also—each carrying some pretty puzzle—E. P. Rogers, James M. Flynt, Hawk-eye Girl, Lucy Love, Buckeye Sisters, Spencer W. Leach, F. W. C. Cranes, W. L., Sagamore, Letitia, A Galena Friend, M. P. H., Libby Hall, Long Island Boy, W. P. R. Street, Alvaro F. Gibbens, and R. And here is Adelbert Older, as usual, with a whole carpet-bag full of good things: how industrious he must be. Then here is N. D. C., with a very pretty labyrinth, (I hope Uncle Frank will publish it, for there are loud cries for labyrinths.) And here is E. J., with smiling face; allow me to shake hands with you; your kind remarks deserve more notice than I have space for; please imagine all that gratitude can say. The names are Fanny, George, and Emily. Lilly too, with some anagrams; much obliged, dear, but if they are not original we do n't want them. Too bad, is n't it? after you have had all the trouble of copying them. Essie No. 2 has a word to say; make room; fair play.

ESSIE'S EXPLANATION.

Dear Mr Woodworth, and all other friends,
I've got together all the odds and ends
Of reasons, my poor little head can hold;
As Essie has a bone to pick with me I'm told.

"Somebody's envying ESSIE'S fame!"
Pray, can't there be two of a name?
This is more generous to suppose,
Though 'tis not much THIS Essie knows.

SHE is a bright and shining star,
And her fair fame I would not mar;
But she has made a great mistake,
To think that she has no namesake.

I am happy to hear you are home again, and I hope you may never have to return to the South in search of health.

Give my love to S. N., and tell her if she ever comes to New Haven, I shall claim that kiss she sends by mail. ESSIE THE SECOND.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Martha P. H. Your enigmas, though very ingeniously and cleverly contrived, are much too easy. They are, however, too good to be lost, and shall be placed with the elect.

Minna. It is dangerous for me to come across any contributions of yours before I finish the task I am engaged upon; for in the quiet enjoyment with which I peruse and reperuse them, I am apt to forget that I am busy.

Uncle Joe. You are very kind.

Ginnie. In Charade No. 12 it should have read—"if you prefix the letter S;" but somehow or other the r and s ran together, and hence the difficulty.

Willie B. Jacobs. No intrusion, I assure you; pray walk in.

O. L. Bradley. I return what you sent, with interest.

Lucinda. We missed you from our pleasant party this month, but we felt you were with us in spirit, though your dear little body was at school.

Mary A. Walker. I'll receive just as much love as ever you can send, and thank you too. I begin to think that my heart is made of India-rubber; it is wonderful how much love it has absorbed within the last few months.

Cornelia H. W. disclaims all idea of "setting up for big folks," and is ready to play hide and seek, and puss in the corner, with any of you, now at my elbow, until I close the bureau. I wonder how much writing I should do, with such fun as that going on; I rather think I should be the "spryest puss" of the company. Nobody is too old for our class; Mr. Methuselah himself might have a place in it; but I strongly suspect he

would have to be "down foot," for I've seen some old heads puzzling over an enigma long after the younger ones had solved it. We like the mammas and papas to take an interest in such matters; and those who have an Uncle Joe, or an Aunt Mary, or a big Cousin Tom to help them, are fortunate. Cornelia, you can't have your hat or gloves for a month; we can't spare you.

Thanks—for enigmas, &c.—to Russian Boy, Hawk-eye Girl, J. L. Taylor, and E. K. Russell; Buckeye Sisters, William Mooney, Oliver and Walter, T. Morril Carter, A. J. Wheeler, Jimmy, A. H. Nash, Wm. A. Hegeman, and J. A. Fisher.

Morristown, N. J., Aug. 6th, 1855.

Dear Aunt Sue,—I would have written to you last month if I had n't been away. I am very glad you are going to take the chair again, and I 'm sure every one of your nieces and nephews is as much pleased as I am. I do n't agree with Jane O. De Forrest in not calling you aunt until it has been a little more established. No, indeed. I go for "Aunt" right off. Auntie, was n't one of the conditions for the premium that the sentence should have every letter of the alphabet in it? if so, Fanny Newton did n't put any d in her sentence. I send some answers to the riddles, &c., but I do n't know whether they are right or not.

Yours truly, DAVID OLYPHANT.

If Fanny Newton sees this letter, I think she will feel inclined to ask you how you can spell "and," comfortably, without a d.

Dear Aunty,—My little sister, who has just learned to write, desires to address a few lines to you. I remember that when I first took the *Cabinet* it came in father's name, and that when I wrote to Uncle Frank he would not take any notice of my letter, and I did not like it. (I should not have liked it either, A.—*Aunt Sue.*) Well now, dear Aunty, because the *Cabinet* comes in my name, you won't slight my sister, will you?

A. J. WHEELER.

Certainly not; we will let the little darling speak for herself.

Dear Aunty,—I hope that I may be admitted as one of your little nieces, for I have long wished to write to you; but as I have not been able to write well, I have always hesitated. I hope you will accept these few puzzles, &c. Your affectionate niece,

C. A. WHEELER.

We shall hope to hear from you every month, C. A. W., and shall keep this little letter to see how much you improve in your writing. But, Sissy, I 'm afraid you did n't have a nice pen; never mind, every word is *spelled correctly*. I must tell you about one of the letters now on my table. I would n't mention names for the world; but it is signed "your affectionate *nephiew*," and it says, "*Heare* are some answers, &c.," "to Historical *quarries*." I wonder what kind of things those are!

"Answer to Enigma 13 is *Qween* Elizabeth." "I send you some *puzzels*," "and an *enegram*." You may be very sure I would n't be so cruel as to have *his* letter published.

Rising Sun, Ind., August 17, 1855.

Dear Aunt Sue,—My brother wrote to Uncle Frank, and it is but fair that somebody should write to you; so I will. Besides, ladies make more excuses for little boys' mistakes.

I must tell you about my pets. I know you would rather have two like mine than Uncle Frank's alligators. They are two little spotted fawns. Billy is a brave fellow; he is "Young America," sure enough; but Fanny is a shy, delicate little thing, and looks so sad sometimes, as if she was thinking of her mother.

I thank you for the *Cabinet*. I like it very much. I will send you a riddle that grandmother gave me, and none of us, not even father, could guess it. Good-bye, dear S. N. Come and see us. HARRY.

Thank you, "Lovie." It is rather against our rules to publish other than original conundrums, &c.; but out of respect for "Grandmother," this must have a place.

GRANDMOTHER'S CONUNDRUM.

What is that which God never sees, Washington seldom saw, and we see every day?

September 10th, 1855.

Dear Aunt Sue,—I am very sorry that Uncle Frank feels obliged to be away from home so much of the time; though I am very glad that you are in office again: I think it is so much nicer—at least for us girls—to have a lady editor. (What will Uncle Frank say to that, I wonder, Aunt Sue?) I wish that you would write us or rather draw us some more of those nice labyrinths which we used to have so often.

ONE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA COUSINS.

When you see N. D. C.'s pretty labyrinth, you wont want any more of Aunt Sue's.

Robert E. Boyd. The above remark applies also to you.

Peru, August 7, 1855.

Dear Aunt Sue,—I send enclosed some answers to puzzles, &c., and some puzzles of my own, which I should like to see in print if they are deemed worthy. If they should happen to be unworthy of a place in the *Cabinet*, I will at least bear with the misfortune philosophically, and not like my Southern friend, George, order my paper discontinued. By the way, I will endeavor by the commencement of the next volume, to procure enough new subscribers to keep Uncle Frank from suffering pecuniarily by George's rashness. Yours, truly,

ALFRED FISHER.

This is one of the pleasant letters "we read of."

Le Roy, Illinois, August 9, 1855.

DEAR AUNT SUE,—I certainly have not wished that we were rid of you. For (please do n't tell it to Uncle Frank—for perhaps he 'll get jealous—not on any account, Aunt Sue), I liked the *Cabinet* quite as well when it was partly under your editorial care as when Uncle Frank had the sole charge of it. 'T is true I was glad when Uncle Frank came home, but it was like his own joy at leaving the sunny South—mixed with sadness. And now I want a little private talk with you. Some time ago I sent you a few puzzles, which you led me to believe were accepted. I am afraid you have forgotten them, though, for I have not seen one of them in the *Cabinet*.

And so you are going to change your name. Well, if you are to be Aunt Sue, I will sign myself

Your affectionate nephew, ADELBERT OLDER.

The Puzzler's Drawer.

OFF-HAND NOTES AND QUERIES, NO. II.

1. What celebrated colossal statue is there in Egypt? and what are its dimensions?
2. Where was the temple of Jupiter Olympus?
3. Who was the fabled god of the infernal regions?
4. When was Sir Isaac Newton born?
5. Who was the first Roman Emperor?
6. When did Queen Anne ascend the English throne?
7. Who was Praxiteles?
8. What is the fable about the goddess Minerva?
9. When were the Sandwich Islands discovered?
10. When and where did Cardinal Richelieu live?

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE, NO. I.

1. To what place in England should soiled clothes be sent?
2. To what place in the same country would it be well to send dirty boys?
3. To what city in the same country would thirsty people like to go?
4. To what town in Scotland would it be best to send bald persons?
5. To what cape in Scotland ought angry people to be sent?
6. From what town in the state of Illinois do beautiful ladies come?
7. What country in Africa would misers like best?
8. What town in Ceylon would children like to live in? M. P. H.

CHARADE NO. XIII.

MY FIRST.

The boy who trusting in his father's word,
  Sprang from the towering mast to meet the wave,
Possessed in me the pledge that risk incurred
  Was equalled by that father's power to save.

MY SECOND.

The nation scourged, dispersed through every land,
  For many ages wanderers without home,
In me waits patiently the guiding hand
  Will lead its pilgrims back no more to roam.

MY THIRD.

The mother standing at the judgment seat,
  When wisdom's voice to death her babe did give,
Resigned through me her claim—willing to meet
  Her loss, so that her precious child might live.
Through me the tongue of slander lulls its voice,
  Though me the poor have full provision given;
I lift the fallen one, bid hearts rejoice;
  I bid the poor of earth seek wealth in heaven.

MY WHOLE.

A jewelled diadem of priceless worth,
I quench the lustre of all crowns of earth. MINNA.

CHARADE NO. XIV.

SONG OF MY FIRST.

I 'm found in the Spring, in its sunshine and showers,
And when Summer birds sing in their bright sylvan bowers;
But in Autumn I 'm gone while the trees yet are green:
In Winter you 'll look, and I 'm not to be seen.

SONG OF MY SECOND.

I 'm found in Spring's sunshine, but not midst its showers,
Though I 'm banished from Summer and all its gay flowers;
But in Autumn I 'm seen, and amid Winter's snow,
Yet they ne'er let me in to the fireside's bright glow.

SONG OF MY WHOLE.

We 're both of a family of two dozen more;
To see us together look your *Cabinet* o'er;
There often you 've seen us; we 've made—like a friend—
"Amusement our means, and instruction our end." C. H. W.

PLACES IN OHIO ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A girl's name, and a spring.
2. A portion of time, and a weight.
3. A blessing to the forlorn, and a valley.
4. One of the seasons, and a meadow.
5. A boy's name, and a village.
6. A boy's name, and a relation. HAWKEYE GIRL.

PLACES IN VIRGINIA ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A species of earth, and a crossing to a stream.
2. A color, and a species of shrub.
3. A point, and possessive pronoun.
4. A fancy show, and a mound or hill. SPENCER W. LEACH.

NAMES OF PLACES IN INDIANA ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED

1. A king's son, and a weight.
2. A harbor for ships, and a tract of ground.
3. A color, and a strong fortress.
4. An adjective, and a public place.
5. A point of the compass, and a curve of a road.
6. A name given to a contest between two nations, and a useful article.
7. A hard substance, and the word for town in a foreign language.
8. The name of a month, and a letter in the alphabet. O. L. BRADLEY.

BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS NO. VII.

1. TIN MEN EAT RENT.
2. O! STORY MAN.
3. LO! I TUG, NED.
4. TIP A DEN.
LIBBY HALL.
5. GO SMITE.
6. TEST, REIN.
7. NO TRIPE.
8. I PUT ON A MAT.
A GALENA FRIEND.
9. AIR CAME.
10. CITY CARS.
11. NOW RED.
12. GO, SOBER SIRE.
LETITIA.

REBUS NO. XIV.

Entire I often cause great pain; beheaded I am boisterous; curtailed you see a heathen deity; transposed I describe a course. UNCLE JOE.

REBUS NO XV.

Entire I am a useful quadruped; remove my first, and I become a species of grain; replace my first, and remove my last, and I am a city famed for its inquisition. J. O. J.

REBUS NO. XVI.

Unbroken I am a term sometimes applied to the atmosphere; remove my first, and I am a king famed in tragedy; remove my first and second, I am part of the human body; remove my first, second, and third, and I am a city mentioned in the Bible; remove my first and last, and I am an enclosure. EUNICE.

CUTTINGS FOR PLANTING.

1. Plant a wedding, and what would grow?
2. Plant a tailor, and what would grow?
3. Plant a gosling, and what would grow? BESSIE.
4. Plant a Bruin, and what would grow?
5. Plant the seat of life, and what would grow?
6. Plant an ape, and what would grow?
7. Plant a cardinal number, and part of the face, and what would grow?
8. Plant a cupid in a scrape, and what would grow?
9. Plant a learned man, and what would grow? LIZZIE.
10. Plant the border of a garment, and a protection against thieves, and what would grow?
11. Plant an unfortunate gentleman, and an appendage to his clothes, and what would grow?
12. Plant a letter of the alphabet, and caloric, and what would grow?

FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

ENIGMA NO. XIV.

I am composed of twelve letters.
My 1, 2, 3, is a quality that the Irish are said to have.
My 6, 7, 8, is the name of an animal.
My 6, 9, 4, is a trap.
My 4, 5, 6, is a number.
My 12, 11, 10, is a boy's nickname.
My whole was an assembly of the Saxons. N. LLOYD ANDREWS.

ENIGMA NO. XV.

I am composed of twelve letters.
My 5, 9, 8, 3, 1, 10, is a small bird.
My 6, 4, 9, 8, is a fruit.
My 11, 7, 2, 3, is a coin.
My 3, 1, 10, is a metal.
My 5, 1, 3, 3, 12, 10, is a comfort in cold weather.
My whole is a cause of misery. ADELBERT OLDER.

ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty letters.
My 1, 2, 6, 7, is a star in the constellation Cetus.
My 6, 15, 10, 12, 3, is one of the signs of the Zodiac.
My 11, 6, 8, 4, is a star in Argo Navio.
My 6, 20, 13, 19, 11, 6, is a star in Gemina.
My 1, 6, 7, 16, 10, 5, is a star in Serpentarino.
My 1, 12, 15, 6, 17, 18, is a star in Andromeda.
My 9, 14, 8, is one of the constellations.
My whole is the name of one who rendered Astronomy no inconsiderable service.

LUCINDA AND MARY.

ENIGMA NO. XVI.

I am composed of ten letters.
My 2, 3, 1, is part of the body.
My, 5, 3, 9, 4, is to encircle.
My 10, 2, 8, 7, 6, is a figure of speech.
My 10, 8, 7, is a boy's delight.
My 9, 8, 4, is what he hates.
My whole is the name of a city.

JEANIE.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE NO. VI.

A KISS.

Answered by Oliver and Walter, D. Olyphant, Bessie.

ANSWER TO JIMMY'S CONUNDRUM.

BECAUSE THERE IS A BELFAST (BELL-FAST) IN IT.

Answered by O. L. Bradley, E. K. Russell, William Mooney.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE NO. IX.

WHY TEDIOUS.

T. M. Carter and O. L. Bradley suggest "*yes without*," which answers the purpose very well.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE NO. X.

PERVERSE—PRESERVE.

Not answered by R. C. B., A. C., O. L. B., J. W. C., M. A. W., J. A. F.,

W. B. J., A. M. K., W. A. H., A. H. N., A. J. W., T. M. C., D. O., C. C. A., W. M., or any one else. What were ye all about!

ANSWER TO PUZZLE NO. XI.

HASTEN.

Articles a, an, and the; noun, hat; pronoun, he; adjective, neat; verb, eat; adverb, then; preposition, at; conjunction, than; interjection, ah!

O. L. Bradley was the only one who attempted to answer this; and gave as a solution the words "heart" or "hearth;" but they would not do, as in "that" you would use the t twice.

ANSWERS TO HISTORICAL QUERIES.

1. Mary A. W. says—in the reign of the Ptolemies, about 300 B. C.

2. Mary A. W. says—in 572 Pisa colonized, but was not a republic till the tenth century.

3. A. D. 1702.

4. By Bethencourt, a Norman, A. D. 1405.

5. By Descartes and Childrey, in 1659. M. A. W.

6. April 23d, 1564.

7. Milton was born in the reign of James 1st, lived through the reigns of Charles 1st and Cromwell, and died during the reign of Charles 2d, in 1674.

8. July 22d, 1796.

9. The seven wonders of the world are, (1) the Egyptian pyramids, (2) the tomb of Mausolus, (3) the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, (4) the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, (5) the colossus of Rhodes, (6) the statue of Jupiter Olympus, and (7) the Pharos or watch tower at Alexandria.

Answered in part by O. L. Bradley, Mary A. W., Willie B. Jacobs, Jimmy, "One of the Pennsylvania Cousins," D. Olyphant, E. K. Russell, Charlie Carryl, W. Mooney, Grey-eyed Minnie and Black-river Girl, Spencer W. Leach.

ANSWER TO CHARADE NO. XII.

ANTELOPE.

Answered by A. Case, O. L. Bradley, Ginnie, M. A. W., J. A. Fisher, Oliver and Walter, Willie B. Jacobs, Wm. A. Hegeman, A. J. Wheeler, T. Morril Carter, E. K. Russell, W. Mooney.

ANSWER TO PLACES IN EUROPE.

1. FINLAND.	2. NORWAY.	3. DENMARK.
4. DRESDEN.	5. FRANKFORT.	6. LIVERPOOL.

Answered by Albertson Case, O. L. Bradley, Ginnie, M. A. W., J. A. Fisher, Julie and Sallie Littleboy, Willie B. Jacobs, W. A. H., A. H. Nash, Oliver and Walter, Russian Boy, A. J. W., E. K. R., Charlie Carryl, W. Mooney, Grey-eyed Minnie and Black-river Girl, Jeanie, M. Sophia H., Charles Woodruff; in part by D. Olyphant.

ANSWER TO REBUS NO. XIII.

SCRAPE.

(Scrap. Cap. Rap. Antelope. Pear. Ear.)

Answered by "One of the Pennsylvania Cousins," and A. J. Wheeler.

Several have answered "danger," and taken "drop" as a "fragment;" others have had "prison."

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. XII.

YOUTH'S CABINET.

Answered by Robt. E. Boyd, A. Case, O. L. Bradley, J. W. C., Ginnie, M. A. W., J. A. Fisher, Julie and Sallie Littleboy, W. B. Jacobs, W. A. H., A. H. Nash, Oliver and Walter, Russian Boy, "One of the Pennsylvania Cousins," A. J. W., T. M. C., E. K. Russell, Charlie Carryl, W. Mooney, Grey-eyed Minnie and Black-river Girl, Bessie, Jeanie, M. Sophia H., Charles W., S. W. Leach.

ANSWER TO ENIGHA NO. XIII.

ELIZABETH.

Answered by R. E. Boyd, A. Case, O. L. Bradley, J. W. C., M. A. W., J. A. Fisher, Julie and Sallie Littleboy, W. B. Jacobs, Anna M. Knepper, W. A. H., Jimmy, A. H. Nash, Oliver and Walter, Russian Boy, "One of the Pennsylvania Cousins," A. J. W., T. M. Carter, D. Olyphant, C. C. Ashman, W. M., Grey-eyed Minnie and Black-river Girl, Cynthia, Bessie, Jeanie, M. Sophia H., Charles W., S. W. Leach.

Some complain that this enigma was too easy. We must give the *very little ones* a chance, you know. We must provide a bill of fare for children, as well as those who begin to consider themselves pretty good specimens of men and women. Do n't you see the propriety of this?

Business Notices.

Improvement in Piano Fortes.—Messrs. Boardman, Gray & Co., of Albany, have recently invented a peculiar attachment to the piano forte, which they call *dolce campana.* The advantage of it consists in the power it gives to the performer to produce, at will, a delicate, soft, silvery tone, which has a charming effect. Without pretending to understand the process by which this tone is effected, I do not hesitate to say that it seems a very valuable improvement, worthy the attention of all who are purchasing piano fortes.

Arthur's Self-sealing Cans.—Here is an invention of which any housekeeper, especially every country housekeeper, should take advantage. Dr. Arthur, of Philadelphia, has invented a can, for preserving fresh fruits and vegetables by hermetical sealing. The can is constructed with a channel around its mouth, into which the cover fits closely. This channel is filled with adhesive cement, prepared for the purpose; and in order to seal the vessel perfectly air-tight, it is only necessary to heat the cement, and press the cover into it. I have made trial of this can, and think it a valuable invention. If any one wants to enjoy the luxury of tomatoes in the month of February, as fresh as when just taken from the vines, all he has to do is to put them up in these cans. They are sure to keep. Specimens can be seen at the office of the *Cabinet.* Prices of quart cans, $2 50.

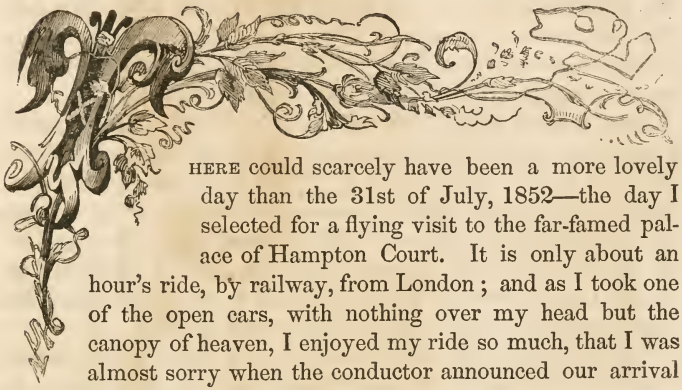
An ingenious Pencil Case has recently been invented, and is manufactured and sold by W. M. Wilmarth, 44 Maiden Lane. I have been using one for some weeks, and find it extremely convenient, besides being tasteful and elegant. It is so constructed, that it accommodates the pencil on one end and the gold pen on the other. It is manufactured both of silver and gold. It strikes me that it must soon attain great celebrity.

Prince's Protean Fountain Pen, described on another page, will be sent, *free of postage,* to any part of the United States, or the British provinces, on the receipt of the manufacturer's prices, which are $3 50 for the smaller style, and $4 50 for the larger. Every editor, author, clergyman, and accountant, will find this pen invaluable. Address D. A. Woodworth, 118 Nassau street, New York.

Genin's Hat Establishment.—The question has been asked conundrum-wise, I suppose, "Why is Mr. Genin like a schoolmaster?" I have never heard the question answered, but should not wonder if the similarity hinted at lay in the fact that he had a great deal to do with the brains of his patrons. But however that may be, his two stores—one of which is under the St. Nicholas Hotel, the other opposite St. Paul's Church—are thronged with purchasers. At either of these establishments, you may find, at prices which cannot fail to suit you, all approved styles of gentlemen's and youth's hats and caps, umbrellas, ladies' riding hats, and I know not what besides.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE.



HERE could scarcely have been a more lovely day than the 31st of July, 1852—the day I selected for a flying visit to the far-famed palace of Hampton Court. It is only about an hour's ride, by railway, from London; and as I took one of the open cars, with nothing over my head but the canopy of heaven, I enjoyed my ride so much, that I was almost sorry when the conductor announced our arrival at Hampton Court.

This palace is delightfully situated, on the northern bank of the Thames. It was built, as you are probably aware, by that famous statesman, Cardinal Wolsey. He was at one time high in the favor of his sovereign, Henry VIII. He was for some years prime minister under this monarch. Unless history speaks falsely, the cardinal was a very ambitious man; and he determined to build a palace for himself which should outshine in grandeur and magnificence that of any other uncrowned man in Christendom. He succeeded so well that his sovereign became jealous of his wealth and display. The king took occasion to question the cardinal, after the building of the palace was completed, as to his intentions in constructing such an edifice. Wolsey was a cunning courtier. Seeing that the king envied him the possession of such a palace, and fearing that he would lose his place unless he used some caution, he informed his sovereign that Hampton Court was intended for the residence of Henry VIII.

Wolsey lived here in more than regal splendor. Here he received ambassadors from foreign powers. At the height of his power, he was Lord High Chancellor of England, Archbishop of York, and Cardinal of Cecily. His suite embraced eight hun-

dred persons. His head cook wore velvet or satin, while on duty. He had nearly a dozen chaplains and doctors, a herald-at-arms, a sergeant-at-arms, four minstrels, and other officers, as the country dealers in dry goods say in their advertisements, "too numerous to mention." I do not think it very much to be wondered at that King Henry, who was himself pretty fond of power, should be jealous of such a courtier.

They showed me the apartments which Henry VIII. occupied. I was much interested in the room where the beloved Edward VI. was born. Jane Seymour, Edward's mother, died here. Catherine Howard, who succeeded Jane Seymour in queenly honors, appeared publicly here, in August, 1540. The king, having disposed of his five wives, resolved to take a sixth, and selecting Lady Catherine Parr, demanded her in marriage. The nuptials were celebrated at this palace in July, 1543.

While Edward VI. resided at Hampton Court, a very serious dissension happened in the council, where it was proposed to deprive the Duke of Somerset, who was Protector, of the custody of his royal ward; and in consequence of an alarm given that this was to be done by force, the inhabitants of the town of Hampton armed themselves for the protection of the young king.

Queen Mary and Philip of Spain passed their honey-moon at Hampton Court; and in 1550, they kept their Christmas here, in great solemnity. The court supped in the great hall, which was lighted with a thousand lamps.

Queen Elizabeth used occasionally to reside here; and you may be sure the palace was gay enough at such times. Here, too, James I. took up his residence soon after his arrival in England; and here began the celebrated conference between the Presbyterians and the Established Church, held before King James as moderator.

Hampton Court possesses a melancholy interest, from the fact of its having been the asylum of poor Charles I. when he was obliged to flee from London. He was, in fact, imprisoned here by the army of Cromwell but a short time before he suffered martyrdom.

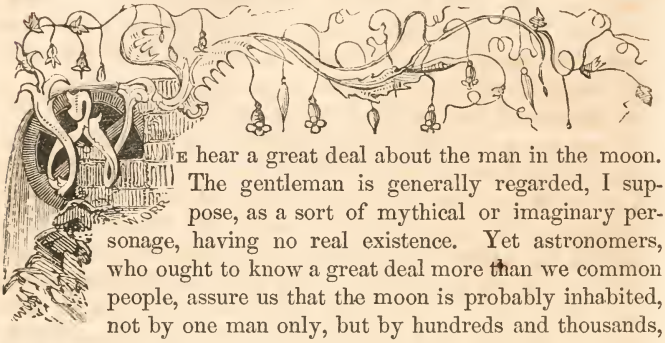
Oliver Cromwell himself, the great revolutionist, gained pos-

session of this palace in 1656, and resided here some years. Charles II. and James II. resided here occasionally. So did William III. who made great improvements within the palace and the grounds. George II. and Queen Caroline were the last sovereigns who resided here.

I wish I could describe all the objects of interest in this immense palace. But such a description would occupy a longer time than either you or I could devote to it. There are pictures without number in a great many different galleries, and a great profusion of statuary. Many of the paintings are portraits of royal and other noble personages, though there are a multitude of pictures representing scenes in classic history, landscapes, gods and goddesses, and ever so many characters noted in mythology. Here are pictures by Vandyke, Paul Veronese, Titian, Rubens, Tintoretto, Andrea del Sarto, Lely, and other world-renowned artists. I saw a picture of Queen Elizabeth which we have reason to believe is authentic and reliable. The artist has not given us a very great amount of beauty. The "virgin queen's" hair is of a sandy color; she holds a vast fan of feathers in one hand, and the canvas is completely covered with the gaudy ornaments of her dress. She has a Roman nose, and a head so loaded with a crown of diamonds, that one can not help wondering how the poor creature avoided breaking her neck. I should think that, at a moderate estimate, there must have been half a peck of precious stones in the crown represented in Zucchero's portrait.

In this palace are the famous cartoons of Raphael. These drawings were designed by this great painter to serve as patterns for tapestry to decorate the Papal chapel, according to the orders of Pope Leo X. They represent subjects taken from the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. They were painted about the year 1520. The *cartoons* (so called because they were executed on sheets of paper) were bought for Charles I. by Rubens, the great Flemish painter. They are invaluable, and, so far as the works of art are concerned, may be regarded as the great attractions of Hampton Court Palace.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.



We hear a great deal about the man in the moon. The gentleman is generally regarded, I suppose, as a sort of mythical or imaginary personage, having no real existence. Yet astronomers, who ought to know a great deal more than we common people, assure us that the moon is probably inhabited, not by one man only, but by hundreds and thousands, perhaps by millions. That being the case—I employ the suggestion of another—what a curious almanac these good people in the moon would have! There, days are as long as years, and day and year are equal to our months; twenty-nine days, twelve hours, and forty-five minutes. The seasons differ but very little from each other. On the equator there reigns eternal summer, for the sun is ever in the zenith; the poles are buried in eternal winter. The days are of equal length throughout the year, all days equally light, all nights equally dark. The absence of an atmosphere deprives the moon of the sweet charms of a twilight, and glaring day would follow gloomy night with the rapidity of lightning, if the slow rising and setting of the sun did not slightly break the suddenness of the transition. Human eyes, however, could not bear the fierce contrasts of light and shadow; they would long in vain for the soft intervals between the two extremes, the other colors, which beautify our world with their joyous variety and soft harmony. The sky there is not blue, but even in daytime black, and by the side of the dazzling sun, the stars claim their place and light in the heavens. Near the poles the mountain-tops shine in unbroken splendor year after year, but the valleys know neither day nor night, scantily lighted as they ever are by the faint glimmer reflected from the surrounding walls.

That side of the moon which is turned from us, has a night of nearly fifteen days; the stars only, and planets, shine on its ever-dark sky. The side we see, on the contrary, knows no night; the night lights it up with never-ceasing earth-shine, a light fourteen times stronger than that which we receive from the moon. We recognize our own light, lent to our friend, in the faint, grayish glimmer of that portion of the moon which before and after the new moon receives no light from the sun, but only from the earth, and reflects it back again upon us. Mornings in fall show it more brilliant than evenings in spring, because in autumn the continents of the earth with their stronger light illumine the moon, while in spring she only receives a fainter light from our oceans. Our orb appears to the Man in the Moon as changeable as his home to us, and he might speak of the first or last quarter of the earth, of the new earth and full earth. The whole heaven moves before him once in twenty-nine days around its axis; the sun and stars rise and set regularly once in the long day; but the vast orb of our earth is nearly immovable. All around is in unceasing motion; the mild face of the earth alone, a gorgeous moon of immense magnitude, never sets nor rises, but remains ever fixed in the zenith. It there appears sixteen times larger than the moon to us, and daily exhibits its vast panorama of oceans, continents, and islands. Bright lights and dark shadows are seen in ever-varied change, as land or water, clearings of forests appear, new with every cloud or fog, and different at different seasons. The Man in the Moon has thus not only his watch and his almanac daily before him in the ever-changing face of the earth, but he may, for all we know, have maps of our globe which many a geographer would envy on account of their fullness and accuracy. Long before Columbus discovered America, and Cook New Holland, our lunar neighbor knew most correctly the form and the outlines of the new continents. There was no new world for him, and there is none left. He could tell us the secrets of the interior of Africa, and reveal to us the fearful mysteries of the Polar Seas. But how he on his side must marvel at our vast fields of snow, our volcanoes, and tropical storms, and tempests—he who knows neither fire, nor snow, nor clouds!

What strange fables he may have invented to explain the shadows of our clouds as they chase each other over sea and land, and hide from him in an instant the sun-lit landscape! And stranger still, on the side of the moon which is turned from the earth, he knows nothing at all about us, unless news reach him from the happier side; or he may undertake—the great event in his life—a long and painful journey to the bright half of his globe, to stare at the wonderously brilliant earth-star, with its unread mysteries and marvelous changes of flitting lights and shadows. Who knows what earnest prayers may rise from the moon, full of thanks for the floods of light and heat we pour upon them, or of ardent wishes that their souls might hereafter be allowed to dwell in the bright homes of the beauteous earth-star?

ANECDOTE OF A MILITARY HORSE.

SIR SAMUEL GILLESPIE had a favorite charger, which he had imported from the Cape of Good Hope to India. The general was killed at the siege of Ralunga; and shortly after his master's death, the beautiful black courser was offered for sale. Several officers were desirous of purchasing him, and bade considerable sums at the auction; but he was knocked down to the eighth Regiment of Dragoons, who had expressed a wish to retain this animal in memory of their former colonel. They succeeded in securing him for twenty-five hundred dollars. When the regiment was on the march, the charger was led at its head, and had his usual place close to the flag, where he received the salutes of the military. On their return to England the dragoons were unwillingly compelled to sell this cherished animal. A gentleman bought him with the intention of letting him live at peace in his park. As soon as he was let loose, he took to flight to rejoin his regiment. But the grief and fatigue which he had previously experienced had so severely affected him, that he fell down dead the moment of his arrival.

BENJAMIN WEST.

ONE of the most distinguished painters of modern times, was Benjamin West. He was one of our own countrymen, and was born in 1738, near Philadelphia. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, more commonly known as Quakers, and he was the youngest of ten children.

When Benjamin was six years old, one of his sisters, who was married, came to pay her parents a visit, and brought her child with her. One day Benjamin's mother, having taken her daughter with her to the garden, they left the child asleep in its cradle, and he was appointed to watch it. As he sat looking at his little

THE YOUNG ARTIST SKETCHING.

niece, she appeared to smile in her sleep; and he was so struck with the beauty of the smiling infant, that he immediately attempted to make a drawing of her face with some red and black ink, on some paper on the table. And he succeeded so well in his sketch, that, when his mother and sister came in, they were surprised to see the picture; and one of them exclaimed, "I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally." Reassured by this,

he was in an ecstacy of delight with his new-found art, and immediately offered to make drawings of the flowers his sister had obtained from the garden. He began to sketch horses, trees, houses, and the various things which surrounded him; and his youthful productions were admired by his neighbors. But the little fellow could not make much progress with no other color than ink, and no better brush than a poor pen. Neither was he aware that any better materials for the cultivation of the art of painting could be obtained. At last, a party of Indians came to visit the place where West lived, and were shown some of the boy's pictures, and were struck with their life-like appearance. Seeing that the young artist wanted more colors, they brought him some with which they were in the habit of painting their own bodies. They also showed him the way to mix the colors, so that he might, with red and yellow ocher, and one or two other colors, make a variety of others. His mother, to complete his store, presented him with a piece of indigo. Still, he had no pencil or brush; but hearing that pencils were made in Europe of camel's hair, he soon found a pretty good substitute. As camels were not in that part of the world, and cats were, so seizing upon the black cat of the house, he pulled hairs enough from her tail for his first brush, and afterward pillaged her back for others.

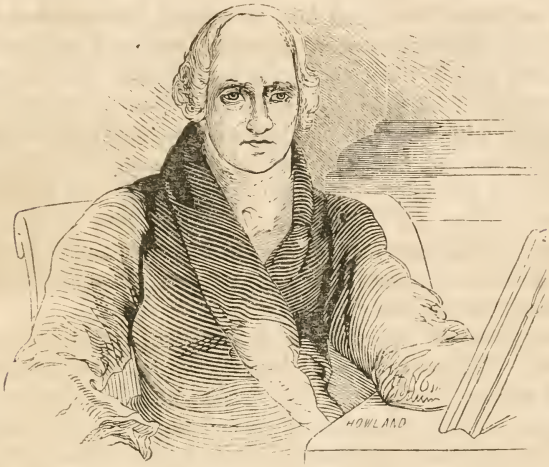
The young West soon after this grew fortunate. A gentleman merchant, called Pennington, from Philadelphia, having paid his father a visit, was struck with the merit of the boy's productions, and promised to send him a box of paints as soon as he got back to the city. The box soon made its appearance, much to the delight of the young painter. It contained a variety of colors, oils, and pencils, accompanied by several pieces of canvas to paint on and engravings to paint from. Benjamin was quite enraptured. All his dreams and hopes were realized. During the remainder of the evening he scarcely lifted his eyes from the box and its contents. Even after going to sleep, he awoke again and again during the night, and put forth his hand to the box, which he had placed at his bedside, half afraid that he might find his riches all a dream. The day after he went with his canvas and colors to a garret, and began to work in good earnest. He

forgot every thing else but his paintings. School was neglected, and time was scarcely allowed for meals. As soon as he got out of the sight of his parents he stole away to the garret, and there passed his time among his paints and the creations of his pencil. After he had been absent from school several days, his master called at his father's house to know what had become of the boy. His mother, surprised to find that he had not been at school as usual, went in search of him, and, after some time, found him in the garret; and, though she intended to chastise him for his misconduct, she no sooner saw the pictures with which the walls and some pieces of canvas were covered, than she took hold of him and kissed him with transports of affection. Instead of frowns and stripes, the boy had smiles and favors. The fame of the boy-artist began to get abroad, and his neighbors for miles distant came to see his pictures.

Some time after, the Philadelphia merchant paid Benjamin's father another visit, and he was so delighted with the progress which the young painter had made during his absence, that he provided him with fresh materials for the cultivation of his art, and took him with him to Philadelphia; and here Benjamin enjoyed many advantages which could not be realized at home. He fell in with parties who felt interested in his welfare; saw pictures which fed his mind with dreams of greatness and renown; and read books which awoke in him the deathless spirit of genius and enthusiasm; and so he returned home with an enriched mind and a cheerful heart. He still continued his favorite pursuit. Though he was poor, and had great difficulty in getting materials to paint with, he did not get cast down. He did as all boys should do when difficulties present themselves, put forth all his energies, and conquered them. He nurtured the hope that he should be one day a great painter, and a renowned man. He had got to know the prophecy the preacher had spoken in his favor, and that fed his ardent passion for success and fame. On one occasion he found himself mounted, for a holiday trip, on the same horse with a schoolfellow, who was foolish enough to confess, in course of conversation, that his father intended to put him to learn the trade of a tailor. West jumped off the horse

immediately, and said he would not ride an inch further with one who meant to be a tailor; as for himself, he was to be a painter, the companion, as he expressed it, of kings and emperors. This thought of his future career impelled him onward in his duty, and brightened the path of his destiny. It is well that the boy kept alive within him this love for his art, and this desire of fame, as he had no one for years, not even his father, to encourage him in his pursuits. He had arrived at his fifteenth year when he attracted the notice of a Mr. Fowler, who resided some distance from Springfield. Mr. Fowler having heard of him, paid him a visit, and was delighted with his productions. He invited the young artist to spend a short time at his house, which was done. This was another fortunate step in West's life. It brought him into contact with fresh acquaintances, from whom he learned many valuable things. We can not follow him through all his eventful and successful life. From one friend he learned history; from another the classics; and from others useful information relating to his art. He was now so wedded to painting that nothing could divorce him from it. He loved it with ardent devotion, and determined to consecrate his life to its cultivation. When his mother died, to whom he was fervently attached, he left his father's house, and went to Philadelphia, and set up there as a portrait painter. This was in the end of August, 1756. He remained in this city some time. But he felt he had a great deal to learn; and he longed to visit Europe, where he could see other paintings and painters than America afforded. His cherished ambition was to visit Rome, that grand old city so full of the finest productions of genius and industry. But he was still poor, and to go to Rome would require money, and so he resolved to save all he could. He next went to New York, where he painted more portraits.

Hearing that a vessel was about to sail from Philadelphia to Leghorn, in Italy, with a cargo of wheat and flour, in consequence of the failure of the harvest in Italy, he thought this was a good opportunity of accomplishing his long-projected visit to Rome. He was at the time engaged in painting the portrait of a Mr. Kelly, a merchant of New York, for which he was to have ten



PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN WEST.

guineas. When the picture was finished, West told Mr. Kelly of his intention to go to Rome, so that he might study from the great masters of Italy, and Mr. Kelly said he thought it was the wisest thing that he could do. When the latter got to Philadelphia, he received a remittance of about three hundred dollars from the generous-hearted merchant. This was as welcome an addition to his scanty funds as it was unexpected, and sent him on board with a light and cheerful heart.

The vessel got in due time to Leghorn, and West lost no time in proceeding on to Rome, which city he reached on the 10th of July, 1760. After remaining in "the City of Monuments" for seven months, he went to Bologna, Florence, and Venice, to study from the splendid pictures those cities contained. He made much progress in his art during this time. Having again returned to Rome, and having gone from Rome to Parma, he decided to visit England, the land in which he afterward made himself so famous. He left Italy, passed through France, and arrived in London on the 20th of August, 1763. Here he met some friends who had supplied him with money while he was in

Italy, and who introduced him to several distinguished men in England. West was soon taken by the hand by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Wilkie, the eminent painters. He commenced the practice of his profession in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, and, being an industrious man, he soon produced paintings which reflected honor on his name; and his company was courted by the learned and titled. He was introduced to Dr. Drummond, the Archbishop of York, who introduced him to George III. He enjoyed the patronage of this monarch for thirty years, during which time he executed a large number of works, which sent his fame through Europe.

The self-taught boy had now won his way to professional distinction. He had worked his way up from obscurity, to be numbered with the first painters of the age; and he enjoyed what he dreamed about and aspired after when he was a boy—the company of kings and emperors. He had done this by unceasing industry and untiring effort. If, like some boys, he had grown lazy, and permitted the fire of genius to get cold within him, he would never have cut his way through obstacles, and marched on to renown. The secret of Benjamin West's success was *industry*. Idleness never did any thing yet; industry has done wonders.

GOD COUNTS.

A PLATE of sweet cakes was brought in and laid upon the table. Two children played on the hearth-rug before the fire. "Oh, I want one of those cakes!" cried the little boy, jumping up as soon as his mother went out, and going on tiptoe toward the table. "No, no," said his sister, pulling him back. "No, no; you know you must not touch."

"Mother won't know it; she did n't count them," he cried, shaking her off, and stretching forth his hand.

"If *she* did n't, perhaps *God* counted," answered the sister.

The little boy's hand was staid. Yes, children, *be sure* that God counts.

THE DINNER AT THE CARDINAL'S.

How often we hear of Cardinal Richelieu. In his day he was one of the greatest statesmen, not only in France, but in all Europe. He was very unscrupulous, however, as to the means he employed to accomplish any great end designed to reflect glory on his sovereign or on himself. He did not hesitate at all to put a man out of the way, whenever that man became troublesome to him or his measures. The following thrilling story is told of one whom the Cardinal endeavored to remove quietly out of his way:

M. Dumont, a small merchant of the Rue St. Denis, received one morning a letter, dated Rueil, a little village on the outskirts of Paris, where the Cardinal had a country-seat. This letter contained an invitation to supper for the next day with his Eminence. M. Dumont could not believe his eyes; he read the letter several times, looked at the direction, and finally concluded that he must be indeed the person to whom it was addressed. Amazed beyond expression, he called his wife and daughters, to communicate to them his good fortune. You may imagine the joy and pride of the three women!

About four o'clock he mounted his horse, and started for Rueil. He had scarce passed the suburbs, when the clouds assumed a threatening look, and the sound of distant thunder announced the approach of a violent storm. The merchant, having neglected to provide himself with a cloak, doubled the speed of his horse. But the storm traveled faster than his steed: flashes of lightning succeeded each other with frightful rapidity, and the rain fell in torrents. Assailed by the tempest, our hero put his horse to the gallop; but at length, unable to continue his journey,

he stopped at a small tavern in Monterre. He alighted, sent his horse to the stable, and took refuge in a low room, where the servants lighted a blazing fire to dry his clothes. While he was warming himself, the door opened, and another person, also drenched with rain, entered and seated himself in the opposite corner.

The two travelers looked at each other for some time in silence. At last, M. Dumont addressed his companion with the words: "What detestable weather!"

"It is very bad indeed," replied the stranger. "But it is only a shower, which, I hope, will soon pass over."

"Hear," continued M. Dumont; "the storm increases; peals of thunder shake the house; the rain falls in torrents; and yet I must go on."

"Sir," said the unknown, "it must be important business that can induce you to proceed on your journey in this weather."

"It is, indeed," said Dumont; "I will tell you: it is no secret. I am invited to a supper, this evening, with the Cardinal de Richelieu."

"Ah! I know it is a difficult matter to decline such an invitation. But you have still a long way to go, and how can you present yourself before his Eminence in the state in which you now are?"

"His Eminence will, perhaps, appreciate my eagerness to accept his kind invitation."

"If I did not fear to appear indiscreet, I would ask you if you ever had any thing to do with the Cardinal."

"Nothing at all. I must even say that I can not account for the favor which I have received."

"The Cardinal is very jealous of his authority; he does not like to have his actions judged. One word is sufficient to excite his suspicion; think well. Have you never given his Eminence any cause for complaint against you?"

"I think not. I have been constantly occupied with my business. I have no interest in what they call politics. However, I believe that, before two or three friends only, I censured the death of the Duke of Montmorency, and you would have done

the same, had your grandfather been the steward of that illustrious noble."

"My dear sir, you look like an honest man. You have inspired me with much interest for you; will you listen to me, then? Do not go to Rueil."

"Not go to Rueil? I shall set out this instant, in spite of the storm."

"One word more, my friend, for your position interests me exceedingly; you really believe that the Cardinal is expecting you to supper? Well, let me undeceive you. You are expected, it is true—but to be hung."

"O merciful Heaven! what do you mean? It is impossible."

"I tell you again," said the stranger, "to be hung!"

At these words, Dumont, shuddering with terror, drew himself near to the unknown.

"For Heaven's sake, how do you know?"

"I am sure of it."

"But what have I done to deserve such a fate?"

"I don't know; but I am sure of what I say, for I am the one who has been sent for to hang you."

The poor merchant, pale as a corpse, drew back several steps, and, scarcely able to speak, said:

"Pray tell me, sir—who are you?"

"The hangman of Paris, called by his Eminence to dispatch you. Think of the service I have rendered you, and remember that the least indiscretion on your part will be my ruin."

The merchant remounted his horse without waiting for the storm to abate; and, drenched to the bone, he reached Paris. Instead of repairing to his own house, he sought shelter with an old friend, to whom he related his adventure and wonderful escape. With the aid of money he obtained a passport, under a false name; and, well disguised, started for England. There he remained till the death of the Cardinal, which occurred two years after.

THE NOBLEST DEED.

IT is said of a pious man of old, living in the East, having three sons and a large fortune, that he made the following proposals to his sons, when they were grown to manhood: "Go," said he, "my sons, from my roof for one month, and return; he that performs, during his absence, the best and noblest deed, shall receive one half of my estate, and the other half shall be divided between the other two brothers." They went, and returned at the stipulated time.

The eldest began the story of his month's philanthropy. "I was walking along the banks of one of our native streams, and I heard the shrieks of a female. I hastened to the spot from whence the cry proceeded, and, lo! it was a mother in the very act of leaping into the flood to save her boy, an only child of four years old, who had unfortunately fallen in, and the waters were choking the avenues of life. Had the mother made the desperate leap, they both must have perished together. I bade her desist,

and I plunged into the roaring torrent. By hard struggling and mighty efforts, I saved the drowning child, and restored him to the arms of the frantic, but now enraptured mother."

"Thou hast indeed done nobly, my son; the pen of immortality shall record that deed, and the mother shall cherish thy memory with tears of gratitude. My second son, what hast thou to say?"

"Father," said he, "in my journey I found an old man lying on his couch, feeble and decrepid; he could not walk nor rise up. Two little children were left with him; their parents had gone to a neighboring town, about ten miles distant. The old man was sighing heavily, and the children wept bitterly. The bleak winds murmured through the trees; the ground was covered with snow; the cold was piercing and terrible. 'And will your parents return to-night?' I inquired of the lad, as he stirred up the little fire on the hearth, which his flowing tears might have quenched. 'They have been gone four days,' was the reply, 'and we are starving, and can neither go for food, nor for father and mother!' I hurried back to the nearest house I had left, to obtain food for these famishing ones, and information of the parents. The former I procured; but of the latter I could obtain no tidings. I went in search of them, and, when within a mile of the village, I was informed, to my amazement, that they had been found *dead*, having perished in the snow! I need only say, these orphans, and the more helpless old man, are to share in my patrimony, whatever it may be."

The father burst into tears, and could only say, "The youngest brother."

The youngest son now began. "On my return homeward, having almost despaired of accomplishing my wishes, I found a man, prostrate and bleeding, on the cold ground. He was my *bitter enemy!* He must have perished in a few hours, had there been no assistance. I took him to a hospitable shelter, and he is rapidly recovering."

"My dear boy," said the father, "to *thee*, to *thee*, belongs the reward! Were it the world, thou shouldst have it. Thou hast sanctified humanity, and spread the antepast of Heaven. Thy

brothers have done well—nobly; but thou hast acted God-like! Thine is the spirit of Heaven: half my wealth is thine, and well may I intrust it to such a son."

FRANKLIN AS A BOOKSELLER.

ONE fine morning, when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounger stepped into the store, and spent an hour or more looking over the books, etc., and finally, taking one in his hand, asked the shop-boy the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the lounger; "can't you take less than that?"

"No, indeed; one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed, when the lounger asked, "Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing-office."

"I want to see him," said the lounger.

Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounger, with book in hand, addressed him thus: "Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter? Why, your young man asked only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin; "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar then, than to have been taken out of the office."

The lounger seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said, "Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it."

"One dollar and a half."

"One dollar and a half? Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

The lounger paid down the price, and went about his business—if he had any—and Franklin returned into the printing-office.

SERF LABOR IN POLAND.

POLAND, you know, is among the European countries which suffer vastly from the tyranny of the Russian aristocracy. Mr. Allen, a recent traveler in the Russian country, gives us the following painfully interesting facts about the extent of this tyranny over the common people: "In every village is an overseer, whose duty it is to call in the evening at each hut, and notify the inmates as to the part of the plantation where they are to meet the following morning, and be ready to start for work. Men, women, and children are included in this order, of course; they assemble as directed, and are then driven like so many oxen to their labor. Of whatever kind the work may be, the women are obliged to toil as the men; the children are assigned lighter tasks, such as picking stones, etc. Over each division is placed an overseer, having in his hand a whip of braided strips of leather, and should any one presume to stop even for a moment, the lash is unmercifully applied; children are not exempt from this infliction, and whoever may be the object of punishment, he or she is obliged to kiss the hand of the inflictor. Should any one refuse to do so, as is sometimes the case, the poor creature is laid upon the ground, and receives forty additional stripes, then with blood trickling from his back returns again to work. In some instances (the overseer being in an unusual passion) children, perhaps a son or a daughter, are required to hold down a parent, while another member of the same family is made to administer the lash with his utmost strength. These things seem heart-sickening to relate, nevertheless they are true, and not a day passes without many individuals being subjected to such treatment. When they leave their miserable homes in the morning, each peasant carries upon his back a coarse cloth sack, containing the dinner of its bearer; this consists of a loaf of brown bread, having the appearance of baked sawdust; and if the bearer has been so fortu-

nate as to have recently killed a pig, he takes with his bread a piece of raw pork. Before commencing work, these sacks are deposited in heaps upon the ground, and at noon, when the signal is given, they rush with the speed of half-starved animals, every one for his bag, and then commences a devouring of bread and salt in the most ravenous manner. Each gang is allowed a mug of water, and this is passed from one to another, until all have been served. Such is the manner in which these poor creatures toil on through their period of existence, without a ray of hope to cheer, or a single solace to alleviate their woes."

SMALL ENEMIES.

IT is not an uncommon thing to hear boys and girls say that they don't care much for the enmity of such a person, and that, in fact, they would n't go far out of their way to secure his friendship, because, as they regard him, he is a very insignificant person. Now, my dear friend—I take it for granted that among ten thousand readers I have one of this class—allow me to say that you can't afford to have even insignificant enemies, and you can not do a more sensible thing than to secure every body's friendship, if you can do so without sacrificing any principle. Let me relate a little fable for your benefit—a fable which some one, though I know not who, has written on purpose for you :

A gnat one day asked a lion whether they ought to be friends or enemies.

" Get away, silly insect," said he, with contempt, " lest I should crush thee with my foot ; what hurt or good could you do me ?"

" We soon shall know," said the gnat ; upon which he flew into one of the lion's nostrils, and went to stinging him as hard as he could. The royal beast roared like thunder, lashed his sides with his tail, tore his nostrils with his talons, and rolled himself in agony, but in vain ; the little gnat kept on stinging, till the mighty lion was obliged to own himself overcome by the little gnat, which he had just now despised.

EAST INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

No one, among all our American missionaries, ever wrote home more interesting letters to the young, than the Rev. Dr. Scudder, missionary at Madras. From his very readable account of some of the common superstitions of the people living in the East, I have condensed these facts:

The people of India are very superstitious. Let me mention a few instances of their superstition. It is said that no act, however good it may be, if performed on Sunday, will succeed. Some will not eat at all on Sunday, until they have seen a certain bird—the bird on which the god Vishnoo rides. If a man rubs oil on his head on Monday and bathes, he will commit a sin equal to the sin of destroying a temple of Siva. If he has his hair cut on Tuesday, he will become poor. Even to worship the gods on Wednesday is bad. If a person takes medicine on Thursday, his sickness will be increased. Should he lend any thing on Friday, he will lose his property. If he should buy a new cloth on Saturday, take it home and keep it in his house, death may be the consequence. Should he die on this day, some other member of the family will die on the following week.

If the foundation of a house is laid in June, the destruction of that house will follow. Should a family enter a new house in March, some member of the family will die. If a marriage is celebrated in September, the husband and wife will fight each other. Should a vulture alight on a house, some evil will befall those who are living in it. If a crow should strike any person on his head with its wings, some of his relations will die. Should a cat or a snake cross his path, it would be an indication of evil. In the latter case one of his relations will die. If when returning

home a person should meet him, bearing a light, a quarrel will be the result.

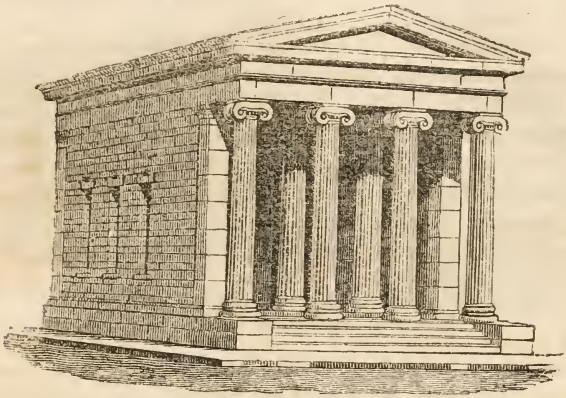
After a person has left his house, should he meet a single brahmin, or a woman who has had her head shaved, or a washman, or a barber, the business for which he left would not succeed. Or, when going out, should he butt his head against the top of the door-frame, or should any one ask him where he was going, or should he happen to sneeze, he would consider these things as hinderances to his going, and re-enter his house.

Should a son or a daughter be born on the new moon in April, they will become thieves. If a person is born under the planet Saturn, his wife, son, and friends will be destroyed.

If a person dreams that a monkey has bit him, he will die in six months; or if he dreams that bed-bugs in large numbers are creeping over him, to bite him, he will die in eight days. Should he dream that a dog has bitten him, he will die in three years; or should he dream that a dead person has appeared to him and spoken to him, he will die immediately.

If a man has a little head, he will become rich. If he has a large head, he will be poor. If his forehead is wide, he will live a hundred years. If he has a small neck, he will be a murderer. If the second toe is long, he will be a bad man. If a woman has curly hair, she will not prosper. If her nose is long, she will have a good disposition. If her ear is wide, she will tell falsehoods. If she has a mole on her nose, she will be subject to anger; if on her lips, she will be learned; if on the eyebrows, she will be cunning.

On a certain night in the month of November, the people will not look at the moon. The reason assigned for this is as follows: Once, when the elephant-faced god, Pullian, was dancing before the gods, the moon happening to see him, laughed at him, and told him that he had a large stomach, an ear like a winnowing fan, etc. This so enraged him, that he cursed her. This curse was inflicted on the night above-mentioned.



FOUR SHOWS FOR A SHILLING.

A LADY who has been a resident of the city of New York for many years, recently told me a laughable anecdote concerning a great show, or rather a series of shows, which came off in the Park a long time ago, when she was a girl. There were placards, she says, all over the city, stating that there would be "four shows for a shilling," at the Hall of Records, on a particulur day and hour named. The Hall of Records, which is represented in the engraving, was then recently built. At the appointed time, multitudes of people, old and young, male and female, flocked to the Park, to see the show. The price charged for admission was very cheap: "Only a shilling to see four shows!" Now the building occupied with the city records was then, as it is now, built with a wide hall running through the middle, and people could go in on one side and out on the other There were then, as there are now, two flights of steps leading to the second floor. You can go up one flight and down the other. Well, there were four men to wait upon the visitors—one for each show. After the anxious visitor had paid his shilling, there was one man to show him *in*, another to show him *up*, a third to show him *down*, and a fourth to show him *out*. And so the crowd got their "four shows for a shilling."

LINES

On reading memoranda (in the handwriting of his mother) of the last illness and death of JAMES LEMPRIERE HAMMOND, aged four years.

I NEVER knew thee, gentle child,
  I never saw thy face,
Nor heard thy silvery accents wild,
  Nor felt thy winning grace.

I knew thee not—and yet how fair
  Thine image rises now!
The speaking eye—the clustering hair—
  The clear, unclouded brow!

I knew thee not—but those who shed
  Such bitter tears for thee,
Became long after thou wert dead
  Dear cherished friends to me.

If in thy breast was wont to glow
  Thy mother's spirit mild,
The picture is no dream—I know
  Thou wast a lovely child!

I linger with the household few
  Who gather round thy bed,
And silent watch the fading hue
  That marked thee for the dead.

Here on this page I pause to trace
  Thy calm and holy death—
How much of gentleness and grace
  Passed with thy parting breath!

What holy words for one so young
  Dropped like sweet incense there!
How sweetly woke thy infant tongue
  To hymns of praise and prayer!

Dear child, when freed from earthly pain
  They laid thee 'neath the sod,
Thy spirit passed, without a stain,
  To live and love with God! C. C. S.

Easton, Md.

HOW ISLANDS ARE MADE.

I THOUGHT, dear children, I should like to tell you something about the islands which abound in the ocean, and how they are made; for I dare say most of you wonder how islands can grow up in the midst of the waters, and have creatures and men living upon them. They do not all come into existence the same way. Some of these islands are what is called volcanic or eruptive; that is, when the internal fires of the earth swell and increase the volume of air by the heat they gender it must break out somewhere, and when it is beneath the sea it is as turbulent and uncontrolled as it is beneath the earth, and just as you have read how it finds an outlet upon the top of Ætna or Vesuvius, and sends up stones, and fire, and ashes, so beneath the waters, but with this difference, it raises a compact or solid body, and coming altogether, in one unseparated mass, it becomes a submarine mountain or rock. Against it tides and currents wash, and to it sea-weed and loose earthy matter fasten, and upon it birds lodge, bring new matter from the rocks, such as small branches of trees, grass with seeds, and then come pieces of timber, and sometimes living shrubs, and ultimately creatures, and there is an island. Finally, men come and settle upon it.

But there is another way in which these resting-places in the ocean are formed. And I will tell you here how an insect can

form an island. When we go over a museum, we notice many beautiful shells, delicate little trees of coral, leaves like fans, from the bottom of the sea. All these have names. It is about the pretty coral trees that I am going to talk—not so much about shells. They are made by a little marine insect, called a *polypus*. It is a little creature made without a head and without a body; indeed so variable in shape as not always to be easy of description; and, therefore, it may be all head or all body. It seems made of gluten, or jelly, and often looks like a star throwing out arms called *tentacular*, or *feelers*, having a mouth at the extremity of each feeler, and with it catching its prey, which seems to be a gum or jelly, and with which it mixes a little of the phosphate of lime, with which the waters of the ocean abound. This it conveys to a given point of an outstanding rock deep in the ocean, and with the same matter attaches or makes itself fast to it; and having surrounded itself in a little chamber, which in form outside would be like a pipe, and inside a narrow hole, it soon finishes its work, and dying, fills up the hole. Its generation of little zoophytes, or polypis, take up the work, and they go on in storm and sunshine, summer and winter, and continue to add each a little particle as big as itself, and finally to add itself, and thus a coral-tree is planted.

The work goes on, year after year, by myriads of little creatures of the same family, until they have formed a great mass of coral. In between every arm, as it spreads out, there comes a sea-weed, and to this clings little shelled houses, in which lodge other living creatures. These get embedded in sand, the sea-weed grows, the shells multiply, and some stones by the rush of the sea come together. They get fastened immovably to the base or bottom, and solidity is now given to the island. And now, as ages roll on, and these little creatures untiringly work, the island rises high, as well as spreads abroad; and by and by it comes to the surface, and at low water, its crown or surface is exposed to the sun and the air. Upon it every tide leaves something, which, by being entangled, becomes finally a part of the building.

Now come the birds bringing seeds, and the currents of the

ocean bringing masses of light earth and sea-weed branches, and sometimes whole trees. These get fixed; some of them grow; masses of earth from the main lands adjacent, with small animals, come down with the tide, and grounding upon this rock, cover the surface with fertility and life; and, finally, a boat's crew come, and they land, find many things they want, and as they are lost to the world, they settle here. They are not savages, but their children are untutored; and they live, the strongest taking from the weakest, until at last the will is the ruling power; and this allied to a mighty arm, all are compelled to bow down to it. And so an insect can make an island; the fluctuations of the waters fill up the vacant spaces; the tides bring earth, and the exigencies of man induce him to settle there, and corn and fruit, and finally, peace and religion, make the inhabitants blessed.

A WORTHY EXAMPLE.

A WORTHY old colored woman, in the city of New York, was one day walking along the street, on some errand to a neighboring store, with her tobacco-pipe in her mouth, quietly smoking. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came sawing down the street, and when opposite our good Phillis, saucily crowded her aside, and with a pass of his hand, knocked her pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment, when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe, without the least resentment in her manner, and giving him a dignified look of sorrow, kindness, and pity, said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do!" It touched a tender chord in the heart of the rude tar. He felt ashamed, condemned, and repentant. The tear started in his eye; he must make reparation. He heartily confessed his error, and thrusting both hands into his two full pockets of "change," forced the contents upon her, exclaiming, "God bless you, kind mother, I 'll never do so again."

THE STOLEN LEMON.

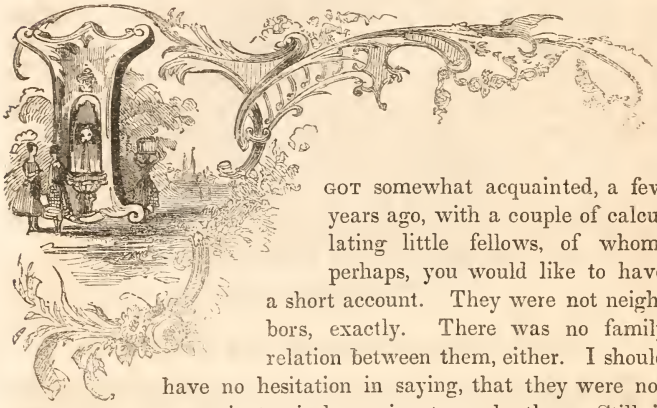
DESCENDED from an ancient Brahmin family, yet professing the Christian religion, the little Marie Asmar was born amid the ruins of Nineveh, early in the present century. Her father, a wealthy emir, chiefly resided at Bagdad; and at this place, one day, when she was about eight years old, and playing in the garden, she observed the luscious fruit of a sweet lemon-tree hanging over the wall which divided the garden of the emir from that of his next-door neighbor, who was a Mahometan. One lemon, in particular, looked so large and tempting, that, after watching it ripen for several days, Marie, by the help of a ladder, secretly managed to gather it, and immediately devoured it with great delight. But there her pleasure ended; for every day it was the emir's custom to read a portion of Scripture and the Ten Commandments aloud to his family; and now, when he read the words, "Thou shalt not steal," and added, that "he who begins by pilfering trifles, will become, in time, a confirmed thief, and the only atonement is immediate restoration of what has been stolen," the heart of Marie sank within her. She tried to think of how she could repair her fault, and at last, not being able to find a lemon as large as the one she had eaten, she procured four smaller ones, and pacified her remorse by flinging them over the

wall, into the Mahometan's garden. Here the matter might have ended, but the fruit happened to hit some children, which led to complaints being made to Marie's father, who, assembling his household, asked which of them had been throwing lemons into their neighbor's garden. Though sadly afraid that she would be severely punished, the little Marie, on being questioned, bravely confessed her fault, and described the remorse which she had endured for so many days at prayers. To her agreeable surprise, however, her father was so pleased with her frank confession, that he freely forgave her; and she never afterwards, during her whole life, swerved from the exact truth on any occasion.

LEDYARD'S TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.

"I HAVE observed," says Ledyard, "among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action: not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable in general to err than man, but in general more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, thirsty, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was thirsty, I drank the sweet draught, and if I was hungry, I ate the coarse morsel with a double relish."

TWO CUNNING LITTLE FELLOWS.



I GOT somewhat acquainted, a few years ago, with a couple of calculating little fellows, of whom, perhaps, you would like to have a short account. They were not neighbors, exactly. There was no family relation between them, either. I should have no hesitation in saying, that they were not even ninety-ninth cousins to each other. Still, it will be proper to connect them in the same account, inasmuch as, in some particulars, they were quite alike. Both went about on four feet, both were wrapped in a nice coat of fur, and both flourished a considerable length of tail. Moreover, both of them were about as shrewd and knowing, I am inclined to think, as any creatures of the same size need to be.

One of them, the squirrel, managed his corn in rather a singular manner. You cannot guess what course he took, I am pretty sure. So I might as well tell you at once. Out in a lumber room, hanging aloft on a pin, was a large wooden bucket. On the floor below it was a heap of corn. I knew very well that the squirrel was taking a good deal of liberty with that heap of corn, as much, in fact, as if he, and no one else, had a right to every ear of it. I let him work unmolested, and without taking any special pains to see what he did with his plunder. I thought that of course, like all pilfering rascals, he hurried it off to a distance, and hid it in some dark nook or hole. He was too much of a calculator, however, to manage in that way. His plan was, as I accidentally found out after a while, to have a place of deposit

near at hand, and thus to make sure of as much as he could while he had a chance. That place was the old bucket right overhead. What was my surprise, one day, to find that he had nearly filled it with ears of corn! As a matter of expediency, I suppose, he had just dropped them in there till he could get time to carry them away to his own store-house.

The other was a much smaller fellow; still, his little head could boast full as large a share of the same sort of wisdom, or calculation, or whatever else you choose to call it. He belonged to the mouse family; and though several among his relatives and acquaintances might have exceeded him in stature by a number of lines, yet, I dare say, he was equal in intellect to the tallest of them. How well he looked out for himself! how wisely he provided for the future! I had placed some ears of corn around my stove to dry, and, one morning, having started a fire, dark columns of smoke soon began to rise from the pits made for lifting the stove-covers. I found, on examination, that several grains of corn had been deposited in each. It soon appeared, too, that a deposit of the same kind had been made in a lady's shoe. We wondered, at first, how the corn got into such odd localities. The mystery was solved, however, in proper time. I left corn around the stove several nights in succession, and with a similar result in each instance. It was very easy to understand what the little fellow was about during some of the hours of darkness. I could hear him at the corn, clambering over the stove, pattering around on the floor. Of course, he could not tug off a whole ear at once; so he took grain after grain, and stored them up where he expected to find them, whenever his necessities should call for a supply. He made the lady's shoe, however, the chief place of deposit, for some reason or other—probably because it would hold a greater quantity, and was more easy of access, than the cavities in the stove.

It is a good plan, you see, to lay up something for the future. But, I beseech you, do n't steal or cheat to increase your store. Better be poor, and beg too, than to get anything dishonestly.

J. P. McCORD.

Uncle Frank's Monthly Table Talk.

THE AUTHORS' FESTIVAL.

A SPLENDID festival was given to American authors, a few weeks since. Have you heard about it? It was a compliment from the New York Publishers and Booksellers to those who have written books which the public have approved. I scarcely dared to hope that I should be regarded as worthy a place among these honored guests. But the committee of invitation—doubtless because they thought the little folks would n't like it, if Uncle Frank was left out—sent me a card of invitation; and when the time came for the festival, I found myself among the crowd of guests at the Crystal Palace.

The festival was held in the evening. A portion of one of the naves of the palace was fitted up for the purpose, and a temporary gallery constructed for spectators. The party was the largest I ever saw seated at table. You will stare when I tell you that there were some seven hundred in all. "What! seven hundred authors? I did n't know there was such an army of them on the continent." No, there were only some one hundred and fifty who could properly be called authors in this large company. There were a few editors, and some distinguished clergymen, jurists, and professors of colleges. The rest of the army were the booksellers who gave the banquet.

At the hour appointed, we walked, two and two, from the south end of the palace, where we entered, to the tables which had been spread for our entertainment. Here we found the most tempting display of fruit and desserts which the imagination could picture. And the bouquets! they were absolutely charming. They were of all sizes, from the tiny little group, which lay at the plate of each lady at the board, to the giants which towered above our heads in the richest porcelain vases. I do n't know how many there were of these bouquets; there might have been five hundred or more. I was seated near my excellent friend, Mr. Arthur, of Philadelphia. Not far from me, I noticed Louis Gaylord Clark, of the "Knickerbocker" magazine, Mr. Brace, author of "Home Life in Germany," Rufus Dawes, and J. T. Headley. Among the American authors of note, who were present, I may name Washington Irving, Bryant,

Willis, Bayard Taylor, Tuckerman, H. H. Weld, Dr. Robinson, Epes Sargent, Seba Smith, Miss Beecher, the Misses Carey, "Fanny Fern," Mrs. Ellet, Miss Leslie, Miss Mackintosh, Mrs. Stephens, the Misses Warner, Mrs. Tuthill, and a host of others.

One of the great attractions of the evening, so far as the embellishment of the hall was concerned, was an illumination of innumerable gas jets, exhibiting, in letters so large that they could be read at the opposite end of the palace, this inscription :

COMPLIMENTARY FRUIT AND FLOWER FESTIVAL,
GIVEN TO AUTHORS
BY THE
NEW YORK PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION,
SEPT. 27, 1855.

Under this, affixed to the gallery, was a statue of the Muse of History, completely enclosed in an illumination of jets, above which was the inscription, also in brilliant jets,

HONOR TO GENIUS.

You may be sure that the entire scene was one upon which the memory will long linger with interest and delight. There were a great many excellent circumstances connected with the entertainment. I think you will agree with me, in reckoning among these circumstances the fact that there was not a drop of wine or other intoxicating liquor on the tables. There was everything else that could be desired, though, in the greatest profusion. There were twenty varieties of pears ; eight varieties of apples ; four or five varieties of grapes ; and several of plums, peaches, and melons.

Some of the speeches of the evening had a flavor as rare and racy as that of the fruit. Mr. Fields, one of the Boston publishers, recited an extremely humorous poem, which convulsed us all with laughter. In this poem, he very cleverly hit off those publishers who issue such flaming advertisements about their books. He represents a plain countryman as going into a city book store, and inquiring for one of the last books out. He is told there have been ninety-six books published within the last two days.

The stranger sighs, but begs him then
  To name the titles o'er
Of just a few, of all that 's new,
  In his abundant store.
So he begins—"'The Sea of Blood!'
  A work of wondrous power,
Of which we 've sold ten thousand sets
  Within the last half hour!

This is the new 'Sensation' book,
  A work of so much force
The first edition all blew up,
  And smashed a cart and horse!
A friend, who read the manuscript
  Without sufficient care,
Was torn to rags, altho' he had
  Six cables round his hair!

'The Eggs of Thought' I'll recommend
  As very thrilling lays,—
Some Poets poach, but here is one
  That all the papers praise.
The School Commissioners out West
  Have ordered seventy tons,
That widely they may be dispersed
  Among their setting suns.

And here's a most astounding tale,
  A volume full of fire,
The author's name is known to fame—
  Stupendous Stubbs, Esquire!
And here, 'The Howling Ditch of Crime,'
  By A. Sapphira Stress;
Two hundred men fell dead last night
  A working at the press!"

Then the poet, as humorously and as graphically, gives a sketch of the good old times of book-making, and contrasts those times with the present. Here is a specimen of this part of the poem:

Small books were printers then I trow,
  And almanacs likewise,
But Bibles ran in early days
  To most prodigious size.
It took two men to lift one up,
  And two to set it down,
And people ran to see them when
  They moved about the town.

Tough days were those to launch a book—
  It makes us youngsters smile—
For when they got a volume off
  Folks heard it creak a mile.
But soon the times began to change,
  And change began to flow,
And pockets tinkled loud with cash
  That once were very low.

How slow and sure they set their types,
  How small editions ran!
Then fifty thousand never sold—
  Before the sale began.
For how could they, poor plodding souls,
  Be either swift or wise,
Who never learned the mighty art
  Of *how* to advertise.

LETTER FROM NEBRASKA.

An excellent lady friend, who, with a spirit of self-denial worthy of all praise, is laboring among the Delaware Indians in the territory of Nebraska, has just written me a very pleasant letter. Among other things, she says,

Your black ants remind me of some tricks of our Indian boys last summer, which were no less than feeding and training I know not how many hundreds of the fellows, (cousins of yours, I suspect,) who domiciled under the roots of the venerable oaks that shade our premises. I told the boys that, as to the *feeding*, they could do it to their hearts' content; but I could not think it proper or agreeable to teach a living thing to fight. I am sure you would have been amused to witness the interest with which the boys pursued their vocation as commissaries. Your bees too. I wish they could sip the honey-dew which falls here. I have never *seen* it myself, it is true; but yet I could do so, by going out in the morning, regardless of health or soiled garments. It falls during the last of summer and first of autumn, in woodlands only, I believe.

LETTER FROM VERMONT.

Here is a letter—rather too complimentary, do n't you think it is—from a niece living in Vermont:

Dear Mr. Woodworth,—I know not as you will choose to number me among your ten thousand invited guests; but as long as I read the *Cabinet*—every word of it—love it, and puzzle my cranium with its curious things, I shall claim the privilege of being one with the rest, for I 'm sure not one of your readers awaits its arrival more eagerly than I do. However, I love to tease the girls occasionally, to see how strong they are for Uncle Frank and the *Cabinet;* and could you only hear how they stand up for you, you *might* think it worth while to find fault with yourself, to see how they would dispute it. Why, really I believe you could in a moment—that is, if you wished to—muster an army of boys and girls, in your defence, as easily as could Napoleon in his palmiest days.

CORNELIA H. W.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

Those who have read what my brother has said on the cover of the *Cabinet*, need not be informed that there are some rich dainties promised in the volume beginning with the year 1856, and especially in the January number. Ten years, when the December number is published, will have passed, since we commenced our labors—my brother as publisher, and myself as editor of the *Youth's Cabinet*. Now we are going to commence an entirely new series. We are going to change the form, and if I do not greatly mistake, very materially add to the beauty of the dress of our *protégé*. About the portrait of Uncle Frank, which paying subscribers

are promised, perhaps the editor ought not to drop a hint. Still, this seems to be an age when a good deal of latitude is allowed to modesty; and I may say, without undertaking to decide the matter whether or not it is the picture of a good-looking man, that every body pronounces Root's likeness, from which the portrait is engraved, by far the most truthful and life-like that has ever been taken of Uncle Frank, and I believe it is so convincingly accurate, that that personage himself knew it at a glance. It is to be engraved by Buttre, who has built up for himself the reputation of being the best steel engraver of portraits in the United States.

My dear reader, we are going to do a great deal for you. See that you do something for us. 1. Pay up your subscription for the next year, and this year, too, if you are behind. That will be necessary, in order to get the portrait. The portrait—so the publisher insists; and when he sets his foot down, there 's no moving him—cannot be sent, until the subscriber pays all arrearages, and sends on his subscription for the new year. If it is not sent before the January number is mailed, which will be about the first day of December, he will get his January number without the portrait. When he *does* pay, the portrait will be sent in the next succeeding number. 2. See if you cannot do something in the way of forming clubs. Show your numbers of the *Cabinet* to your young friends. Tell them what a rich treat the publisher promises for another volume. Let them know what the terms are in clubs. Get their subscriptions, and send on the order, or get your father or older brother, or some one else, to do so for you. 3. Be prompt in whatever you do, so that we may know how large an edition of the January number to print.

Aunt Sue's Bureau.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. L. Bradley. You made a pretty good guess at rebus 14 and enigma 14—not at all "irksome," I assure you.

Kate M. and Ellen R. I shall be on the look-out next month for the promised letter.

Wm. A. Hegeman takes the palm this month for correct answers to puzzles, &c.: I thought O. L. B. "hard to beat," but W. A. H. did it.

M. E. C. I did not have to put on spectacles to read your note; write again, won't you?

Maria E. N. Thank you for your "friendly letter."

Ida. I have been looking for some chirographical evidence of your existence, but in vain! Which of you got that last kiss, after all?

Blue-eyed Mollie wants Harry to send some more of Grandmother's Conundrums.

Sarah and Cate M. Bless your dear little hearts! *I* offended! you ought to have seen me laughing at the joke!

Gardner L. Russ. I consider that beautiful autumnal day well spent.

Marie J. L. Yes, indeed, I can sympathize with you, but I soon put three or four blocks of houses between me and the offending member. *My dentist lives three or four streets off.*

Mary A. W. Your letters are always welcome. I am sorry Cornelia has so little use for her bonnet; if I come round to your house this afternoon with the carriage, do n't you think she would take a little drive out with me? My love to Tinna.

Russian boy. There was no answer with your enigma, and no date to your letter.

Bessie says—"if Uncle Frank comes out west, we should be very much pleased to have him come and visit us, and I should *dearly* love to have you come too." Uncle Frank—Bessie did n't say *dearly* to you. Do n't you feel jealous?

Jeanie. I have seen the puzzle in print, but it is so good, it deserves to be reprinted. I did "make believe," and accepted the "love."

Orwell, Vt., October 12th, 1855.

Dear Aunt Sue,—I thought I would write to you again this month, for mamma and I together have found out some of the answers to the last puzzles, &c., which I send you. If you will come to our country-home some time, you shall see my black-and-white Kitty, and I will take you to the barn and show you my chickens and turkeys. They are not equal to Harry's fawns, but I like them nevertheless.

Good-bye, dear Aunty, and believe me your affectionate niece,

LIBBY HALL.

Thank you, Libby; tell black-and-white Kitty not to grow into *cat-hood* before I see her. Is there anything prettier than to see a kitten at play?—especially if she is reduced to extremities, and runs a race after her own tail.

Milwaukie, October 12th, 1855.

Dear Aunt Sue,—Did you ever have the toothache? if you have you will know how to pity me, for I have had to remain out of school for nearly a fortnight with this painful disease, and you may rest assured that the *Cabinet* for this month was thrice welcome, as it aided me in whiling away some of the weary days, and—as you will see—I have succeeded in solving some of the puzzles, enigmas, and so forth.

My sister and myself enjoy the *Cabinet* very much, especially the Puzzler's Drawer and Aunt Sue's Bureau. Our little brothers, too, begin to anticipate the arrival of the *Cabinet* with great pleasure, and when I have

any spare time, they are sure to ask me to read them some story in the *Cabinet*.

Please give my best respects to Uncle Frank, and accept a large share of my love for yourself. Your affectionate niece, MARIE J. L.

Beloit, Wis., October 11th, 1855.

DEAR AUNT SUE,—Being an entire stranger to you, I hesitated not a little to address you. (I am glad your hesitation was overcome.—Aunt Sue.) But now I hope to become a correspondent, and be acknowledged as one of your nieces. I do not know as I have been successful in answering the puzzles, &c., in the Puzzler's Drawer; but I hope that I have.

From your affectionate niece, CORALLINE.

Upper Alton, Ill., October 13th, 1855.

MY DEAR UNCLE FRANK,—I take great pleasure in reading the *Cabinet*, particularly in making out the puzzles. As you depend for these upon your numerous family of young folks, I wish, like a dutiful niece, to contribute a small share to this interesting department. When you visit the west, I hope you will call at Alton. I am sure we shall all be very glad to shake your hand. My brother Willie W. wishes me to ask Uncle Frank one question about that *Portrait*. He wishes to know whether each member of a "club," in order to secure the portrait "of extra size," &c., must remit one dollar, or only the club price for the *Cabinet*.

As this is my first attempt at letter-writing, please excuse its brevity.

I send the following "places enigmatically expressed." They are found on the map of Great Britain and Ireland. Willie thinks you will take the trouble to read them, and then—do what you please with them.

Your affectionate niece, S. B. L.

Goshen, Monday, October 15th, 1855.

DEAR AUNT SUE,—I suppose that I am too late with my answers this time; but if I am I will try to be in season the next. I have but few of them, as I thought perhaps I might be in time if I sent right away. I see that you have given me welcome to a seat around your table, and I will try to improve the opportunity to show you that I am thankful for it. Good-bye until next month. Your affectionate nephew,

WILLIE B. JACOBS.

Dorset, Vt., October 15th, 1855.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK,—I have been thinking for some time of writing to you, but have never decided to do so until now. I like the *Cabinet* very much. At the end of every year Pa says, "Had we better take the *Cabinet* any longer?" and I say, "O! yes, do, I 'll help to pay for it." As this is my first attempt, I do not know that it will be worthy of notice in your paper, but at any rate I wish to be one of Uncle Frank's nephews.

From your affectionate nephew, GEORGE H. WILLIAMS.

Canton, O., October 11th, 1855.

DEAR AUNT SUE,—And so Uncle Frank has left us again in the care of our new aunt. We are right glad to welcome you to the editorial chair, and to have you for an aunt; for Aunt Sue's Bureau has its drawers always full of welcome news. When the *Cabinet* comes, the first thing we do is to see if we have a word from S. N., (now Aunt Sue.)

In this month's *Cabinet* the Puzzler's Drawer contains a few more puzzles, and we think they are rather harder than usual; but that is no great objection—we have the answers to almost all of them. And now, Aunt Sue, we must bid you good-bye, hoping to hear from you again next month. Your affectionate nieces, THE BUCKEYE SISTERS.

Buffalo, October 15th, 1855.

MR. FRANCIS WOODWORTH, EDITOR OF YOUTH'S CABINET, NEW YORK.

DEAR SIR,—I should like to be informed how many of your subscribers there are whom you have never heard from. I generally find out about two-thirds of the enigmas, puzzles, &c.; but as yet have never sent my name as one of the fortunate ones.

Lately, in looking over the names of those who had found out the various enigmas, &c., I saw so many, that I thought I might be one of the *very* few whose silence had been construed into a confession of inability to solve them. So I thought I would write and inquire, and if that should be the case, I would endeavor to make up for my negligence.

Yours, respectfully, ONE OF THE NEGLIGENT.

Of course we conclude that those who do not write have nothing to say.

Brooklyn, October 12th, 1855.

DEAR AUNT SUE,—Are not some of the puzzles I sent three months ago "first come" yet? Brother Charlie (who is eight years old) got vexed with me for studying on that "old *Cabinet*," as he called it, when he wanted me to play backgammon, so I told him if he would study out the places in Indiana, I would play two games with him. I explained to him how to find them out, and when he had succeeded, instead of saying "old *Cabinet*" again, he exclaimed—"Why, is n't it nice!" I often solve the riddles, &c., but do not send the result of my studies, as I see you have so many names to write. Charlie would like to see his name in print. Accept a kiss from your affectionate niece, FANNY NEWTON.

A rebus of yours, Fanny, was on the list before I received your letter. I am glad Charlie was successful.

MR. WOODWORTH: DEAR SIR,—It is with much pleasure that I attempt to pen the following lines to you. I enclose the few answers I have been able to solve in so short a time, and beg you will accept them as tokens of my love for the *Cabinet*. I have a request to make, which I hope you will not refuse to grant, that is—to ask S. N. if she will regard me as her niece, and I may be permitted to address her by the name of "Aunt Sue," and please to give her my love, and I shall be very grateful to you for doing me so great a kindness. Yours, truly,

MARY C. BARBER.

Walk in, my dear little niece, and make yourself perfectly "at home."

The Puzzler's Drawer.

ENIGMA NO. XVII.

I am composed of twenty-six letters.

My 9, 21, 9, 12, 9, 18, 2, 8, 9, was a powerful king of Egypt.

My 8, 18, 19, 5, 7, 5, is a city in one of the Middle States.

My 10, 19, 5, 8, 17, is an article of furniture.

My 5, 7, 10, 13, 4, 14, 21, 16, 6, is a musical instrument.

My 10, 24, 25, 26, is a useful kind of wood that grows in Portugal.

My 18, 8, 6, is a metal.

My 20, 21, 15, 18, 24, 20, was a distinguished philosopher who died in the seventeenth century.

My 8, 24, 22, 5, is one of the United States.

My 3, 4, 5, 20, 26, 3, 13, 25, 18, is a capitol in the United States.

My 1, 24, 20, 18, 21, 2, 21, 23, is a town in Mexico.

My 10, 4, 5, 11, 3, 24, 2, 14, is a county in one of the Middle States.

My whole is the name and residence of an editor. E. F. R.

ENIGMA NO. XVIII.

I am composed of sixteen letters.

My 5, 12, 1, 3, 15, 6, 9, 5, was a distinguished moral philosopher among the Greeks.

My 4, 5, 12, 1, 3, 15, 6, 9, 5, was a celebrated Greek orator.

My 2, 9, 3, 12, 10, 4, 15, 16, was a Roman historian.

My 1, 4, 1, 9, 3, 12, was an orator among the Romans.

My 2, 9, 5, 12, 8, 10, an eminent Grecian poet.

My 6, 9, 13, 9, 16, 1, 9, was a Latin poet of Carthage.

My 6, 2, 12, 14, 5, 12, 16, was a distinguished poet who flourished between 1700 and 1800.

My 7, 9, 15, 6, 2, is something that all persons meet.

My whole expresses a solemn fact which ought to be impressed upon the mind of each reader of the *Cabinet*. JOHN Q. ADAMS.

ENIGMA NO. XIX.

I am composed of twenty-one letters.

My 1, 2, 5, 17, 13, is a kind of a boat.

My 3, 9, 10, is a part of the body.

My 12, 19, 15, is a prayer.

My 7, 18, 14, 4, is a passage.

My 8, 6, 10, is used in building houses.
My 11, 18, 13, is what all do.
My 16, 20, 21, is a kind of tumor.
My whole is a celebrated institution of learning.

SPANISH GIRL AND AMERICAN BOY.

NAMES OF PLACES IN KENTUCKY ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A boy's name, and a place of defence.
2. The name of a berry, and a small town.
3. A healthful game, and a pleasing color.
4. A pleasant season of the year, and a word denoting to fix firmly.
5. The name of an animal, and a large weight.
6. A family name, and a near relative.
7. A vehicle, a verb to express its motion, and the name of a weight which it carries.
8. An enormous animal, and an opening in the earth.
9. A word denoting recent, and an old English building. ANNA.

CHARADE NO. XVI.

My first is a body of water.
My second is a fish.
My third is a preposition.
My fourth is a name for the head.
My whole is a bone of contention which is now being picked.

J. A. FISHER.

BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS NO. VIII.

1. A LUTE TIM.
2. LED IN LAST.
3. EVIL TURN.
4. AY, RUN, PRESUMER.
5. A BOON TESTS IT.
6. MEN DO SIT ON TAR.
7. A LAME BELL.
8. IT TANS BUSTS ON A TRAIN.

SETH J. AXTELL, JR.

ANAGRAMS OF INDIAN TRIBES.

1. O! WHAT NAPS.
2. SOME LINES.
3. O! I SAW.
4. WE ARE LADS.

C. J. CHATFIELD.

TRANSPOSITIONS OF THE NAMES OF PERSONS CELEBRATED IN HISTORY.

SEE CHURL. A wonderful hero, who, according to all accounts, practiced some extraordinary performances upon serpents, while yet an infant.

O! I STARTLE. A celebrated philosopher.

Honest Meeds. An Athenian general, celebrated in the Peloponnesian war.

No Sad Pie Man. A Thebian general and statesman.

A Chub Pulse. An animal of such celebrity, that its death is recorded B.C., 327.

Is it a Ream. A queen who reigned B.C. 352–350, and by whose instrumentality one of the wonders of the world was built.

Gallucia. An emperor, who wished the Roman people had but one head, that he might cut it off at one blow.

Ends my Age. A beautiful being, mentioned in heathen mythology.

OFF-HAND NOTES AND QUERIES NO. III.

1. When and where was money first made out of gold and silver?
2. When did the first eclipse of the moon, on record, occur?
3. When were musical notes invented?
4. When was gold first coined in England?
5. When and where were playing-cards invented, and for whose amusement?
6. By whom were bayonets first used—in what year and in what battle?

BUCKEYE SISTERS.

REBUS NO. XVII.

Attributed to Macauly, the essayist:—

Cut off my head and singular I am;
Cut off my tail and plural I appear;
Cut off both head and tail, and strange to say,
Although my middle 's left, there 's nothing there!
What is my head cut off? A sounding sea.
What is my tail cut off? A roaring river,
Beneath whose placid waves I peaceful play,
The parent of soft sounds, though mute forever.

REBUS NO. XVIII.

To a place where the living did all once reside,
Add fifty—be sure that 't is on the right side;
You will then see a name which you 'll find to belong
To a songster that 's famed for melodious song.

FANNY NEWTON.

REBUS NO. XIX.

Entire I am very useful in machines; take away my first letter, and I

am a part of the body; take away my first and second, and I am a species of snake. JOHNNIE HART.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is a boy going to school late, like blind-man's buff? JEANIE.

ANSWERS TO OFF-HAND NOTES AND QUERIES NO. II.

1. The Sphinx;—a woman's head on the body of a lion, cut out of solid rock, 125 feet long, and 60 feet high.
2. Olympia, in Greece.
3. Pluto.
4. December 25th, 1642.
5. Augustus Cæsar.
6. In 1702.
7. A Grecian sculptor.
8. She sprang from the head of Jupiter.
9. In 1778, by Captain Cook.
10. In Paris, from 1585 to 1642.

Answered in part by Cornelia H. W., Mary A. W., O. L. Bradley, Wm. A. Hegeman, Charlie, J. G. Cooper, C. J. Chatfield, Gardner L. Russ, Oxonion girl, Seth J. A., jr., Coralline, Marie J. L., Willie B. Jacobs, Buckeye sisters, Jeanie, Libby Hall.

ANSWER TO GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE NO. I.

1. THE WASH.	2. BATH.	3. WELLS.	4. WIGTON.
5. CAPE WRATH.	6. BELLEVILLE.	7. GUINEA.	8. CANDY.

Answered by Mary C. B., Oliver, Mary A. W., Maria E. N., O. L. Bradley, Wm. A. Hegeman, J. G. Cooper, Blue-eyed Mollie, Sarah and Cate M., T. Morril Carter, C. J. Chatfield, Seth J. A., jr., Marie J. L., Mary C. Barber, Buckeye sisters, Bessie, Jeanie, Libby Hall.

ANSWER TO CHARADE NO. XIII.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

Answered by Mary A. W., Wm. A. Hegeman, Seth J. A., jr., Buckeye sisters, Russian boy, Spanish girl and American boy, Jeanie.

ANSWER TO CHARADE NO. XIV.

S. N.

Answered by Wm. A. Hegeman, Seth J. A., jr., Russian boy, Libby Hall.

ANSWER TO PLACES IN OHIO.

1. Bellefountain. 2. Dayton. 3. Hopedell.
4. Springfield. 5. Georgetown. 6. Jackson.

Answered by Mary C. Barber, Oliver, Mary A. W., Maria E. N., S. W., Sarah T. R., O. L. Bradley, G. H. N., Emily, J. A. Fisher, Kate M., Ellen R., Wm. A. H., J. G. Cooper, Blue-eyed Mollie, Sarah and Cate M., C. J. C., Oxonion girl, Seth J. A., jr., A. C., Willie B. Jacobs, Buckeye sisters, Bessie, Russian boy, Spanish girl and American boy, Jeanie, Libby Hall.

ANSWER TO PLACES IN VIRGINIA.

1. Not answered. 2. Greenbrier. 3. Not answered. 4. Fairmount.

Answered in part by Mary A. W., Wm. A. Hegeman, Sarah and Cate M., and Marie E. N. Will Spencer W. Leach please send the answers, as the originals are lost?

ANSWER TO PLACES IN INDIANA.

1. Princeton. 2. Portland. 3. Greencastle. 4. New Market.
5. Southbend. 6. Warsaw. 7. Rockville. 8. Augusta.

Answered by Mary C. B., Oliver, Mary A. W., Maria E. N., J. A. Fisher, Kate M. and Ellen R., Wm. A. Hegeman, J. G. Cooper, Blue-eyed Mollie, T. Morril Carter, C. J. C., Seth J. A., jr., A. C., Coralline, Charlie, Willie B. Jacobs, Buckeye sisters, Bessie, Russian boy, Spanish girl and American boy, Jeanie, Libby Hall.

ANSWER TO BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS NO. VII.

1. Entertainment. 2. Astronomy. 3. Longitude. 4. Painted.
5. Egotism. 6. Interest. 7. Pointer. 8. Amputation.
9. America. 10. Scarcity. 11. Wonder. 12. Goosberries.

Answered in part by O. L. Bradley, C. J. Chatfield, Willie B. Jacobs; in full by Mary A. W.

ANSWER TO REBUS NO. XIV.

Thorn.

Answered by A. C., G. H. N.

ANSWER TO REBUS NO. XV.

Goat.

Answered by Oliver, Mary A. W., Johnnie Hart, Maria E. N., O. L. Bradley, J. A. Fisher, C. J. Chatfield, Oxonion girl, Seth J. A., jr., A. C., Bessie, Jeanie, Libby Hall.

ANSWER TO REBUS NO. XVI.

CLEAR.

Answered by Oliver, Maria E. N., O. L. Bradley, T. Morril Carter, Oxonion girl, Seth J. A., jr., A. C., Libby Hall.

ANSWER TO CUTTINGS FOR PLANTING.

1. MATRIMONY.	2. CABBAGE.	3 GOOSBERRY.
4. BEAR'S-FOOT.	5. HEART'S-EASE.	6. MONKEY-FLOWER.
7. TULIP.	8. LOVE-TANGLE.	9. SAGE.
10. HEMLOCK.	11. BACHELOR'S BUTTON.	12. WHEAT.

Answered in part by Mary A. W., Maria E. N., Buckeye sisters, Jeanie; in full by O. L. Bradley, T. Morril Carter, C. J. Chatfield.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. XIV.

WITTENAGEMOT.

Answered by Wm. A. Hegeman, G. H. N., Russian boy.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. XV.

INTEMPERANCE.

Answered by Mary C. B., Oliver, Mary A. W., Johnnie H., Johnnie W. C., Emily, Maria E. N., O. L. Bradley, Kate M. and Ellen R., G. H. N., Wm. A. H., M. E. C., J. G. Cooper, Blue-eyed Mollie, Sarah and Cate M., T. Morril Carter, Oxonion girl, Seth J. A., jr., A. C., Coralline, Marie J. L., Mary C. Barber, Willie B. Jacobs, Buckeye sisters, Bessie, Russian boy, Spanish girl and American boy, Jeanie.

ANSWER TO ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA.

MISS CAROLINE HERSCHEL.

Answered by Wm. A. Hegeman, Buckeye sisters, Libby Hall.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. XVI.

BRIDGEPORT.

Answered by George H. N., Wm. A. Hegeman, Seth J. A., jr., A. C., Willie B. Jacobs, Libby Hall.

ANSWER TO GRANDMOTHER'S CONUNDRUM.

HIS EQUAL.

Answered by Mary A. W., Maria E. N., Wm. A. H., Buckeye sisters.

Notices of Recent Publications.

☞ The publisher of the CABINET will send by mail, postage paid, any publication noticed by the editor, on the receipt of the price annexed.

1. *Maud, and other Poems.* It is perhaps sufficient to say of this little volume that it owes its birth to the genius of Alfred Tennyson, the distinguished English Poet Laureate. "Maud," the principal poem in length, is a romance of interest, aside from its poetical beauties. Of the other fugitives, one is the poet's ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington, which I could not like when it was first published in the newspapers, and which I cannot admire now, though it were written by a dozen poet laureates. Listen to the introduction:

> Bury the great Duke,
> With an empire's lamentation,
> Let us bury the great Duke,
> To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation.

Published by Edward P. Rudd, New York. Price 75 cents.

2. *The Rabbit Fancier.* Here is an excellent treatise on the mode of rearing rabbits, with particular descriptions of this numerous and interesting family. It must be invaluable to those whom it most immediately concerns. The fine illustrations, with which this book abounds, add a great deal to its interest and value. Published by C. M. Saxton & Co. Price 50 cents.

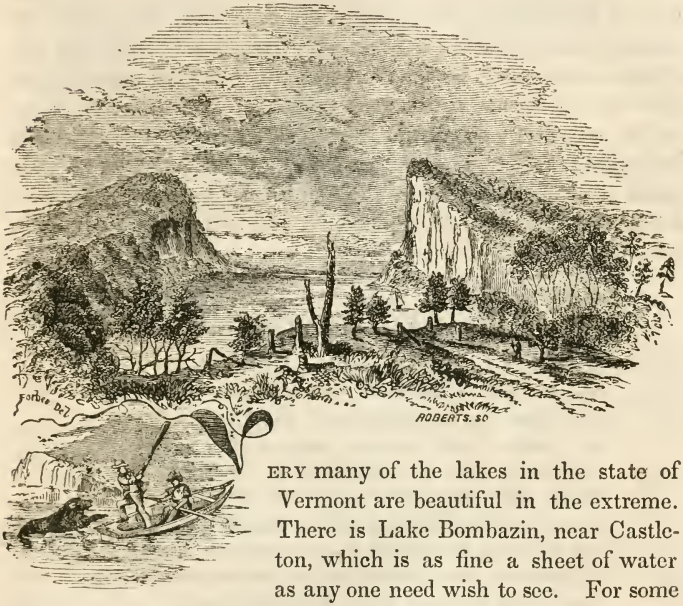
3. *Pen Pictures of the Bible.* By Rev. Charles Beecher, with an introduction by Harriet Beecher Stowe. This volume ought to be welcomed in every Christian family. Its pictures are beautiful and truthful. Published by J. C. Derby. Price 50 cents.

4. *The Vine-Dressers' Manual* is an excellent treatise on the culture of the grape and the manufacture of wine. It is written by a practical vine-dresser, and is just the thing for every one who cultivates the grape. Published by C. M. Saxton. Price 50 cents.

5. *Isora's Child* is the title of a work of fiction published by J. C. Derby. The author has not chosen to disclose his or her name, and the uninitiated, like myself, are left quite in the dark on that point. But of one thing I am sure: the book will be read with interest and profit, let who may have written it. Price $1.25.

6. *Memoir of Old Humphrey.* Blessings on this genial writer for the young! how my heart has always gone out towards him. He was among the men I greatly wanted to see while in London, and I tried hard to meet him, though I failed. This little memoir ought to be read by every body. It has a portrait of this charming author, and is admirably written. Published by Carlton & Phillips. Price 50 cents.

WILLOUGHBY LAKE.



ERY many of the lakes in the state of Vermont are beautiful in the extreme. There is Lake Bombazin, near Castleton, which is as fine a sheet of water as any one need wish to see. For some two years I resided within six or eight miles of this lake; and many were the pilgrimages I made to it after rock bass and perch. According to the best of my recollection, I never thrust my hooks into that lake without very satisfactory results, that is, so far as I was concerned—I do not undertake to give the opinions of the fish.

But a more beautiful lake, perhaps, than all the rest, is Willoughby Lake, a view of which is given in the engraving. It is situated in the county of Orleans, and is getting to be quite a fashionable place of resort since the completion of the railroad from Boston to Canada. It is about thirty-five miles northeast of Montpelier. This lake, like its cousin on the other side of the mountains which I have already named, abounds with live fish;

and a great many people visit it in the summer, from Boston and other places.

But a few years ago, before the railroad passed through this part of the country, the vicinity of Willoughby Lake was the resort of bears, who did a good deal of mischief. A story is told of one veteran bear, who got pretty hungry one day, chased some men into a boat, and not content with this feat, swam after them, and it was as much as the men could do to prevent the bold desperado from springing into the boat. There has quite a change taken place in this section of the country, in this respect, within a few years. It would be difficult to find a bear in these parts now.

A FAMILY SCENE.

My cousin Louisa was with me last night;
She brought in her work, and sat down by the light,
And there she sat sewing with all of her might.

My brother went shopping, some candles to buy;
And as he went out, looked up to the sky:
It was dark, very dark—not a star met his eye.

In her chair by the fire sat my mother a-knitting;
By her side, in another chair, father was sitting;
Although he do n't chew, in the fire he was spitting.

And there stood my sister, Elizabeth Ann;
By the table she stood, and so fast her tongue ran,
The while she her dishes washed up in a pan,

That I really thought by the middle 't was tied,
And worked at both ends, like the paddles beside
The steamers which oft o'er our proud river glide.

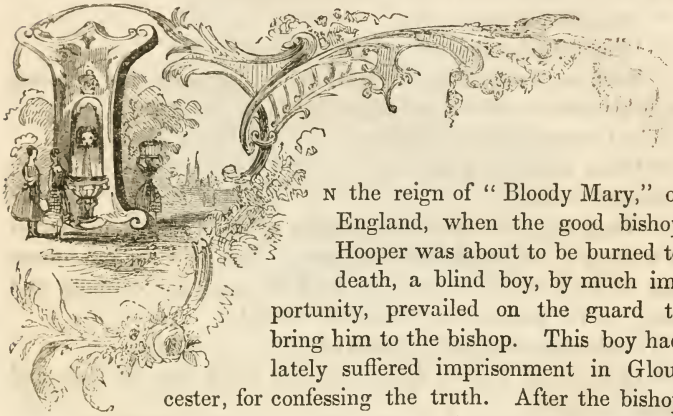
As I sat by the stove, gazing sleepily round,
All at once our old cat, at one tiger-like bound,
Took her seat in my lap, with a look most profound.

This move unexpected so wrought upon me,
That I screamed out in terror,—all jumped up to see
What the cause of so sudden an outcry could be.

And there sat old pussy, as prim as you please,
Contentedly purring, and much at her ease,
With both her fore-feet doubled under her knees.

NINA

THE MARTYRED BLIND BOY.



IN the reign of "Bloody Mary," of England, when the good bishop Hooper was about to be burned to death, a blind boy, by much importunity, prevailed on the guard to bring him to the bishop. This boy had lately suffered imprisonment in Gloucester, for confessing the truth. After the bishop had examined him concerning his faith and the cause of his imprisonment, he looked on him steadfastly, tears standing in his eyes, and said :

"Ah, poor boy, God hath taken from thee thy outward sight, for what reason he best knoweth ; but he hath endued thy soul with the eye of knowledge and faith. God give thee grace continually to pray unto him, that thou lose not that sight ; for thou shouldst then be blinded both in body and soul."

The boy's name was Thomas Dowry. How often or how long he had endured imprisonment for the truth's sake, is not known ; but on his final examination he was brought before Dr. Williams, Chancellor of Gloucester, sitting with the register of the diocese in the consistory, near the south door of the cathedral church, who administered the usual articles, chiefly urging that on the real presence of Christ on the communion bread, and saying :

"Dost thou not believe that after the words of consecration, spoken by the priest, there remaineth the very real body of Christ in the sacrament of the altar ?"

"No," answered the blind boy, "that I do not."

"Then," said the Chancellor, "thou art an heretic, and shalt be burned. But who taught you this heresy?"

"You, Master Chancellor."

"Where, I pray thee?"

"Even in yonder place," replied the boy, turning and pointing with his hand to where the pulpit stood.

The Chancellor again inquired,

"When did I teach thee so?"

Dowry answered:

"When you preached there (naming a day) a sermon to all men as well as to me, upon the sacrament. You said the sacrament was to be received spiritually, by faith, and not carnally and really, as the papists have heretofore taught."

The shameless apostate answered:

"Then do as I have done, and thou shalt live, as I do, and escape burning."

The blind boy said:

"Though you can so easily dispense with yourself, and mock God, the world, and your own conscience, yet will I not do so."

"Then God have mercy upon thee," rejoined the Chancellor, "for I will read the condemnation sentence against thee."

"God's will be fulfilled!" answered the young martyr.

Hereupon the Register, being moved with the scene, stood up, and said to the Chancellor:

"Fie, for shame, man! will you read the sentence against him, and condemn yourself? Away, away, and substitute some other to give sentence and judgment."

"No, Register," said the fearfully hardened man, "I will obey the law, and give sentence myself, according to mine office."

He did so; delivered him to the secular power, who on the very same day led the blind boy to the place of execution at Gloucester, together with one Thomas Croker, a poor bricklayer, condemned also for the like testimony of the truth; when both, in one fire, most constantly and joyfully yielded their souls into the hands of the Lord Jesus.

THE SCOTCH BEER-DRINKER.

BEER-DRINKING is very common in Scotland. I hope my Scottish friends will pardon me, if I give it as my candid opinion that the practice is far too common. A good story is told of an old shoemaker, living not far from Iverness, who loved his pot of ale a great deal too fondly for his own good. He had a little stall, scarcely higher than his head, and not much larger than was necessary to hold himself, his tools, and his boots and shoes, new and old. As I said before, he was a great lover of malt liquor. Well, there was a good woman, living just across the way from his shop, who vended the best of ale, and our shoemaker was perhaps the best customer she had. She was a very wise little body, and understood turning a penny as well as most people. The shoemaker would drink, and the good woman would charge. The buyer never had any money—the seller never seemed to want any. Things had gone on in this style for years. One day, the matron called over to her customer's shop, with a mug of ale brim full, and with one of her blandest smiles. The shoemaker drank the ale, without stopping for breath. He was a most inveterate drinker. While he was enjoying the ecstacy which the liquor imparted, the good woman took occasion to present her bill. It was a long one—longer than the bill of the crane or the beron. The footing up of all the items was a frac-

tion over seven hundred pounds sterling, (over three thousand dollars.) Poor man! he could scarcely credit his own eyes, though assisted with a pretty good pair of spectacles. It seemed that the shrewd woman had calculated the exact value of the shoemaker's property. She had allowed the bill to sum up to that precise amount; and in less than ten days after she showed herself so smiling at the old man's shop, she was mistress of everything in the shape of property which he possessed in the world.

WAYS OF COMMITTING SUICIDE.

WEARING thin shoes on damp nights in rainy weather.

Building on the air-tight principle.

Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in a round of unnatural excitement by reading trashy novels.

Going to balls and parties in all sorts of weather, in the thinnest possible dress, and dancing till in a great perspiration, and then going home through the damp air.

Keeping children quiet by teaching them to suck candy.

Eating without half masticating the food.

Allowing love of gain so to absorb our minds, as to leave no time to attend to our health.

Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

Tempting the appetite with niceties, when the stomach says no!

Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing.

Retiring at midnight and rising at noon.

Gormandizing between meals.

Giving way to fits of anger.

Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves when a simple disease first appears.

SQUIRRELS IN CALIFORNIA.

THE squirrel seems to be quite a favorite among the readers of the *Cabinet*, and has ensconced himself in many a nice nook of the pretty museum. Let me introduce to the little folks the grey squirrel of California; and while he stands on his hind feet and gravely makes his best bow, I will tell you some curious facts about him. Come, take a ride with me, this bright morning, through one of our lovely valleys, and let us see the squirrels on their own ground. Ah! there they are! scores and hundreds of them—now scampering over the ground, running to and from their holes, apparently to chat with each other—now standing up like so many judges in grave council, till, just as you approach them, with a twinkle of the eye and a whisk of the tail, they pop into their holes, and are out of sight in an instant. But pretty and interesting as these little creatures may appear, I cannot put in one plea for them. Alas! they are voted, on all sides, a terrible nuisance. They make sad havoc in a field of corn, and nibble daintily at nice early vegetables. Young, tender fruit-trees are particularly alluring to them; but their chief delight and grand theatre of action is a field of ripe wheat. No sooner are the heads well filled out, than the provident little creatures bethink themselves of laying in their winter store, imagining, no doubt, that it is all raised for their especial benefit, and to be had for the gathering. They cut down the stalks with astonishing rapidity, and, filling their mouths as full as they can carry, make for their granaries. They can readily be tracked around a field, as they make a clean sweep of the grain wherever they go. Various methods have been resorted to for the destruction of these little marauders, but traps, guns and poison,

though doing deadly execution, seem to make very little impression upon their number. Last spring, my husband thought he would try an experiment in drowning them out, and for this purpose brought to his aid a stream of water, which, rising in the mountains and fed by heavy rains, rushed past us for a few days with the force and velocity of a small river. He directed the water into three or four of their holes, and watched for an hour or more, expecting to see them run out, while an old Indian stood by, ready to despatch and take them for his booty. The water poured in with great swiftness and force, but no squirrels made their appearance, nor did the water apparently find any terminus. All day did that torrent of water pour in—all that night and the next day —where it went to, the squirrels only know. However, in another set of holes matters came to a crisis, and the squirrels were fairly beaten on their own ground. After a *cold douche* of about twenty-four hours, the poor culprits emerged from their bath, at three or four other holes, thus proving that these underground habitations are all connected together, and we can only conclude that there must be caves and avenues of indefinite extent, the work of these troublesome busy bodies. FANNY.

NATIONAL GARB OF RUSSIA.

IT is stated that, according to the Russian law, every nobleman and civil functionary, from the highest to the lowest grade, wears a uniform. This costume was, until recently, in the fashion of a dress coat, with standing collar and embroidery. A late ukase has, however, changed this foreign *habit habille* into the old national kaftan, or long frock and large loose trousers, much better suited to the climate. The German papers say that this change has been received with intense satisfaction. All classes, even from childhood upward, in St. Petersburgh, Moscow, and the other cities, flung aside with disgust every article of western manufacture, and adopted the newly-created national garb of loose trousers and easy jacket of grey cloth, with green collar and cross upon the breast. Hatred will thus go down, and passing from sire to son, penetrate all the fibres of the heart and faculties of the mind.

THE YOUTH OF WILBERFORCE.

TO me it is always extremely interesting to trace the early history of those men and women who have made themselves famous in the world's history, by deeds of greatness and goodness; and I have recently taken great pleasure in studying the biography of William Wilberforce, one of the most high-souled and benevolent men whom England ever knew. I had read the biography of this distinguished man before; but the author of the little volume which came under my eye the other day lingers with peculiar fondness on the incidents of his childhood and youth, and I was

not a little interested in following her. Let me sketch, in outline, the career of this great and good man, gleaning from this charming book, which is published by the Carters :

He was born at Hull, on the twenty-fourth day of August, 1759. His father was a merchant of that place. Of three sisters, two died in early life, the second only living to grow up. The talents so early shown by little William were adorned by a most lovely and loving disposition. Thoughtful of the wants of others, one person, often a visitor at his mother's and an invalid, tells us that the gentle and pleasant boy, who used to take off his shoes at the door of the sick chamber, lest he should make a noise in crossing the room, is well remembered. How gently, too, he would put aside the curtains, and with anxious face ask, "*if I was better*, I shall never forget." When William was nine years old, his father died, and he was sent to live with his uncle, whose name he bore. The residence of this gentleman was in a pleasant mansion at Wimbledon, near London.

Soon after this, the future statesman was put to a boarding-school, of which little is recorded save that the master wore a long, red beard, and the food given to the boys was very unfit to be eaten.

Being removed to his mother's house, when he was twelve years old, he was soon surrounded by young companions, who introduced him to places of public amusement. At first he held back—these pleasures were by no means to his taste—the contrast was too painful with the more staid and quiet domestic scenes of his Wimbledon home. When first taken to the theatre it was much against his will. In a manuscript written by himself in later years, he speaks of this period of his life, and of the social influences of his native town. "It was then as gay a place as could be found out of London. The theatre, balls, great suppers, and card parties were the delight of the principal families in the town. The usual dinner hour was two o'clock, and at six they met at sumptuous suppers. This mode of life was at first distressing to me ; but by degrees I acquired a relish for it, and became as thoughtless as the rest. As grandson to one of the principal

inhabitants, I was everywhere invited and caressed." He appeared at this time to those about him a lovely and promising youth. Intelligent far beyond his years, gentle, refined in his thoughts and expressions, full of spirits and a flow of wit which, however sharply pointed it might be, was never unkind. To these social qualities he added an enthusiastic taste for music, and a voice and style of singing which made him much sought after by the pleasure-loving youth of Hull. In after years, when he had become an inhabitant of London, the Prince of Wales expressed his admiration of this gift. "We must have you again," writes a friend; "the Prince says he will come any time to hear you sing."

By the death of his grandfather, young Wilberforce came into the possession of an independent fortune. By the decease of his uncle, this was still further increased. Deprived thus of his nearest male relatives, he became at an early age his own master, with a larger income than he could spend, his mother being his sole guardian. Under these circumstances he became a member of St. John's College, Cambridge. On first entering here he encountered a set of worthless and vicious companions. "They drank hard," he says of them, "and their conversation was even worse than their lives." From evil in so gross and disgusting a form his mind recoiled. After a period he shook them off, and found companions of higher character and more intellectual pursuits.

While still at college, Wilberforce had resolved to enter upon public life. His active mind sought an object for the employment of its powers which he could not find in that round of pleasure which his ample fortune, his lively temper and fascinating social powers opened before him. "I was," he says of himself, "at that time very ambitious." Moreover he had, while at college, formed an acquaintance with the younger son of Lord Chatham, afterward the sharer of his father's fame, the celebrated William Pitt. That this acquaintance had influenced his choice we are not sure; certain it is, however, that the two were afterward linked in the closest bonds of friendship.

Wilberforce was chosen a representative for his native town, as early as 1780. The war of the American Revolution had not yet closed, and, following in the steps of the great Earl of Chatham, he took his place in parliament as an opponent of the policy which had dictated the war. Mr. Pitt came rapidly into power. His unmatched abilities were recognized by his sovereign, and at twenty-four he became the prime-minister of George the Third. These two young statesmen, destined to wield, in different ways, so important an influence in the counsels of the nation, seem to have regarded each other with the affection of brothers. Wilberforce says of his friend Pitt, "He was the wittiest man I ever knew, and, what was quite peculiar to himself, had at all times his wit under entire control. Every possible combination of ideas seemed always present to his mind, and he could at all times produce whatever he desired."

Mr. Wilberforce was about twenty-six years old, when he first had an interview with the celebrated clergyman, John Newton. He had religious difficulties which he believed Mr. Newton capable of solving. So he wrote the minister a letter in the following words: "Sir,—There is no need of apology for intruding on you, when the errand is religion. I wish to have some serious conversation with you, and will take the liberty of calling on you in half an hour; when, if you cannot receive me, you will have the goodness to let me have a letter put into my hands at the door, naming a time and place for our meeting—the earlier the more agreeable to me. I have had ten thousand doubts whether I should reveal myself to you, but every argument against doing it has its foundation in pride. I am sure you will hold yourself bound to let no man living know of this application till I release you from the obligation."

The result of the interview—which, as you may suppose, was cordially afforded—was most happy. It was through Mr. Newton's counsel that the entire life of the young statesman was afterwards consecrated to the cause of humanity and of God. "When I came away from Mr. Newton's," he says, "I found my mind in a calm, tranquil state, more humbled, and looking up more de-

voutly to God." The picture with which this sketch is introduced represents the interview between the minister and the statesman. What affectionate earnestness there is on the countenance of the one! what anxiety on the brow of the other!

AN EXPENSIVE BREAKFAST.

DURING the tulip mania in Holland, in the early part of the seventeenth century, a Dutch merchant who prided himself not a little on his rare tulips, received a valuable consignment of merchandise from the Levant. Intelligence of its arrival was brought him by a sailor, who presented himself for that purpose at the counting-house, among the bales of goods of every description.

The merchant, to reward him for the news, munificently made him a present of a fine red herring for his breakfast. The sailor had, it appears, a great partiality for onions, and seeing a bulb very like an onion, lying upon the counter of this liberal trader, and thinking it, no doubt, very much out of its place among silks and velvets, he slily seized an opportunity and slipped it into his pocket as a relish for his herring. He got clear off with his prize, and proceeded to the ship to have his breakfast. Hardly was his back turned, when the merchant missed his valuable Semper Augustus, worth three thousand florins (about fourteen hundred dollars.) The whole establishment was instantly in an uproar; search was instantly made everywhere for the precious root, but it was not to be found. Great was the merchant's distress of mind. The search was again and again renewed, but as often in vain. At last some one thought of the sailor. At the bare suggestion the unhappy merchant sprang into the street; his alarmed household followed him. The sailor, simple soul! had not thought of concealment; he was found quietly sitting on a coil of ropes, masticating the last morsel of his "onion." Little did he dream of his having eaten a breakfast whose cost might have regaled a whole ship's crew for a year.

PICKING HOPS.

IT is a lively time, you may be sure, in hop-growing countries, when the picking season arrives. Hundreds of boys and girls, as well as men and women, are then to be seen in the fields, from morning till night. In Otsego County, in the State of New York, there are a great many hops raised. Some farmers grow nothing else on their land. They devote almost as much space to hops as the Virginia planter does to tobacco, or the Alabama planter to cotton. Do you inquire what is done with all these hops? If the truth must be told, they all go to the brewery, where they form one ingredient in the manufacture of ale. The hops are mostly cultivated on high poles, though sometimes they are trained on trellises. It is a good deal of work to cultivate them. They require a vast amount of care. If you should pass through a hop-growing district, during the season of harvest, you would see some

men engaged in taking down the poles, and placing them in a pile, while others are picking the hops and putting them in baskets, and others still are stowing them away in bags. After the hops are harvested, they have to be dried. The drying process, I believe, is usually done in ovens, with a slow heat. After they are dried, they are put into bales, and weighed, when they are ready for market.

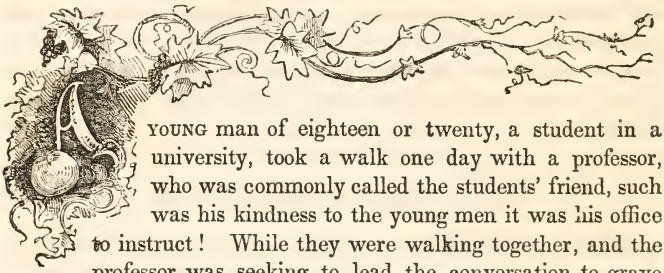
TEA-CHEST LITERATURE.

THOSE mysterious characters that are inscribed, like the symbols of astrology, upon the packages of tea, have bothered many a good matron in our country. There is nothing, however, mystical about them. They are simply the card of the native merchants. The following is the translation of the imprint, in red ink, upon a yellow wrapper of a half-pound package, such as our lady friends buy every day in the shops. I have it from one who understands Chinese :

"*Hang-po-hin Company.*—Our firm themselves go up into the Bohea hills, and select with much care the prime spring crops of the precipices, and all other kinds of tea, for both Cantonese and Foreign use. Our weights are exact to a hair. Our store in Canton is outside the Five Genii Gate, upon Fruit Balustrade street. Honorable visitors, who are disposed to favor us, will recognize our humble establishment by the sign-board, 'Hang-po-hin from Fuhkien.' Remembering this, there will be no mistake."

To this it may be added, in explanation, that the title of the company means, the "Enduring-precious-elevated" Company. Chinese firms always choose two or three lucky words, which are combined to make a title—just as we say the Good-Intent Company. The Bohea hills are in the neighboring province of Fuhkien, and distant some five hundred miles or so from the city of Canton. The best black tea comes from that portion of the empire. The selection of the tea from precipices is a great matter; as the scanty gleanings from the highest cliffs are supposed to contain superior virtues.

THE YOUNG STUDENT AND THE LABORER.



A YOUNG man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the students' friend, such was his kindness to the young men it was his office to instruct! While they were walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in their path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was at work close by, and who had nearly finished his day's task.

The young student turned to the professor, saying, "Let us play this man a trick; we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch his perplexity when he cannot find them." "My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself, with the professor, behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express. The poor man had soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path, where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on the coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; but, feeling something hard, he stopped and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance. He gazed upon the dollar, turned it round, and looked again and again; then he looked around him on all sides, but could see no one.

He put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his surprise when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he saw that the money

was a present; and he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes. "Now," said the professor, "are you not better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?" "O, dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I will never forget! I feel now the truth of the words, 'It is better to give than to receive.'"

FOOD OF THE ANCIENTS.

THE *Revue des Deux Mondes*, an excellent French journal, contains a curious passage on the food of the ancients. The common notion is that the ancients were much simpler in their dishes than we are. Perhaps so, at least in earlier days; but as we learn here, their viands were more various; for, beside the domestic animals and the game eaten by us, they eat many animals we never think of touching, except in the last extremity. They did not disdain the hedgehog, the donkey, the cat, the dog, nor that horseflesh which, as our school geography used to tell us, "is publicly sold in the markets of Norway;" nay, what is more, they considered dog's flesh to be equal in nutritive value to chickens, and placed the donkey on a par with the ox. Pork they considered the most indigestible of all, and fit only for artisans and athletes. It would be difficult to persuade John Bull or Brother Jonathan to dine off a surloin of donkey, or to ask the waiter to bring him "ribs of dog, with fried toadstools," so strong is prejudice. We eat oysters, and a few other molluscs, and shudder at the mention of snails. We eat mushroons and truffles with gusto, and believe all other fungi to be poisonous. Nor can famine itself displace our fears. Had the Greeks better digestions, or were their dogs and donkeys more tender than ours?

RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS IN ITALY.

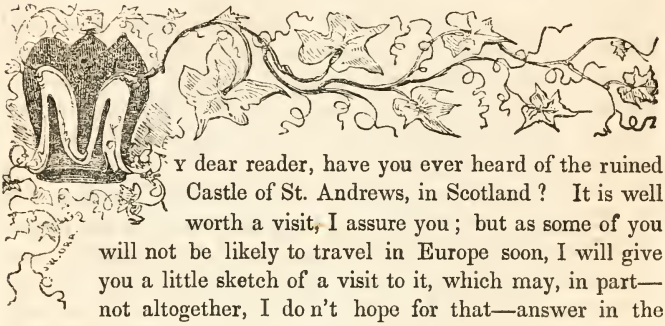
NOTHING is more common, in the Italian States, than to see figures of the Virgin, or of some apostle or saint, erected at prominent places on the highway. These figures always command the outward reverence of the Italians. I have many a time seen a family, when prosecuting a journey, stop, alight from their carriage, and kneel before the shrine of the Virgin Mary. There is apparently more sincerity in the religion of the Italian than of the French or German Catholic. At all events, the former never

neglects an opportunity to pay outward respect to any of the symbols of religion. I recollect, while passing from Rome to Naples, having seen a great many crosses and images of saints at different points, but I never saw one which did not have some devotee before it, telling his beads, and reciting his *ave marias* and *pater nosters*. While I was in Naples, there was a new image of the Virgin consecrated in a very public part of the city; and I am sure I speak within bounds when I say that there were thousands of devout people daily performing their devotions around it. What a pity these Italians did not know more of the religion of the heart. Then they would care less for the imposing forms and ceremonies which so much abound in every Papal country. If they only knew and felt that the "grace of Christ was sufficient" for them, they would see no need of this outward show.

HOW TO BE LOVED.

ONE evening a gentleman related, in the presence of his little girl, an anecdote of a still younger child of Dr. Doddridge, which pleased her exceedingly. When the doctor asked his daughter, then about six years old, what made everybody love her, she replied, "I do n't know indeed, papa, unless it is because I love everybody." This reply struck Susan forcibly. "If that is all that is necessary to be loved," thought she, "I will soon make everybody love me." Her father then mentioned a remark of the Rev. John Newton, that he considered the world to be divided into two great masses, one of happiness and the other of misery; and it was his daily business to take as much as possible from the heap of misery, and add all he could to that of happiness. "Now," said Susan, "I will begin to-morrow to make everybody happy. Instead of thinking all the time of myself, I will ask every minute what I can do for somebody else. Papa has often told me that this is the best way to be happy myself, and I am determined to try."

THE CASTLE OF ST. ANDREWS.



My dear reader, have you ever heard of the ruined Castle of St. Andrews, in Scotland? It is well worth a visit, I assure you; but as some of you will not be likely to travel in Europe soon, I will give you a little sketch of a visit to it, which may, in part—not altogether, I don't hope for that—answer in the place of seeing it with your own eyes. "And are you going to furnish the sketch, Uncle Frank?" No, by your leave I 'll get a friend to do it. When I was in Scotland, I made the excursion through the Highlands in company with a family from Dunfermline, among whom was one—the rest of the family will pardon me, I hope—whom I could not help regarding with especial favor. This was Isabella. I adopted her at once, as a niece. Well, she has written to me a good many times since, and I have written to her. One of her last letters contained the sketch of her visit to the Castle of St. Andrews, which I am going to present to you:

We had often talked of visiting St. Andrews, a quaint, old city in the east of Fifeshire. So one beautiful summer day, we set out on our excursion. The castle and cathedral in ruins, and the many historical events connected with them, render St. Andrews deeply interesting to those who love such things. As we wished to see as much as possible, my father, while we passed along one of the streets, said, "Do n't you think, to save time, we should get a guide?" "I 'll gang wi' ye, sir," said an old man near us, who had overheard him. "Do you know the city well?" my father enquired. "I micht ken 't," was the answer; "I 've lived seventeen years in 't." Well pleased at obtaining such a treasure, we proceeded to see the lions; but, alas! we soon discovered that our

guide, albeit a very pleasant, nice old body, could only tell us that "there was the castle, and the cathedral was owre yonder," and did not know where the other places we wished to see were situated. So giving him a *douceur*, we told him that we thought we could now find our way without making him further trouble. He was such a kind-looking old man, that it would have been barbarous not to have parted from him kindly. He seemed to have conceived a warm affection for us, for he kept in our wake almost the whole day; and when any of us looked his way, he bowed and smiled most benignly.

Of all the places we visited that day, the castle, I think, interested me most. It was founded by Bishop Roger, in 1200, as the Episcopal Palace of the diocese. James I., of Scotland, was educated in it by Bishop Wardlan; and James III. is supposed to have been born in it.

At the time of the reformation in Scotland, it was here that the sword of persecution, so long unsheathed, was first drawn. Cardinal Beaton, Primate of St. Andrews, was a merciless persecutor. The *keep* or dungeon of his castle was filled with persons accused of heresy. This dungeon is thirteen feet in diameter. From the centre of it descends a dark and horrible chasm, cut out of solid rock, to the depth of twenty-seven feet; seven feet in diameter at the top, and gradually expanding to the diameter of seventeen feet at bottom. The keeper of the castle let down into it a flickering taper, that we might see it. I could not help shuddering as I looked down, and thought of the martyrs who had been immured there, and of the groans and prayers which must have been uttered in it. Sometimes the captives were starved to death. Others were thrown into the bay, and many who lived unknown,

> "Till persecution dragg'd them into fame,
> And chased them up to Heaven."

suffered martyrdom in front of the castle. Among the latter were Patrick Hamilton, aged twenty-three, Walter Mill, a priest, aged eighty, and so infirm that he was unable to walk without help to the place of execution, and the famous George Wishart. In order

that the cardinal and prelate might enjoy the spectacle of Wishart's dying agonies, the front tower of the castle was hung with tapestry, and rich cushions laid for their ease.

After addressing the people the martyr said, "O Saviour of the world, have mercy upon me! Father in Heaven, I commend my spirit into thy holy hands." Then, just before expiring, he exclaimed, "This flame hath scorched my body, yet hath it not daunted my spirit; but he who from yonder high tower beholdeth us with such pride, shall within a few days lie in the same spot as ignominiously as now he is seen proudly to rest himself."

This prediction was actually fulfilled. The numerous acts of cruelty committed by the cardinal so infuriated the nobles and people, that they ardently longed for an opportunity to rid themselves of him. About fifteen months after the death of Wishart, Norman Leslie, eldest son of the Earl of Rothes, Kirkaldy of Grange, James Melville, and several others, formed a conspiracy against Beaton; and on the 29th of May, 1546, they put their design into execution. Early in the morning they proceeded to the castle, and when the draw-bridge was lowered to admit the workmen engaged in fortifying the building, they effected an entrance, without interruption, and made their way to Beaton's chamber. Alarmed by the noise, he had barricaded the door. The conspirators, however, soon gained access, and the trembling cardinal knelt before them, imploring mercy. This they refused, reminding him of the tortures he had inflicted upon others, and how merciless he himself had been. Then they stabbed him with their swords, so that his body was covered with wounds. The news of his death soon spread throughout the city, and the citizens rushed to the castle, where, to convince them that their enemy was really dead, his body was suspended from the same window where he had witnessed the martyrdom of Wishart. I am sure you must all agree with Sir David Lindsay, that—

> "Though the deed was foully done,
> The loon was well away."

We spent a pleasant day admiring the castle, cathedral, and

colleges; wandering in the churchyard, reading the epitaphs, and moralizing upon them; and strolling on the sea-shore to see "the stately ships go by," till near the hour of starting, when my father counted his flock, to make sure that none were missing, and then hurried us off to the railway station. The train was about to start, when our *guide* made his appearance, with a bunch of heather in his hand, which he smilingly presented to my mother. We gave one long look at St. Andrews, waved an adieu to our old friend, and were whirled rapidly homewards. ISABELLA.

BE KIND TO LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY JESSIE GLENN.

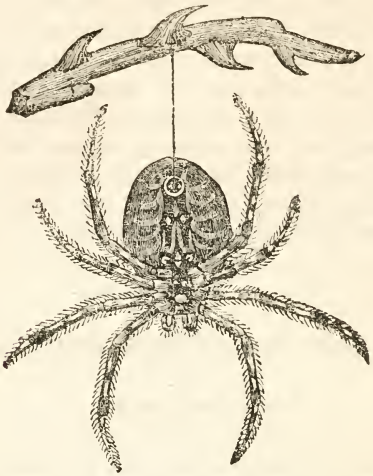
Oh, be kind to little children! for they need a gentle care
To chase away the pains and griefs which even *they* must bear;
For the crosses that by older ones would not be felt at all,
On the tender hearts of childhood with a chilling touch may fall.

Oh, can *we* not remember the grief so deep and wild
That unkind words have cost us each when but a little child?
The angry looks, the very tones have well remembered been
Long after all forgotten by the ones that spoke them then.

Yes, be kind to little children; for this world will have at best
Enough of struggles and of strife, of grief and strange unrest!
Then do not cloud their infancy with harshness or with fears,
When the brightest life will not be spent without its share of tears.

Oh, be kind to little children, for their lot ye cannot know;
It may be dyed with wretchedness or fraught with deepest woe;
Perchance, when anguish marks the brow where childhood's smiles have been,
The gentle words of by-gone years may be remembered then.

Oh, be kind to little children! though unheeded kindness seem,
It may exert an influence you little think or dream!
A pleading tone, a cheering word, a low and gentle voice,
May save a soul from endless woe, and make the heart rejoice



THE CLERGYMAN'S SPIDER STORY.

I HEARD a story the other day, in which a poisonous snake, though unwittingly, played quite a conspicuous part. The story is worth telling to a larger party than were assembled in the drawing room where I heard it, and I venture on your patience so far as to reproduce it. It must be true, I think, as tough as it is, for the author of it was an observer of some of the facts connected with it, and withal is himself a well reputed and reliable clergyman. The story is this: Some years ago, a small snake of the venomous species, was lying on a shelf suspended from the ceiling of a cellar. Some eight or ten inches above this shelf was another, on the under side of which a pair of large spiders had established themselves, and where they had constructed a web. These spiders put their heads together, to see if they could not turn the circumstance of the advent of this snake to some account. The result of their deliberations was that it was both desirable and feasible to attempt to suspend the snake to the ceiling, and to include him among the victims of their toils. But how to accomplish the

object was a more difficult matter to decide. It called for all their skill in engineering. But they were not to be baffled, and they succeeded after a long and labored effort. They spun two strong cables, strong enough to bear the weight of the snake, attached one end of each cable to the ceiling, placed the other end under the snake at proper distance apart, constructed something like a tackle, using for that purpose the body of a large fly, and then raised his snakeship by means of the tackle, and attached the other ends to the ceiling.

Reader, I make no comments on this story, presuming you will prefer to make your own comments.

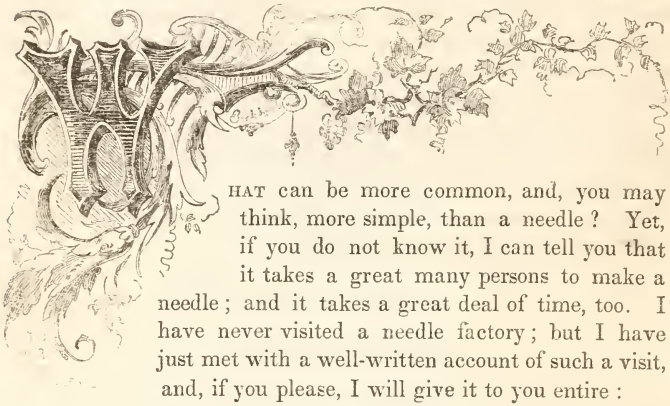
TRUE FREEDOM.

We want no flag, no flaunting rag,
  For Liberty to fight;
We want no blaze of murderous guns,
  To struggle for the right.
Our spears and swords are printed words!
  The mind our battle plain;
We 've won such victories before,
  And so we shall again.

We love no triumphs sprung of force—
  They strain her brightest cause—
'T is not in blood that Liberty
  Inscribes her Civil Laws.
She writes them on the People's heart
  In language clear and plain;
True thoughts have moved the world before,
  And so they shall again.

We yield to none in earnest love
  Of Freedom's cause sublime;
We join the cry "Fraternity!"
  We keep the march of time.
And yet we grasp no pike nor spear,
  Our victories to obtain;
We 've won without their aid before,
  And so we shall again.

THE MANUFACTURE OF NEEDLES.



WHAT can be more common, and, you may think, more simple, than a needle? Yet, if you do not know it, I can tell you that it takes a great many persons to make a needle; and it takes a great deal of time, too. I have never visited a needle factory; but I have just met with a well-written account of such a visit, and, if you please, I will give it to you entire:

In going over the premises, we must pass hither and thither, and walk into the next street and back again, and take a drive to a mill, in order to see the whole process. We find one chamber of the shop is hung round with coils of bright wire, of all thicknesses, from the stout kinds used for codfish hooks to that for the finest cambric needles. A bundle has been cut off; the bits need straightening, for they came off from coils.

The bundle is thrown into a red-hot furnace; then taken out, and rolled backward and forward on a table until the wires are straight. This process is called "rubbing straight." We now see a mill for grinding needles. We go down into the basement, and find a needle-pointer seated on his bench. He takes up two dozen or so of the wires, and rolls them between his thumb and fingers, with their ends on the grindstone, first one and then the other. We have now the wires straight and pointed at both ends. Next is a machine which flattens and gutters the heads of ten thousand needles an hour. Observe the little gutters at the head of your needle. Next comes the punching of the eyes; and the boy who does it punches eight thousand in an hour, and he does it so fast your eye can hardly keep pace with him. The splitting follows,

which is running a fine wire through a dozen, perhaps, of these twin needles.

A woman, with a little anvil before her, files between the heads and separates them. They are now complete needles, but rough and rusty, and, what is worse, they easily bend. "A poor needle," you will say. But the hardening comes next. They are heated in batches in a furnace, and, when red-hot, are thrown in a pan of cold water. Next, they must be tempered; and this is done by rolling them backward and forward on a hot metal plate. The polishing still remains to be done. On a very coarse cloth needles are spread to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery dust is strewed over them, oil is sprinkled, and soft soap daubed by spoonfuls over the cloth, and the cloth is then rolled hard up, and, with several others of the same kind, thrown into a sort of wash-pot, to roll to and fro for twelve hours or more. They come out dirty enough; but after a rinsing in clean hot water, and a tossing in sawdust, they look as bright as can be, and are ready to be sorted and put up for sale. But the sorting and the doing up in papers, you may imagine, is quite a work by itself.

ANECDOTE OF JACKSON.

WHILE he was connected with the army, an officer complained to him that some of the soldiers were making a great noise in the tent.

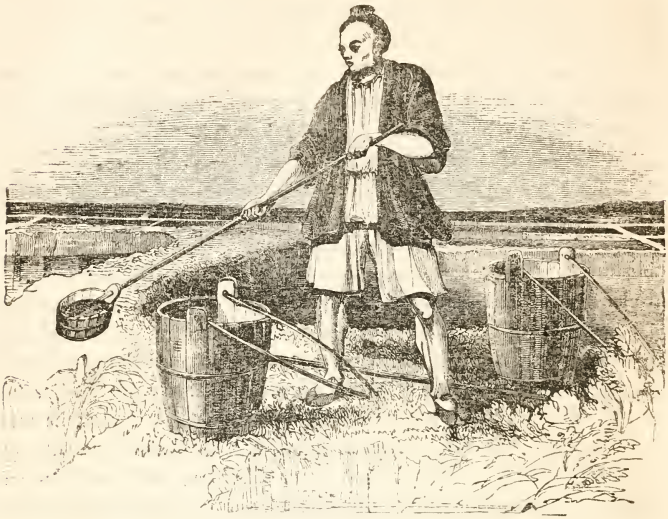
"What are they doing?" asked the General.

"They are praying now, but they have been singing," was the reply.

"And is THAT a crime?" asked Jackson, with emphasis.

"The articles of war," the officer said, "orders punishment for any unusual noise."

"God forbid!" replied Jackson, with much feeling, "that praying should be as unusual noise in my camp," and advised the officer to join them.



CHINESE AGRICULTURE.

THE Chinese farmer belongs to a privileged class of the population in China. In importance and honor, he is next to the Mandarin and the man of letters; and from the remotest antiquity, his avocation has been styled "the grand science of the citizen and of the prince." The great maxim of the government has been, that agriculture is the true source of national prosperity and wealth; and, keeping this principle in view, they have, in practice, afforded every possible encouragement and security to the cultivators of the soil. Even the Emperor himself, "the Son of heaven," thinks it not beneath him once a year to be a tiller of the ground; for on the arrival of spring-time, he repairs in splendid pomp to a piece of land, marked out for the purpose, attended by his suite of officers; and, after prostrating himself on the ground nine times, in a prayer prepared by the court of ceremonies, he invokes the benediction of Tien, the God of heaven, on the industry of himself and of his subjects. Then, as the high priest of the empire, he sacri-

fices a bullock, during the offering of which a plough, drawn by a pair of oxen, and richly ornamented, is brought to the Emperor, who, throwing aside the robes of majesty, puts his hand to the plough, and, in the presence of his princes, mandarins, and peasantry, opens up a few ridges of land, and casts in the first seed of the season,—a ceremony which is performed on the same day by the viceroys of the different provinces throughout the kingdom.

Perhaps two-thirds of the inhabitants of China are employed in the manual labors of the field; and, without exaggeration, they may be spoken of as the happiest and the most independent of the nation; for although they pay to the amount of a tenth annually to the Emperor, they have neither priesthood nor poor to support, unless the poor of their own families, for whom all classes are bound to provide. The monarch is the universal Emperor of the soil, and the tithe exacted from it is the whole rent paid by the farmer. But though the cultivator is thus in a manner tenant at will, he is never disturbed in his possession, so long as he continues to pay his land-tax, and he has the power of letting out any part, or the whole, if he please, to another. By this means the lands are almost equally divided among the growers of grain, and there are no immense farmers or monopolizers of produce who can command the market, while they exclude others of less capital and enterprise. Of the extent of land brought under culture it is impossible for us to speak with precision, but from the latest census published by order of the government, it appears that there are about six hundred and forty millions five hundred and seventy-six thousand three hundred and eighty-one English acres under proper tillage, the greatest part of which is devoted to the production of food for man alone. In China the natives make no use of butter or cheese, and very seldom of milk; the principal animal food is pork, which is generally home-fed; they have few horses for traveling, pomp, or war; and the only cattle they keep are such as are needed in husbandry; hence there are no grazing farms, no meadows, and very little pasture; while every acre of ground capable of cultivation is turned up by the spade or plough in order

to afford sustenance for the teeming inhabitants. A common is quite unusual throughout the eastern half of China; while parks and pleasure grounds are proportionably scarce, as the anxiety to satisfy the appetite prevails over the desire for amusement. Against the eating of beef the Chinese have a strong prejudice; not so much on account of religious scruples, as because oxen are used in husbandry, and they think it a shame, after a poor animal has been laboring all his life in their service, to cut him to pieces at last, and then to feed upon his flesh, and make shoes of his hide!

The great staple article of food is rice, of which there are two crops annually; but besides this, in some districts, the Chinese agriculturist cultivates barley, maize, millet, wheat, peas, beans, and other garden vegetables not indigenous to Europe. In the culture of the first mentioned article, which is their staff of life, the growers display great industry and ingenuity in their system of irrigation, and their economy of the water, which is indispensable to its produce.

Besides their canals and artificial rivulets, which intersect every part of the empire, they dig reservoirs to catch the rain or the water that may descend from the upper lands; and this they distribute by means of wheels, levers, chain-pumps, swinging buckets, and by other hydraulic machines, worked by the hands or feet, and sometimes by a buffalo. On their implements of husbandry, much praise cannot be expended. The plough is very simple in structure, and is inferior to the worst of ours fifty years ago. Even their best plough does not turn up the earth to the depth of more than six inches, so that new soil is never reached, and being worn out, the mould requires the addition of an immense quantity of manure, in the procuring of which the Chinese are astonishingly industrious; for, among this extraordinary people, even the hair of the human head and the shaving of the beard are collected, and preserved for the purposes of agriculture. Every barber—a numerous body in China, where all the head being shaved, except a lock behind, few men have dexterity enough to shave themselves—is always provided with a small bag, in which he carefully deposits the locks and shavings he cuts off, which are indeed con-

sidered excellent manure. According to the missionaries, they cut off the bristles and even shave their swine, the hair of which is esteemed most valuable for giving strength and vigor to their rice lands.

A QUAKER'S LETTER TO HIS WATCHMAKER.

I herewith send my pocket clock, which greatly standeth in need of thy friendly correction. The last time he was at thy school he was in nowise reformed nor in the least benefited thereby; for I perceive, by the index of his mind, that he is a liar, and the truth is not in him; that his motions are irregular and wavering; that his pulse is sometimes slow, which betokeneth not an even temper; at other times it waxeth sluggish, notwithstanding I frequently urge him; when he should be on his duty, as thou knowest his name denoteth, I find him slumbering, or, as the vanity of the human reason phrases it, I catch him napping; examine him, therefore, and prove him, I beseech thee, thoroughly, that thou mayest, being well acquainted with his inward frame and disposition, draw him from the error of his way, and show him the path wherein he should go. It grieves me to think, and when I ponder thereon I am verily of the opinion that his body is foul, and that the whole mass is corruption. Cleanse him, therefore, with thy charming medicine, from all pollution, that he may vibrate and circulate according to the truth. I will place him for a few days under thy care, and pay for his board as thou requirest. I entreat thee, friend John, to demean thyself on this occasion with judgment, according to the gift which is in thee, and prove thyself to be a workman. And when thou layest thy correcting hand upon him, let it be without passion, lest thou shouldst drive him to destruction. Do thou regulate his motion for a time to come, by the motion of light that ruleth the day, and when thou findest him converted from the error of his ways, and more conformable to the above-mentioned rules, then do thou send him home with a just bill of the charges drawn out in the spirit of moderation, and it shall be sent to thee in the root of all evil.

Uncle Frank's Monthly Table Talk.

THE EDITOR'S PORTRAIT.

It is a somewhat delicate matter or a man to speak of his own portrait. If he acknowledges the likeness to be good, and it turns out that most people regard it as especially and intolerably ugly, he places himself, to use a vulgar but wonderfully expressive phrase, in "a bad box." If, on the other hand, having admitted the truthfulness of the likeness, every body calls it handsome, he can hardly escape being convicted of vanity. However, I will tell you my views about Uncle Frank's portrait, which is just executed and about to appear in the January number. I 'll tell you my views, be the matter as delicate as it may. I 'll not imitate the ass who was placed midway between two bundles of hay, of equal size and value, and who starved to death, because he could not choose between them. I will rather copy the example of the very pious old man who, having been in the habit of worshiping in a church where it was the general custom for the brethren to say "Amen" now and then during the service, and who, being once in another church, where he was told he ought to be a little careful in the use of such responses, shouted out, when the minister uttered something which was especially excellent, "Amen, hit or miss!" I like the portrait. I like it, "hit or miss." I think it resembles me. On this point—as a man is proverbially a poor judge of his own portrait, the reasons for which Leigh Hunt tells us in one of his happiest papers—I should not speak confidently, if my judgment were the only guide. But the daguerrotype from which the steel engraving was taken was shown to troops of my friends, and every one of them pronounced it excellent. Now, as it is so common a circumstance for people to find fault with the likenesses of their friends, and there was so much unanimity in this instance, I could not avoid the conclusion that Mr. Root succeeded as well in this instance as he usually does, which is well enough. Though a portrait must lose a little in being transferred to the steel plate, I must do Mr. Buttré, the engraver, the justice to say that I never knew a similar task better performed. I am the more gratified that this portrait is a correct one, from the fact that eight years ago a picture was presented which most of my friends regarded as a very inferior one. That picture was engraved from a crayon sketch. The daguerrian art had not then arrived at its present degree of perfection. Most of the

pictures which were taken by means of the camera exhibited a comparatively flat and sleepy appearance. It was on this account that a crayon sketch was preferred. But, with all its good qualities, it lacked truth; and it was on account of the general dissatisfaction expressed concerning the likeness which was engraved from it, that this new one was determined upon. If my numerous nephews and nieces could see the original, they would certainly be satisfied with this portrait. I hope they will like it, at any rate.

CONDITIONS ON WHICH THE PORTRAIT IS SENT.

I suppose all our patrons understand the conditions on which the portrait is sent. We do n't promise it to all our subscribers, inasmuch as it is published as a *supplement* to the regular issue, or as a *premium*. All *new* subscribers receive it, of course, because we take no new subscribers, unless the subscription is accompanied with the cash. To those who have been on our books for one year or more, we are in the habit of continuing to send the *Cabinet*, after the term for which they have paid has expired, taking it for granted that they will not delay the remittance long. We shall do so this year. But we shall delay sending the portrait—intended as it is, for a premium to punctual subscribers—until not only all arrearages are paid up, but also the subscription for 1856. Those who commenced taking the magazine with the July number, will be entitled to the portrait if they pay to July, 1856. It will probably happen, in some instances, that a subscriber has paid one of our agents in advance, and that the agent will not have reported such payment promptly at our office. If such subscribers are neglected, we will thank them to apprise us of the neglect.

CHANGES IN THE CABINET.

No doubt you will notice, when you receive the January number, several important changes in the costume of our *protégé*. They have been made for your benefit, and we hope you will be pleased with them. This is a progressive age, and the publisher and editor of *Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet* are determined, if such a thing is possible, to keep pace with it. It is in accordance with this determination that we have made these innovations in the dress of our little pet.

1. The change in the form.

You will see that the page has been enlarged, while the number of pages is reduced from forty-eight to thirty-six. A great many boys and girls did not like the small page. Multitudes of them teased the publisher to give them a magazine that had a larger *appearance;* and, on the whole,

we thought favorably of the change. So we have made it. We give you thirty-six pages in the new series, which is four more than are given in most of the octavo dollar magazines.

2. The enclosure of the page in a border.

Another change which we have thought advisable to make, is adding to the page the ornament of a border, or *rule*, as the printers call it. We think this rule a great ornament to the work. What do you think?

3. The improvement in paper.

The paper on which the new series of the *Cabinet* is printed is finer and better finished than we have ever before used. It is much more expensive, and makes our engravings and letter press appear to far greater advantage. The same quality of paper will be used during the year.

4. The improvement in wood engravings.

A practiced eye cannot fail to see that the engravings in the January number are more elegant, as well as more abundant, than formerly. This feature, too, in our magazine, we are going to keep up in future.

5. Additional editorial assistance.

Another thing I must not omit to name to you. I suppose you have all heard of "Forrester," that charming writer for the young from whom I have so often quoted, and who is so well known as the editor of the *Boy's and Girl's Magazine*. Well, he is going to be an assistant editor of the *Cabinet*. "Uncle Frank" and "Francis Forrester" are going to join teams, just to see what a nice thing they can make for you. "But is the *Boy's and Girl's Magazine* to give up the ghost?" No, indeed—nothing of the kind. But the editor of that magazine will serve up his good things for my readers, and Uncle Frank will do his best to entertain Forrester's readers. What do you think of the plan? I'll not stop to hear ten thousand answers. I know you'll all like Forrester. The reading in the two magazines, you will please bear in mind, will be very nearly the same; so that the subscriber who takes one of them will not want the other.

6. Aunt Sue and her Budget.

I have no doubt that some of you, while you have been reading the last page or two, were wondering whether, in all these innovations—is that too long a word? shorten it, if it is—Aunt Sue was to take leave of us. It is no less gratifying to me than it is to you, to be able to inform you that Aunt Sue, with her accustomed generosity, will still continue to furnish an occasional casket of gems for us. We could not get along without her, at all, could we?

A FLYING TRIP TO BOSTON.

Do n't say Uncle Frank is all the time running off to Boston, if I tell you that I have just made another visit to that city of notions. Promise me not to say anything of the kind, and I 'll confess that I have been twice since my last chat with you. The trip, aside from the good friends I always see in Boston, is an extremely pleasant one. I take the mammoth steamer "Metropolis," of the Fall River line, in the afternoon. I have a fine view of the harbor and the beautiful scenery of the East River before sunset. When the time comes for retiring, I shut myself into one of the neat and commodious state-rooms with which this elegant boat is furnished, and sleep almost as quietly there, as if I were at a hotel or in my own bed at "Woodside." Then in the morning, instead of being waked up, right in the midst of a capital dream, at one or two o'clock in the morning, as is necessary when one takes either of the other Sound routes to Boston, I do not need to leave my bed until about five o'clock—as late as any industrious man ought to rise at home—I ask pardon of all late-risers—and then I take the railroad, and arrive in Boston just about the time they are sounding the gong for breakfast at the *Adams House*, where I am sure to fare well. Reader, will you accuse me of being a *gourmand*, if I confess to you, that, having rode an hour or two in the morning, I am by no means indifferent on the subject of a good breakfast? No? Then the confession is made. At a great many hotels, while they make a great show in the matter of dinner, they treat their guests at breakfast and tea with a bill of fare little better than saw-dust crackers and pea-nut coffee. They do a very different thing at the *Adams House*, however. They treat their guests uniformly, at the table, as rational and enlightened human beings, and of course with a moderate degree of *good taste*. Nor is this all. The *Adams House* is an excellent hotel in all respects, just the place for one with quiet and retiring habits.

Here 's a letter from a little fellow in Indiana, who seems to be mightily pleased because Aunt Sue put something from his pen into the *Cabinet*. Make way for Harry:

Rising Sun, Ind., Nov., 1855.

Dear Aunt Sue,—We all laughed so much to see my letter printed. It did not seem as if it was mine at first. I thank you for printing the puzzle. I expect the girl who sent Riddle No. VI. was like me; she did not know what *original* meant. You know I am too little to write puzzles; but if I get mother to make one for me, will that be right? She can write them in poetry, when she is well. O, dear Aunt Sue! I have a sweeter pet than the fawns now: a dear little sister. I had one once before, but God took her from us, and then I thought he was not so good as persons said he was, but now he has given us another in the place of darling little May. Yours, affectionately, HARRY J. HAYDEN.

The Puzzler's Drawer.

RIDDLE NO. VII.

Through many a strange mutation,
And many a new relation,
I 've found my present station ;
And should I tell you all I 've seen,
You 'd not believe it half, I ween.
Or should I write my story,
You 'd think I wrote for glory ;
And so, in quiet, social chat,
I 'll get my friend to tell you what
My present family are at—
For we ne'er talk enough for that.
Though much depends on what we say,
While speeding on our world-wide way,
If falsehood we should ever tell,
Somebody's birthright we might sell ;
Or grieve some fond and faithful heart,
Or rend two chosen friends apart,
Or waste the wealth we sometimes bear—
More choice than gold—our special care.
We are not rich, we are not great,
And yet we dwell in halls of state ;
We have no store of love to boast,
Yet literati love us most ;
We often make the mourner glad,
And often make the cheerful sad ;
And sometimes, from the tongue we speak,
We blanch at once the ruddy cheek ;
Or, glancing at the brow of care,
Paint blushes for a moment there ;
Sometimes we wrath and rage awaken,
Yet ne'er 's our self-possession shaken,
Though we for foes have been mistaken.
The world went on long time without us,
And now it cares not much about us.
We do much good, and yet, I ween,
If ne'er a face of us were seen,
From this time forth, for many a day
No troops of stars would light our way

Down to oblivion's silent shade,
Where mortals' many friends is laid.
Thus, though so potent I am weak—
Though saying much I seldom speak—
Though sometimes fraught with wo or weal,
My burden I nor know nor feel;
You know me well, and call me clever—
Your humble servant now sever. LILIAN.

REBUS NO. XX.

What wicked deed is that, which, read backward, gives what is generally the cause of it? O. L. BRADLEY.

ENIGMA NO. XX.

I am composed of seventeen letters.
My 14, 3, 10, is a weight.
My 6, 11, 4, 13, 15, is a place of abode.
My 2, 16, 8, 14, is to stop.
My 12, 15, 10, 1, is part of an encampment.
My 5, 7, 17, 9, is a product of the sea.
My whole is part of the decalogue. GEO. H. N.

ENIGMA NO. XXI.

I am composed of ten letters.
My 1, 2, 7, is an animal.
My 6, 5, 10, 7, most birds have.
My 1, 2, 3, 7, is a vehicle.
My 4, 8, 6, is a place where hogs are kept.
My 1, 2, 9, 4, 8, 7, is a kind of covering.
A class of mechanics expresses my whole. D. J. C.

ENIGMA NO. XXII.

My 8, 3, 9, 21, is an accumulation.
My 16, 9, 1, 14, 23, is a machine.
My 2, 5, 4, 22, is a dear place.
My 6, 5, 5, 18, 11, 17, 6, is of the fowl species.
My 10, 7, 9, 1, is a resting-place.
My 21, 12, 9, 13, is a sort of turf.
My 19, 11, 15, 9, 4, is a vapor.
My 20, 3, 15, 24, is a germinating article.
My whole is an old proverb. DAVID B. OLYPHANT.

ENIGMA NO. XXIII.

I am composed of twelve letters.
My 9, 8, 5, is to accuse.
My 4, 2, 6, 11, 12, is a vegetable.
My 10, 3, is a pronoun.
My 7, 1, 3, is an inhabitant of a city.
My whole should be avoided by every one. WILLIAM A. HEGEMAN.

ENIGMA NO. XXIV.

I am composed of fourteen letters.
My 1, 13, 8, 3, 7, 12, 10, 1, was an eminent Grecian philosopher.
My 2, 3, 10, 9, 10, was an empress of Constantinople.
My 3, 13, 1, 6, was an eminent Italian painter.
My 4, 9, 9, 13, 8, 10, 9, 12, was a pope of Rome.
My 5, 10, 9, 10, 8, 6, was a celebrated Roman philosopher.
My 6, 10, 9, 10, 7, 1, was a Trojan warrior.
My 7, 14, 6, 8, 3, 10, 13, 9, was a Grecian lyric poet.
My 8, 2, 8, 10, 3, 13, was the prince of Roman orators.
My 9, 10, 3, 13, was a Roman emperor noted for his cruelty.
My 10, 6, 12, 13, 9, was an American officer.
My 11, 7, 12, 12, 1, was the author of many sacred songs.
My 12, 7, 5, 5, 13, was an Italian poet.
My 13, 5, 1, 4, 6, 14, was a Caledonian bard.
My 14, 13, 12, 12, was an English poet and translator.
My whole was a great philosopher and astronomer. T. G. COOPER.

NAMES OF PLACES IN IRELAND ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A species of wood.
2. A name for money, and a letter of the alphabet.
3. A bad thing to get in your hair or clothes.
4. A sonorous vessel, and swift.
5. Soft wool or hair, and a man's name.
6. Deceitful, and to move.
7. A relation, and part of a sloop.
8. A vehicle, and to bellow. EMILY.

BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS NO. IX.

1. GAZE IN, MA.
2. ILL DUST, KATE.
3. IT RODE.
4. OH, IRENE.
5. PLANT NOT SO NICE.
6. BOOTLESS, PA. JEANIE.

CHARADE NO. XVII.

THE TWO NAMES OF A LITTLE GIRL.

My first is a birdie—but what will you think
When I tell you its dress 's not azure or pink?
It does not walk always, nor yet does it rise
To the blue, brilliant heights where the prairie-lark flies.

My next waves, with others, a numerous clan,
Over meadow and upland, to gratify man;
And my third, of two letters, is found in two climes:
One furnishes fashions, the other one rhymes.
And the last of my first is two-thirds of a hit
I shall give your young heads if this baffles your wit.

The whole of my first—an imperial name—
Belonged to a queen who to Albion came,
But why I best like it, I 'll truthfully tell,
Is because my sweet daughter is known by it well.

The first of my next, with a symmetry rare,
And with tints O, how lovely! is traced on the air;
Not light alone forms it—the cloud must combine
With the sunbeam, to fashion the symbol divine.
My next is three-sevenths of a Puritan college,
Where boys turn out men, with their heads full of knowledge.

"Now this last, being not a historical name,
Sha n't worry *my* noddle," I hear you exclaim;
But do n't be discouraged, for here is a clue
Which I think will assist you to find your way through.
My whole, a green shelter from sunshine and showers,
Is vocal with music and rhymes well with flowers. JULIA.

CHARADE NO. XVIII.

My first is a resinous substance, my second is a resinous substance also. Invert me and my first becomes a troublesome animal, and my second is an animal also. My first and second combined is the name of a barbarous tribe in Asia. W. M. FINLEY.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, ETC., IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

No doubt you will wonder, as you look over the Puzzler's Drawer in the December, that so few answers have been sent in to those which ap-

peared in our last number. I 'll tell you how that happened. We were anxious to publish the December number as early as possible, so as to make ready for the January number, which, you know, as it begins a new volume, was promised on the first day of December. On this account, most of the answers had to be deferred.

ANSWER TO CHARADE NO. XII.

This charade was answered by several boys and girls, in the November number. But after this number went to press, there came an answer from JULIA B. very prettily expressed in verse. Now, although I do n't make a practice of inserting any answers which come too late for insertion in the number next succeeding the one in which the puzzle is published, I must make an exception once in a while, and I feel particularly inclined to do so in this instance, as the charade which is here answered is in verse, as I always like to have such charades answered in verse, and as this answer is very handsomely expressed :

' Twas *Faith* which to the boy new courage gave,
And nerved him, as his father's voice he heard,
Fearless to spring, the foaming sea to brave,
Trusting with child-like love his parent's word.

The nation, though 't is scattered, weary, worn,
Yet patient waits, if in the cloudy sky
The star of *Hope*, glad heralder of morn,
Sheds its bright beams to light the watcher's eye.

Sweet *Charity !* thou pure and heaven-born grace !
'T is thon who dost the tongue of slander still,
Dost cheer the lonely one with thy kind face,
And dost the poor with rich provision fill.

Faith, *Hope*, and *Charity !* beside these gems
Earth's brightest jewels are but worthless dross ;
Oh ! may we all wear these pure diadems—
Warm Love—firm Hope—Faith in our Saviour's cross.

JULIA B.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. XVII.

MR. FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH, NEW YORK.

Answered by William A. Hegeman, Seth J. Axtell, jr., One of the Pennsylvania Cousins, Henry A. Danker, James H. Ferris, J. N. Hegeman, Spanish Girl and American Boy, E. Johnson, Isaac O. Ives, Wm. B. Ives, G. L. Clark, Emilie M. Clark, Oxonian Girl, Emma and Samuel, B. C. Williams, Lorin A. Adams, D. B. Olyphant.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. XVIII.

CHRIST DIED FOR MAN.

Answered by Seth J. Axtell, jr., Wm. A. Hegeman (who forgets that Uncle Frank wishes his correspondents *never* to write for the press on both sides of a sheet) One of the Pennsylvania Cousins, Henry A. Danker, James H. Ferris, J. N. Hegeman, Spanish Girl and American Boy, E. Johnson, Isaac O. Ives, Wm. B. Ives, G. L. Clark, Emilie M. Clark, Emma and Samuel, Frank and Kate, Lorin A. Adams, B. C. Williams, D. B. Olyphant.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. XIX.

YALE COLLEGE, AT NEW HAVEN.

Answered by William A. Hegeman, Seth J. Axtell, jr., One of the Pennsylvania Cousins, Henry A. Danker, James H. Ferris, J. N. Hegeman, E. Johnson, Isaac O. Ives, Wm. B. Ives, G. L. Clark, Emilie M. Clark, Emma and Samuel, B. C. Williams.

ANSWER TO PLACES IN KENTUCKY ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. FRANKFORT. 3. BOWLING GREEN. 4. SOMERSET.
5. ELKTON. 6. JACKSON. 7. CARROLLTON.
9. NEW CASTLE.

Answered by Wm. A. Hegeman, Seth J. Axtell, jr., One of the Pennsylvania Cousins, (in part,) James H. Ferris, Henry A. Danker, J. N. Hegeman, Spanish Girl and American Boy, D. B. Olyphant, B. C. Williams, Oxonian Girl, Emma and Samuel, E. Johnson, Isaac O. Ives, Wm. B. Ives, G. L. Clark, Emilie M. Clark.

ANSWER TO REBUS NO. XVII.

COD.

Answered by William A. Hegeman, Henry A. Danker, James H. Ferris, J. N. Hegeman.

ANSWER TO REBUS NO. XVIII.

ARK—LARK.

Answered by William A. Hegeman, Seth J. Axtell, jr., One of the Pennsylvania Cousins, Henry A. Danker, James H. Ferris, J. N. Hegeman, Spanish Girl and American Boy.

ANSWER TO REBUS NO. XIX.

WHEEL—HEEL—EEL.

Answered by Seth J. Axtell, jr., Wm. A. Hegeman, J. N. Hegeman, Spanish Girl and American Boy.

ANSWER TO CONUNDRUM.

BECAUSE HE 'LL CATCH IT.

Answered by J. N. Hegeman.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAMS NO. VIII.

1. MUTILATE. 2. INSTALLED. 3. VIRULENT. 4. SUPERNUMERARY. 5. OBSTINATE. 6. DEMONSTRATION. 7. MALLEABLE. 8. TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

Answered by Henry A. Danker (how nicely all his letters are written! he never makes a *hash* of his answers; they are always distinct from each other, and ready for the printer), James H. Ferris.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAMS ON INDIAN TRIBES.

1. POWHATANS. 2. SEMINOLES. 3. IOWAS. 4. DELAWARES.

Answered by James H. Ferris, Henry A. Danker, Wm. A. Hegeman (in part), Seth J. Axtell, jr.

ANSWERS TO OFF-HAND NOTES AND QUERIES NO. III.

1. The earliest coin mentioned was the Persian Daric; it was issued by Darius the Mede (and hence its name) about 338, B.C., and was made both of gold and silver.

2. The first was observed by the Chaldeans at Babylon, B.C. 721.

3. The first six are said to have been invented by Gui Aretin, a Benedictine monk of Arezzo, A.D. 1025. The notes at present used were perfected in 1338.

4. A.D. 1257.

5. They were invented in France, A.D. 1391, to amuse Charles VI.

6. They were invented at Bayonne, in France, (whence its name,) about 1670, and were first used in battle by the French, 1693.

P.S. I think at Pignerol, Piedmont—but am not sure.

Answered by William A. Hegeman, James H. Ferris, Henry A. Danker.

ANSWER TO CHARADE NO. XVI.

SEA—BASS—TO—POLL.—SEBASTOPOL.

Answered by Seth J. Axtell, jr., Wm. A. Hegeman, Henry A. Danker, James H. Ferris, J. N. Hegeman, E. Johnson, Isaac O. Ives, Wm. B. Ives, G. L. Clark, Emilie M. Clark, Emma and Samuel, B. C. Williams.

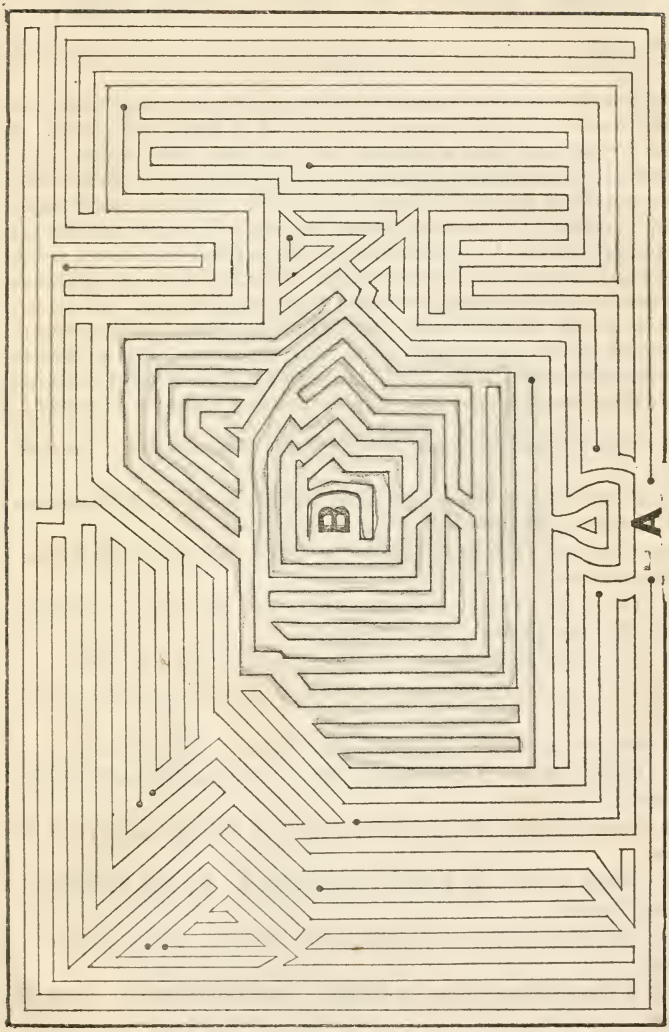
ANSWER TO ANAGRAMS ON NAMES OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

1. HERCULES. 2. ARISTOTLE. 3. DEMOSTHENES. 4. EPAMINONDAS. 5. BUCEPHALUS. 6. SEMIRAMIS. 7. CALIGULA. 8. GANYMEDE.

Answered by Henry A. Danker, James H. Ferris, Wm. A. Hegeman (in part), J. N. Hegeman, Spanish Girl and American Boy (in part).

THE OHIO LABYRINTH.

BY N. C. DANKER, JR.



The puzzle is to get from the entrance (A) to the centre (B) without crossing any of the lines.

Beautiful, Attractive, and Useful Juvenile Books.

☞ The publisher of the CABINET will send by mail, postage paid, any publication noticed by the editor, on the receipt of the price annexed.

IN looking over the catalogue of recent books for the young, I am absolutely bewildered. There seems to be no end to new juvenile books. I think I never knew such a swarm of them as there is this season. It is lamentable to reflect that a great many of these volumes will do the child who reads them no good, but rather injure him. Oh, how careful ought every parent to be, in selecting food for the minds of those whom God has entrusted to his care! It were far better that he should introduce a rattlesnake into his family, for his children to play with, than to provide books for them that will debase the mind and poison the affections. Among the safe, as well as readable books provided for the young, may be ranked whatever, in this department, comes from the press of Messrs. ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, of this city. Here is a list of the titles—I can do no more than give their titles now—of a few recently issued by this house:

1. *Little Lessons for Little Learners.* By Mrs. Barwell. Price 50 cents.

2. *Fanny and Her Mamma:* or, *Easy Reading Lessons.* By the author of "Mamma's Bible Stories." Price 50 cents.

3. *A Shepherd's Call to the Lambs of his Flock.* By Rev. C. W. Bolton. Price 50 cents.

4. *The Southern Cross and Southern Crown:* or, *The Gospel in New Zealand.* By Miss Tucker. Price 75 cents.

5. *The Family at Heatherdale.* By Mrs. Mackay. Price 50 cents.

6. *The Priest, the Puritan, and the Preacher.* By Rev. J. C. Ryle. Price 75 cents.

7. *Memoirs of Oberlin.* By Rev. Luther Halsey. Price 50 cents.

8. *Philip Colville. A Covenanter's Story.* By Grace Kennedy. Price 40 cents.

9. *Ashton Cottage:* or, *The True Faith. A Sunday Tale.* Price 60 cents.

10. *Emily Vernon:* or, *Filial Piety Exemplified.* By Mrs. Drummond. Price 75 cents.

11. *Memoirs of William Wilberforce.* By Mary A. Collier. Price 75 cents.

12. *A Hundred Short Tales for Children.* From the German. Price 50 cents.

Woodworth's

Cabinet Library